

PHOTOPLAY

Special Liz Taylor Features

October 15¢



MOONMOON
NLIMITED

Romantic
Color Pictures
and Stories ...
Liz Taylor
and Nick Hilton
in New York, Paris,
London, the Riviera



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MRS C GLOSBERG
TELEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

Show the world a lovelier complexion— with your very *first cake* of Camay!

Wonderful things happen when your skin is soft and smooth! And you can

be lovelier with your *first cake* of Camay! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin. You'll have a fresher, clearer complexion—very soon!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay?

It's so mild and gentle—so quick with its rich, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured the flattering fragrance of Camay. Yes—

Camay gives you the finest kind of complexion care—your very *first cake* brings a lovelier complexion!

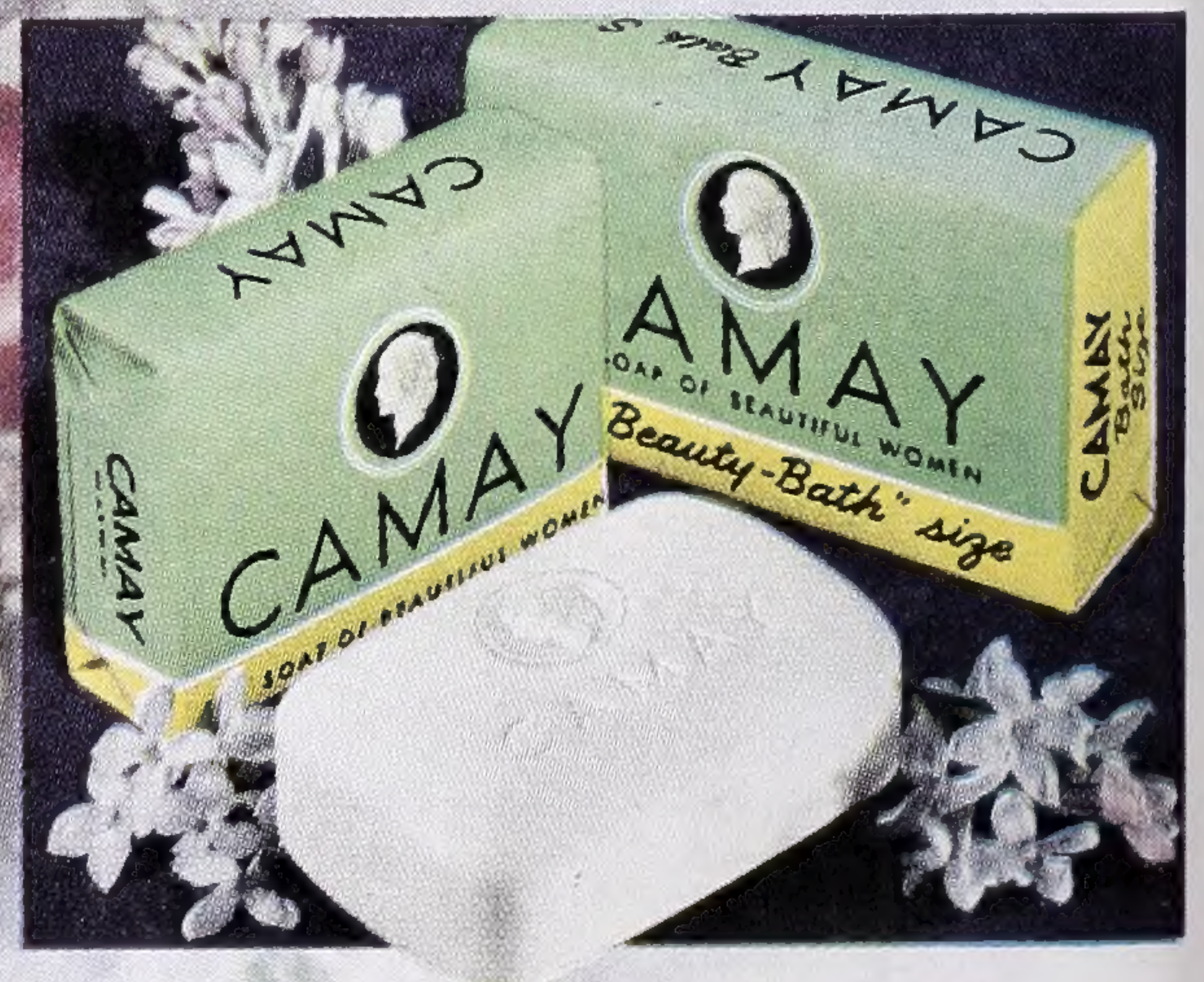
SCENES FROM JANE'S ROMANCE

Courtship in Hipboots! A trout stream can set the scene for romance—when one of the anglers has a complexion like Jane's! She says: "Camay is my best beauty aid. Camay's lather is so kind to my skin!"



Honeymoon on Wheels! Luray Caverns in Virginia was one of the exciting stops on Jane and Albert's auto trip through the South. Camay went along in Jane's beauty kit! Her *first cake* of Camay brought new skin beauty. It can do the same for you!

Mrs. Albert Malekoff
the former Jane Kasmer of Union City, N. J.



Camay—the soap of beautiful women



You can count on keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles

both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you *must* fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn—you must fight *gum troubles*, too!

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And

no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth “Ipana wholesome.” You’ll like Ipana’s wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

**“I have confidence in Ipana . . .
Bristol-Myers makes it,”**

*says Bobbie Snow
of Woodside, N. Y.*

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

NEW!

*Big economy size Ipana
saves you up to 23¢*



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

for lasting
PIN CURL BEAUTY...



DeLong bob pins

stronger grip—won't slip out

You don't need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It's a breeze with De Long bob pins.

Alluring, natural curls last longer, for De Long's grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "U" Bob—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser...



Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circlets across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 38 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Elizabeth Taylor, star of "Father of the Bride" and "A Place in the Sun"

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Member of The True Story Women's Group

The story of Lily James...the girl
from Kansas... who took New York
by storm..... became a famous,
fascinating model and really lived
A Life Of Her Own.....!



*There were many men
in her life... but with
him she knew love—
and its heartbreak!...*

M-G-M presents
**LANA
TURNER**
**RAY
MILLAND**
in
“A Life Of
Her Own”

TOM EWELL • LOUIS CALHERN
ANN DVORAK • BARRY SULLIVAN
MARGARET PHILLIPS
JEAN HAGEN

Written by ISOBEL LENNART
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by VOLDEMAR VETLUGUIN
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Good, Good, GOOD... this Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

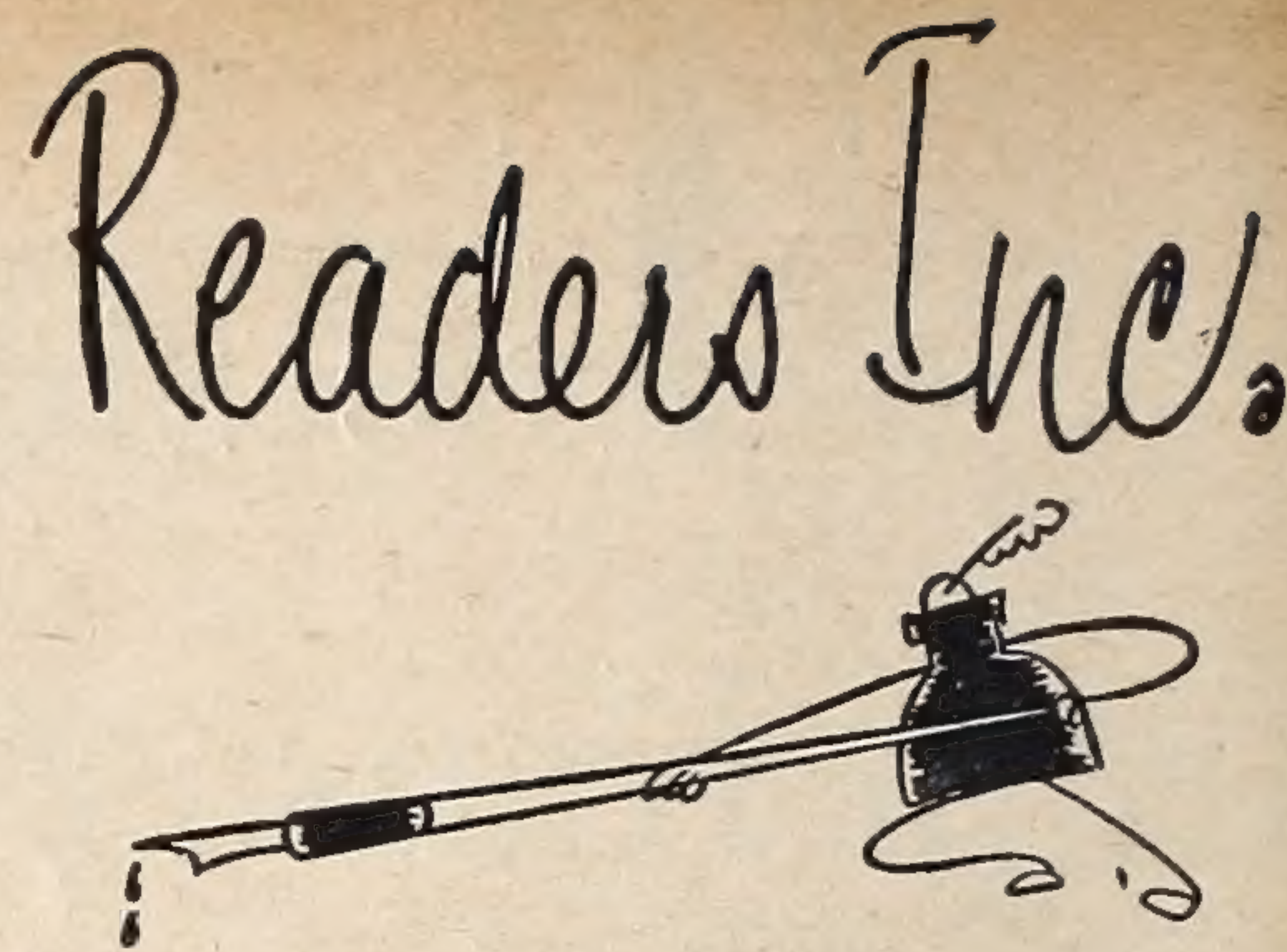


Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Cheers and Jeers:

Whoever stated (July) that they prefer Joan Evans rather than Shelley Winters as a perfect girl for Farley Granger definitely has poor taste. They might make a grand combination on the screen but that doesn't mean that they're the same off screen. To begin with, I'd prefer Shelley to that overgrown fifteen-year-old who tries to look years older than she is. Then again, why don't we mind our business and let Farley pick his own girls?

MARY SCROFANI
Elizabeth, N. J.

Ingrid Bergman has made a decision, not a mistake. I've read no helpful defense of her yet by all those "nice" Photoplay readers who voted her the best year after year. Was your loyalty to a great actress so weak that at the first sign of being human, you turned against her? Bergman is an actress above all. It is true, of course, that we imitate our favorite actresses or actors. Maybe that is what Miss Bergman was doing.

HARRY TURNER
Beaumont, Tex.

I liked the article, "How June Haver Overcame Heartache" (June). It put God in the picture where He should be. If more articles like this were written, perhaps the public would have a higher opinion of movie stars.

DOROTHEA SCHMITT
Ridgewood, N. J.

She's been "Chained," "Possessed" and, in her latest film, "Damned." Brutality and tears have been her lot and she has suffered through too many sordid sagas. Hers is the loveliest smile and the most heart-warming laugh in Hollywood, but she seldom has the opportunity to use either on the screen. May Joan Crawford soon leave her torture rack and let her hair down in a gay comedy.

MRS. WILLIAM W. GRUENER
Hartford, Conn.

This is to let Ava Gardner know what I really think of her. She is nothing but a heartbreaker and if Frank Sinatra and Howard Duff are smart they will stay as far away from her as possible.

MISS J. PAGNONE
Asbury Park, N. J.

Age-Old Question:

It's about time that Hollywood started picking people on the basis of merit, rather than because they are new, young and inexpensive.

That's why the box office is on the decline; too many youngsters who look alike, act alike and talk alike are cluttering up the screen. Five minutes after you see them you forget them.

MRS. HELEN JOHNSTONE
Chicago, Ill.

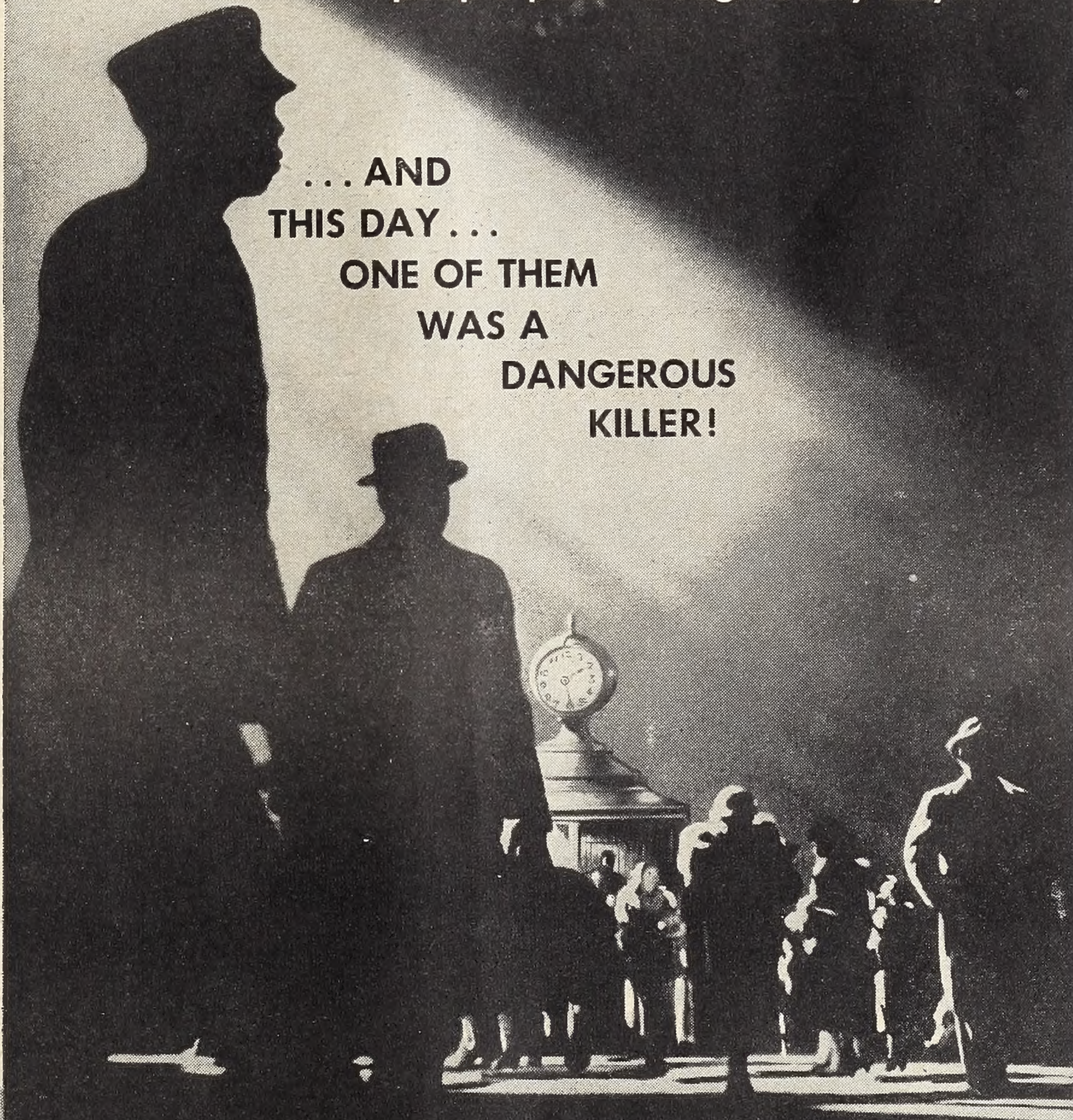
On behalf of myself and my thirty-five

UNION STATION



...Where hundreds of thousands of
people pass through every day...

... AND
THIS DAY ...
ONE OF THEM
WAS A
DANGEROUS
KILLER!



A Paramount Picture starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN

Nancy Olson

Barry Fitzgerald

with

LYLE BETTGER

JAN STERLING

Produced by

Directed by

JULES SCHERMER • RUDOLPH MATE

Screenplay by Sydney Boehm

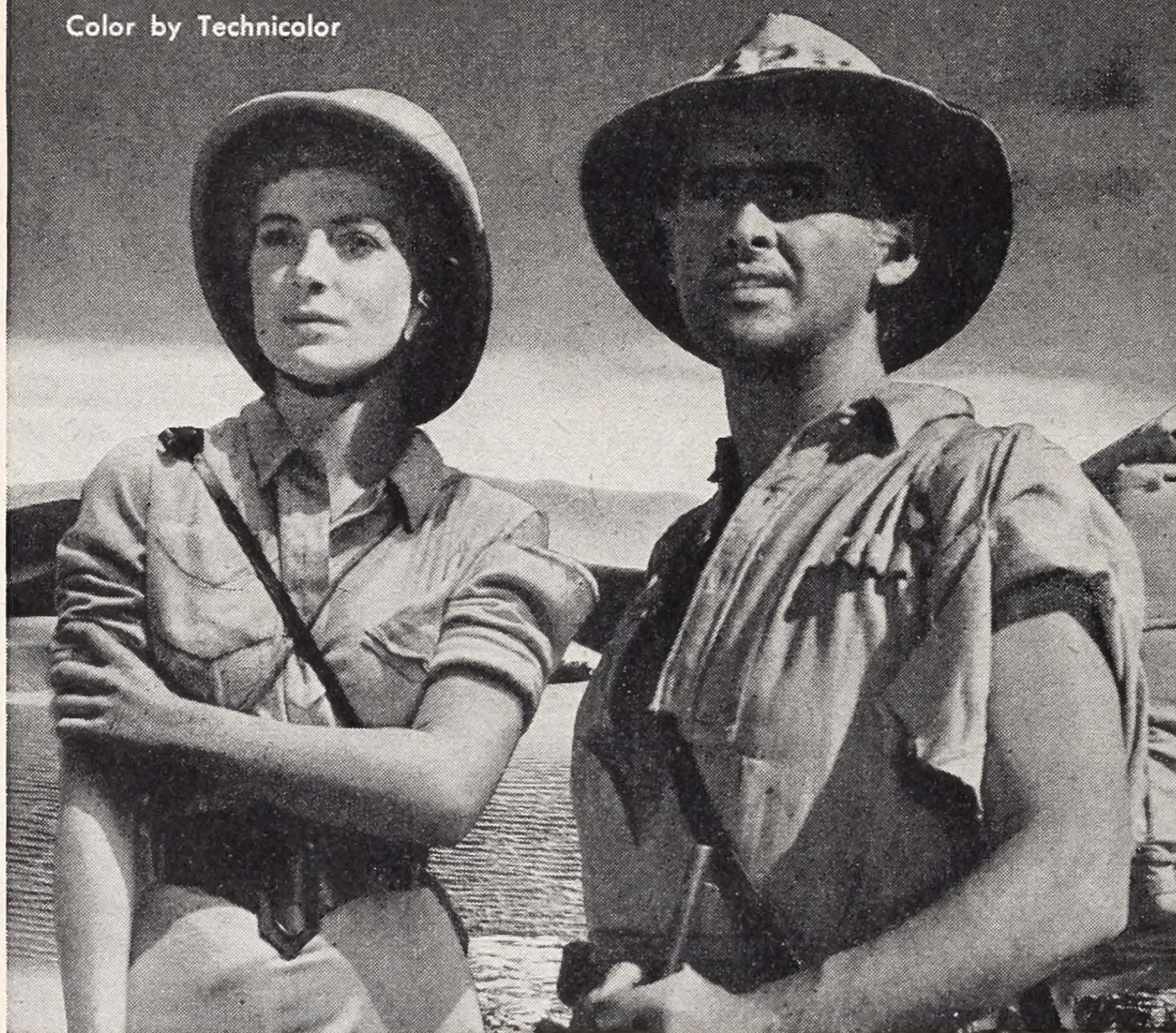
JAN STERLING...
That Blonde
Dynamite you
can't forget!



Straight from the pages of the "Saturday Evening Post," and
best-selling novel, "Nightmare in Manhattan," acclaimed by millions
of readers ... comes a story of suspense!

"I did a slow burn for 180 days!"

says **DEBORAH KERR**, co-starring
with **STEWART GRANGER** in MGM's
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
Color by Technicolor



We trekked 6 months in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines." Sizzling heat parched me to the bone . . . made my skin unbearably dry!



Acting thirsty took no talent.
Even my skin was thirsty!



Even between scenes the
African sun seared me.



But Jergens kept my hands
soft for romantic scenes.



Being a liquid, Jergens is
absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).

Prove it with this simple
test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens
Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax)

schoolmates, we wish you would try the new dashing actors because everyone is growing fed up with the same old ones. Most of all: Audie Murphy, Anthony Curtis, John Derek, Farley Granger, Montgomery Clift. These are the rough and ready boys who wouldn't be caught dead kissing a girl's hand. But they are winning the female hearts today.

JOAN MONTGOMERY
Los Angeles, Cal.

Just saw "Bright Leaf." For me the whole picture was spoiled because Gary Cooper is entirely too old to make love to Lauren Bacall and Patricia Neal. He would be better suited as the father.

MRS. LOUISE BUTLER
Washington, D. C.

Casting:

What's the matter with these movie producers anyhow? All you see nowadays are lovey-dovey and musical pictures. Let's have some more pictures like "Adventures of Don Juan" or some bloodthirsty pirate picture. As for the actor, I'd put Errol Flynn in it.

ANNA MAE STERN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Why doesn't Hollywood make more movies from Broadway productions? Whenever they do, the result is always sure to be a success. I think that "Oklahoma" would make a wonderful movie with Gordon MacRae as *Curly*.

BARBARA LEE
Houston, Tex.

Question Box:

Could you please send me a picture of Sterling Hayden? Could you send me some information about him too? I saw him in "The Asphalt Jungle" and thought he was about the most terrific thing I've seen since Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet."

KITTY CORR
Chatham, Mass.

(He was born in Montclair, N. J., is 33, 6'5", 200 lbs., has blond hair, blue eyes. He was divorced from Madeleine Carroll, is now married to Betty De Noon. He free lances (has no contract). Photoplay cannot send pictures. For pictures of stars, write them in care of studio that produced their latest picture.)



I have just seen "No Sad Songs for Me" and would like to know the composer and name of the song that was played as a duet at the end of the picture.

ANNE SPENCER
Oklahoma City, Okla.

(It was the fourth movement of Brahms' First Symphony.)

I have just seen Elizabeth Taylor's picture, "Father of the Bride," and would like to know if the wedding dress she wore in the picture was the same one she wore for her wedding.

MARILYN MATTHEWS
Decatur, Ga.

(Different dresses, but both designed by Helen Rose, head designer of M-G-M.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.



She said, "I DON'T
CARE
WHAT
PEOPLE
THINK:
MARRIED
OR NOT-
THE
BABY'S
MINE!"

Here are three girls who never met before. They are brought together by a strange quirk of fate. Each in her past hid the one reckless mis-step that seals a girl's reputation. Here in one of the most heart-arresting pictures in the long history of Warner Bros. are three girls whose pasts cannot be judged until you know their

Three Secrets

STARRING ELEANOR

PARKER

PATRICIA

NEAL

RUTH

ROMAN

The girl of **CAGED**

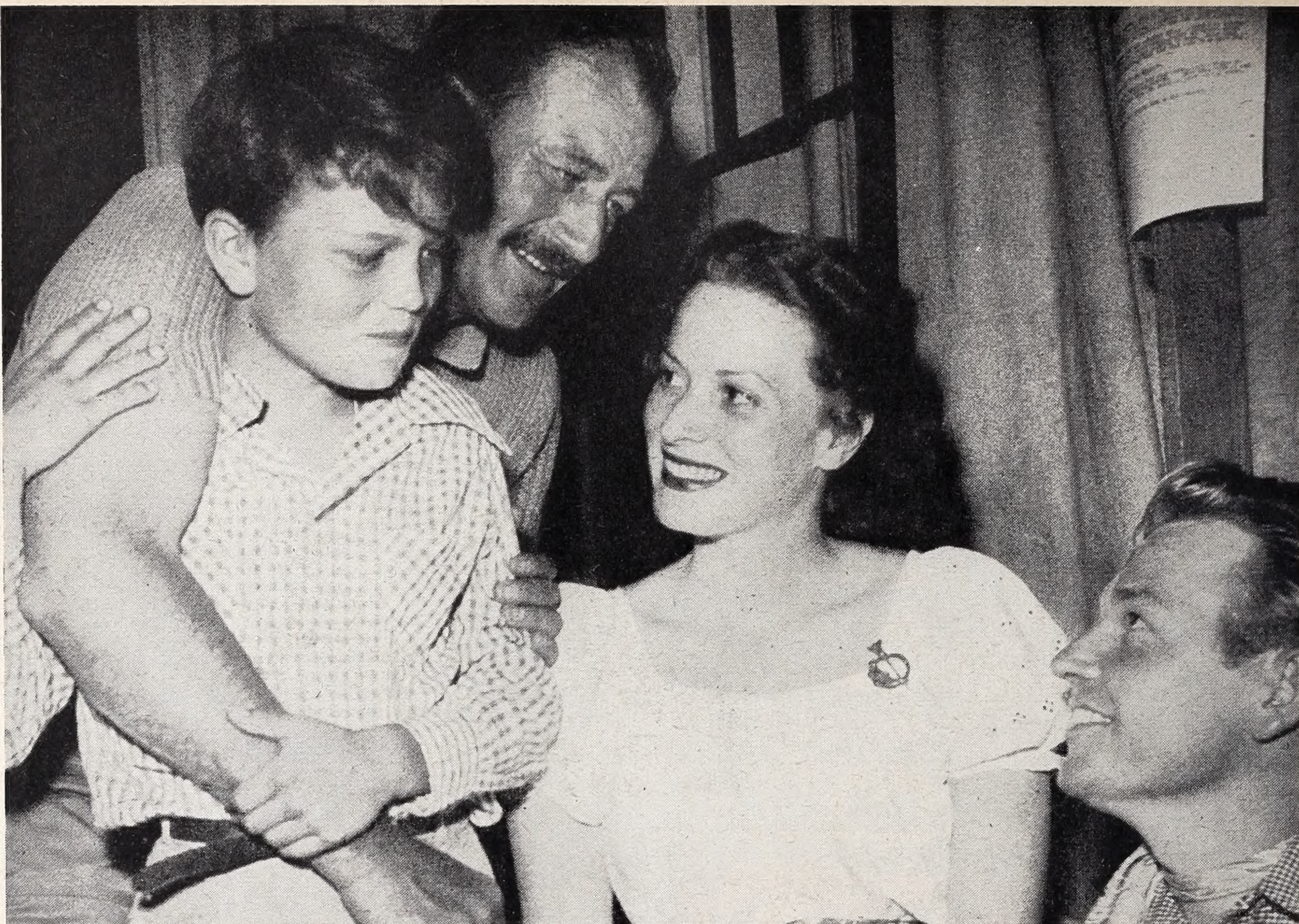
The girl of **THE BREAKING POINT**

The girl of **COLT 45**

WITH FRANK LOVEJOY • LEIF ERICKSON • WRITTEN BY MARTIN RACKIN AND GINA KAUS • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE

PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING • UNITED STATES PICTURES PROD • WARNER BROS.





Pat, visiting dad John Wayne on "Rio Bravo" set, meets Maureen O'Hara and Rex Allen, new Republic star, who went to Utah to do broadcast of Rex Allen show with Sons of the Pioneers. This CBS broadcast is heard Fridays, 10 p.m. EDT



It's a rare moment in a photographer's life when he catches a picture of Fred Astaire Jr. The Astaires are at Hollywood Park track

Movietown Mutterings: Greer Garson, quietly searching for a new Bel Air home and, for some unexplained reason, trying to keep it a deep, dark secret. One place that pleased her had a fully equipped nursery . . . Ann Sheridan birthday-gifting Jacques Mapes with an engraved-in-her-own-handwriting gold wrist watch. Personal to all those misinformed Hollywood columnists: Jacques is a "Frenchman" who was born in San Francisco . . . A big M-G-M build-up is in the works for lanky, likable Carlton Carpenter, whose fan following is on the rise . . . Mark Stevens (remember Cal told you this would happen two months ago) celebrating his release from Twentieth by talking terms at U-I . . . Convincing proof for sunny boy Skelton, who collapsed at the Coliseum during the Shriners' convention, that a let-up from his grueling schedule is imperative.

Quip Tease: "Sorry, Betsy darling, I'm leaving town at once. No, I can't explain. You'll just have to understand." Cal couldn't believe his ears, but there was no mistaking the voice of Cary Grant as it floated over a partition in the publicity office at Universal-International. Sensing a sensational news story, we opened the door and bearded the boy in his den. There, doubled up at the telephone, was that perennial prankster, Anthony Curtis, doing the best impersonation of Cary

INSIDE STUFF

CALYORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Grant this side of Cary Grant we've ever heard!

Poor bewildered Betsy Drake actually thought she was talking to her handsome husband. Tony finally came clean.

Nudging the News: Six-foot-four Jeff Chandler having a heck of a time making connections with five-foot-three Evelyn Keyes for a love scene in "Smuggler's Island" . . . Esther Williams posing for portraits to last a year so she can concentrate on the new baby . . . A search for a "new" Gabby Hayes at Republic. The "old" one, it seems, is now freelancing . . . Just as Cal predicted, after six tempestuous years, Lauren Bacall is free from her Warner contract. When they offered her a role in a low-budget Dennis Morgan (he didn't like the script either) Western, Mrs. Bogart asked for her release again and finally got it . . . Rumored tax troubles for Joan Fontaine that supposedly concern the period prior to her separation from Bill Dozier . . . Eight pictures in two years have convinced Virginia Mayo a long rest is necessary. For her studio's information, a nursery may be added on to her newly decorated ranch house during this respite . . . In "The Mating Season," his first movie role in fifteen years, Ethel Barrymore's son saying he was "nervous as a colt." The gentleman's name? Sammy Colt!



Jane Powell, wearing a cute new hair-do, attended party for Vic Damone at Mocambo. Vic, now with M-G-M, may do picture with Janie



Tally-ho: Dan Dailey, an expert rider, acted as ringmaster for the Woodland Hills Hunt Club when they held their racing meet recently



Happy Day: Doris and her agent-fiancee Marty Melcher add their smiles to Hollywood premiere



Double celebration: Gary Cooper, 25 years in movies, has been wed 17 years to Sandra, above, with Pete Lawford and friends

INSIDE STUFF

Rock-a-bye Baby Talk: It's a tall toss, as far as your reporter is concerned, whether June Allyson or Lana Turner is the most pleased over the pending patter of little feet! "It was awfully soon to make an announcement," laments Lana. "But just in case I have an off-day while making 'Mr. Imperium,' I didn't want those tired old 'temperamental' rumors to get started." Only the scene where Lana was supposed to ride horseback had to be rewritten. The Toppings told the wonderful news to Lana's little daughter Cheryl, when she celebrated her seventh birthday with a kiddies' South Sea Island party. "I hope to keep right on working for as long as possible," Lana tells us. "After all, the average woman doing her own housework keeps up a daily routine. Making pictures isn't a bit more strenuous" . . . "The little woman just can't seem to satisfy her craving for ice cream!" It was Dick Powell talking; he was referring of course to June Allyson and her "delicate" condition. The Justin Darts (he's the Rexall Drug executive and she's the former Jane Bryan) remembered that conversation. Several quarts of vanilla later, June received a portable soda fountain. It was filled with ice cream and came complete with cones and all the fixings! Junie's theme song (if you'll pardon the corn) is no longer: "I scream for ice cream!" . . . Cal recalls the morning the papers announced the Humphrey Bogarts had stalked the stork. "You know Lauren Bacall and I don't," Lucille Ball exclaimed excitedly over the phone. "I know how badly she's wanted a baby and so have I. Please find out who her doctor is." Then, after ten years of marriage, Lucy and Desi Arnaz were thrilled to be adding a nursery to their Desi-Lu Ranch in Chatsworth. So it was a sad day for Cal when he learned later that Lucille had lost the baby that she and Desi wanted so much.

New Look: We just happened to see her sitting there in Westmore's Beauty Salon. Perhaps Cal was substituting his own sympathetic reaction, but Nancy Sinatra's warm, dark eyes did seem to hold an added sadness. Under make-up wizard Perc Westmore's supervision, her hair was being shortened and re-styled. As Cal, on his way to Bob the barber, passed the open doorway of her booth, he couldn't help overhearing her say: "Have to get myself fixed up,

you know. Guess I have to find myself a new fellow." Of course, Nancy Sinatra was kidding. There's no room on her sleeve for her heart. But like everyone else, Cal, too, believes their marriage will always remain sacred to her—even if Frankie never comes home. And the tone of her voice still seemed to sound so wistful.

Across a Crowded Room: They were all there at Clifton Webb's party for the Ezio Pinzas—Bogart and Bacall, Jan and Paul Douglas, Cole Porter, Gene Tierney, Kirk Douglas, many more. But for Cal's cash, the star that outshone them all was still the buoyant basso. Completely captivated by Hollywood's hospitality, the Pinzas announced they were expecting to meet another little stranger. So it was a double celebration. Highly amusing was the guest of honor with the middle-age magic of his humor and concern over the welfare of "Larch," a pet Dalmatian named after Larchmont, N. Y., the town where the Pinzas live. It seemed his secretary was driving cross-country with Larch by his side. No word of their whereabouts had been received for days. "I hope he enjoys the ride," sighed Ezio. He was referring—of course—to his dog!

On the Town: The Randy Scotts importing a New York decorator for their new house, which has a new nursery for the new baby they expect to adopt . . . Mail addressed to "The Nose" is automatically delivered to Jose Ferrer who is playing "Cyrano de Bergerac" . . . The Brown Derby requested Allan Nixon to don a necktie when he walked in with wife Marie Wilson, who was wearing the lowest neckline in town . . . Noel Coward stuff: Ida Lupino sunning and swimming at the home of estranged husband Collier Young, while current Casanova Howard Duff rehearses his radio show. Louis Hayward, who was Ida's first husband, making it a threesome! . . . Clark Gable's inimitable description of himself, Ray Milland and Gary Cooper, all of whom own those expensive imported Jaguars: "Just kids—in de luxe hot rods!" . . . Magnificent movie-star-mimic Arthur Blake (You'll see him in "Cyrano de Bergerac" too) gave the most unusual party of the month, with Miriam Hopkins and Marjorie Main as guests of honor.



No rumors disturb the happily married Montalbans. Ricardo is a fighter in June Allyson-Dick Powell film "Right Cross"



Parents-to-be-again, the Ezio Pinzas are hit of Hollywood. He scored as star of "South Pacific"



The Dana Andrewses at Hollywood premiere. Dana plays a forest ranger in his next for Twentieth

INSIDE STUFF

Younger Than Springtime: In exchange for a good story, Cal promised Richard Widmark we'd visit him on the set of "Halls of Montezuma." He didn't disappoint us. "When I took my daughter, Annie, to the market," he grinned, "she was decked out in a *Hopalong Cassidy* outfit, complete with twirling guns. While I was at the checking stand, an old lady turned to Annie and said, 'Little girl, you shouldn't be dressed like that. You should be wearing a pretty dress.' Annie didn't answer, but outside she asked if I had heard the remark. When I admitted I had, there was a pause. Then my five-year-old shook her head sadly and sighed: 'Daddy, I guess she was just too old to understand.'" P.S. Annie's still got her gun!

Did You Know That: There's an M-G-M executive who wishes he had the power to make Ann Blyth one of our greatest stars . . . Howard Duff and Ann Sheridan aren't aware of it, but mutual friends are plotting because they believe they'd be good for each other . . . Garbo's beauty left everyone gasping at a Sunday brunch, when the silent Swede appeared in a pink turtle neck sweater and black suede jodhpurs . . . Contrary to rumor, Robert Walker has never been in finer fettle and dotes on those dates with Nancy Davis . . . Everyone sees why Amanda Blake is so attracted to Ron Randall, but no one can understand why she is so demonstrative—especially in public . . . The Steve McNallys have so many children, so when number six came along, because they couldn't decide on a name, they just called it "Pixie" . . . Famous designer Orry-Kelly had to create a hat with accommodating ear holes for "Harvey" the invisible rabbit . . . Anne Baxter and John Hodiak kiddingly admitted they were "expecting," but neglected to (Continued on page 14)



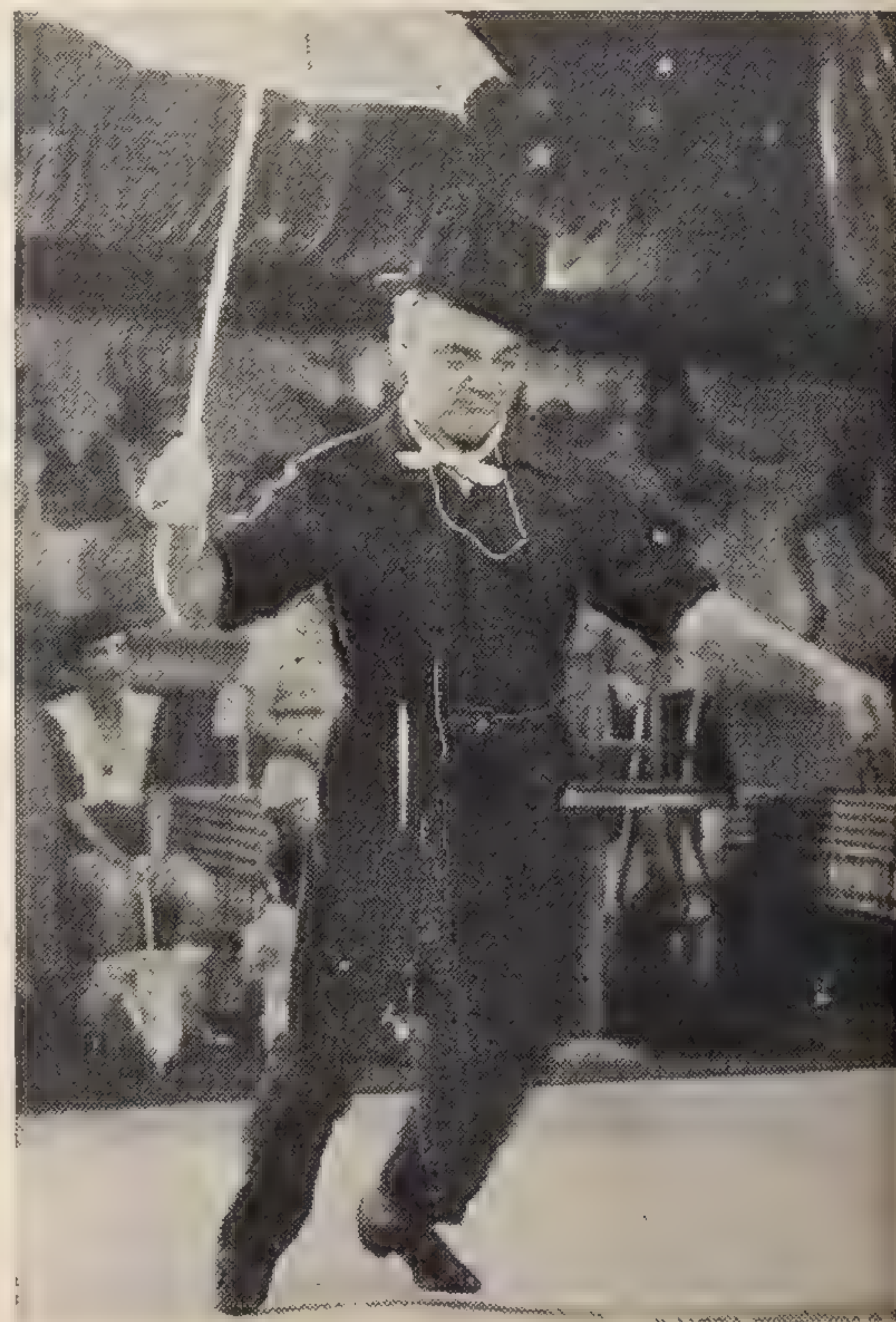
Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.



Jimmy Cagney spent lunch time practicing dancing for "The West Point Story"



She
Surrendered
herself
to him

*... and then his dark past
rolled in like a black fog!*

The Stars of "The 3rd Man"
in a new, exciting adventure!

JOSEPH
COTTEN *and* VALLI
in
WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER



with **SPRING BYINGTON • PAUL STEWART** • A DORE SCHARY Presentation
Produced by ROBERT SPARKS • Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by FRANK FENTON

Amazing Shampoo Guaranteed Not to Rob Hair of Natural Oils

Shasta gets out beauty-robbing film
and stale surface oils—Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils



IF YOUR HAIR IS



DULL-LIFELESS



DRY-BRITTLE



HARD-TO-MANAGE OR SET

See how lovely it can be after a Shasta Shampoo

Nature provides its own natural oils to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy. Without these natural oils, hair may become dry, lifeless and brittle. New, improved Shasta is the amazing shampoo *guaranteed* not to rob hair of these precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, under Shasta's magic-



PROCTER &
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GUARANTEE

Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back.

like touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

NEW, IMPROVED

SHASTA

beauty
cream

SHAMPOO

Doesn't Rob Hair of Natural Oils

INSIDE STUFF



Barbara Stanwyck was overcome by surprise birthday party given by Bill Holden and pals on eve of trip to Italy to join Bob Taylor, who sent orchids

(Continued from page 12) specify it was "Shoofly," their French poodle, who was about to become a mother.

Behind Dark Lenses: A friend of Cal's called from the Windy City the night it happened to let us in on the news of the reconciliation between Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin and to tell an amusing incident. Betty and Ted were dining with his brothers and sisters at Chicago's Chez Paree. The sparkling Hutton eyes were obscured by very, very dark glasses. Still it would take more than dark glasses to keep Betty's presence unknown from Buff Cobb and Myron Wallace who do a midnight celebrity show from the club. They approached Betty and asked if she wouldn't be introduced and interviewed. "I'd love to," replied Betty, "but I'm afraid I can't be interviewed. Would you just introduce me and leave it at that? You see, I'm here *incognito* tonight."

Around the Town: Heartfelt feeling for Richard Basehart, whose wife failed to recover from brain surgery just as his career was working out so wonderfully... A salute to Rita Hayworth for laughing off those rumors from Rome that she was either "expecting" or gaining so much weight it "looked" like it... Thanks to Clifton Webb for always being amusing, even when his fabulous mother, Maybelle, hurt her hip; because she was walking with a cane he kiddingly called her "The Colonel"... High hopes for Linda Darnell for a reconciliation with cameraman Pev Marley, though this time friends feel (Continued on page 16)

Are You As Popular
As You Should Be?

SEE PAGE 91

Paid Notice

United States Testing Co. proves—

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® LIVING GIRDLE Gives

More Figure Control with

Greater Freedom of Action

than girdles costing
more than three times as much!



Made of tree-grown liquid latex, PLAYTEX slims without a seam, stitch or bone.
It fits invisibly under clothes, washes in seconds, dries with a towel.

No Wonder Leading French and
American Designers Acclaim PLAYTEX®!



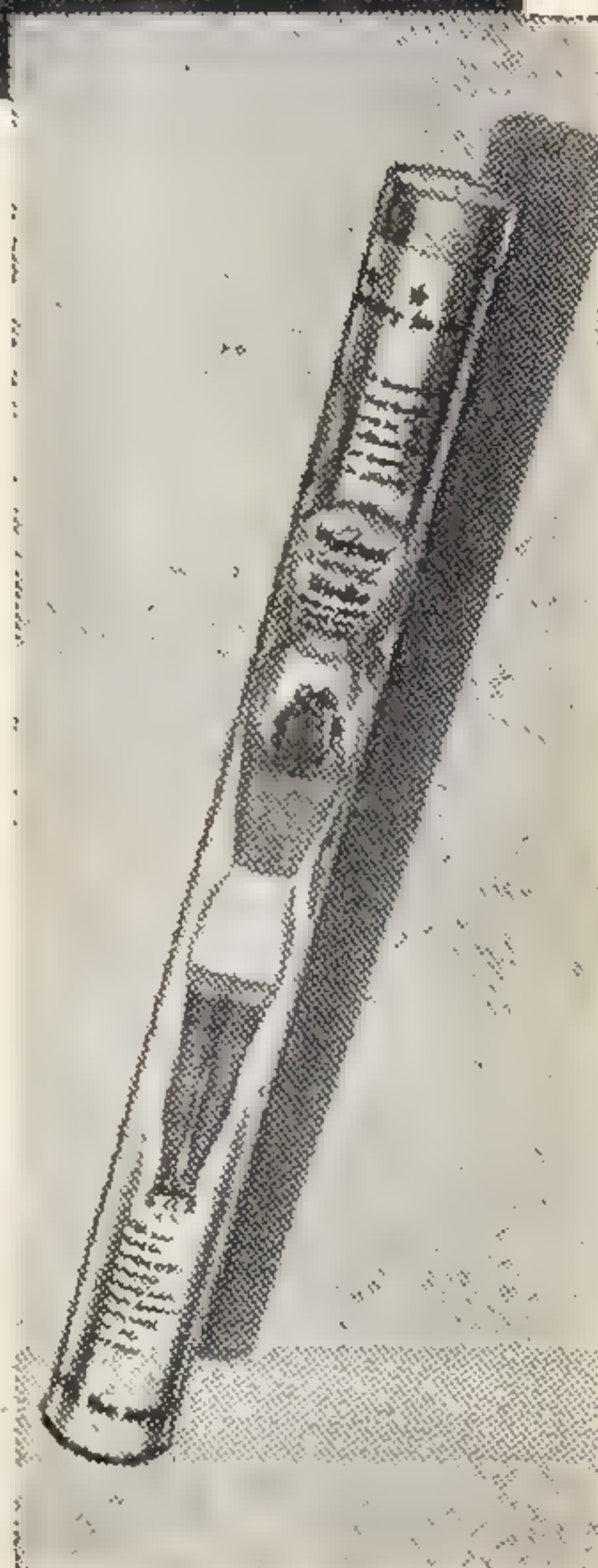
ANTHONY BLOTTA,
New York originator:
"Playtex gives a lithe
silhouette, fits invis-
ibly under the slim-
mest clothes."



PIERRE BALMAIN,
Paris designer:
"Playtex is perfect, it
gives one the line, the
slimness and above all
the freedom."



ADELE SIMPSON, of
New York City:
"Playtex allows free-
dom of action, gives
you grace as well as
slenderness."



"You can't buy a better girdle for three times the price!" say the makers of Playtex. As proof, they authorized the U. S. Testing Company, Inc. to test this girdle against girdles costing up to \$15!

Six large New York department stores were asked by consumers to send a girdle, costing about \$15, which, in the stores' opinions, offered "the most figure-control." Each store sent a different girdle—ranging from \$14.09 to \$15.00.

Playtex—famous for amazing figure-slimming power—proved 40% lighter, demonstrated 60% greater freedom of action than the average of all other girdles tested. And Playtex was the *only* girdle you could wash in ten seconds, dry with a towel! It does more for you than any other girdle!

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLES . . \$3.50 to \$3.95

In SLIM, shimmering Pink Tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . \$3.95 to \$4.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.



IRENE, Hollywood de-
signer: "When you
wear Playtex your sil-
houette is slender and
supple, with smooth
youthful lines."



PAULINE TRIGERE,
winner of Fashion
Critics Award: "Every
woman can have this
lithe, slender silhou-
ette with a Playtex."



the *NEW* modern
Gayla
HAIR NET

GLAMOUR STYLED for the new "neat look"
SAVES WAVES thru work, sleep, dampness
TRU-COLOR hair shades blend perfectly
EASY to put on; strong, yet invisible



by the makers of
Gayla® HOLD BOB®

America's best selling bobby pin

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED

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U.S. PAT. OFF.

CHICAGO, ILL.

INSIDE STUFF

Riding high at Howard Hughes party for the press at Las Vegas Desert Inn are Janet Leigh, Jack Buettel, starring in different pictures for producer Hughes



Donald O'Connor and New Orleans beauty Faith Domergue pair off for Ping-pong at Las Vegas party. Audiences will see Faith first time in "Where Danger Lives"

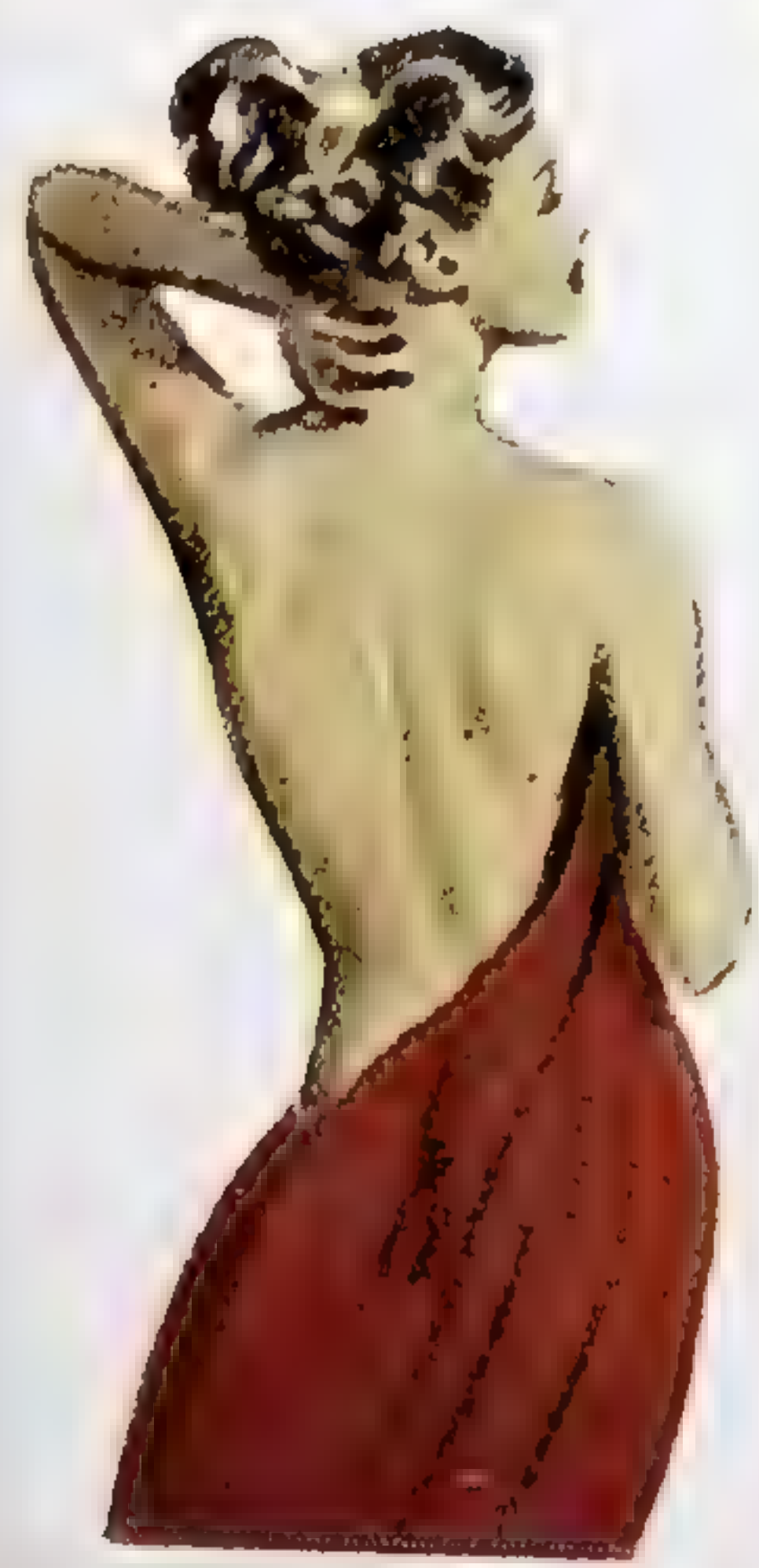
(Continued from page 14) their separation is final . . . Admiration for Keefe Brasselle, who was in a serious motorboat accident and never once adopted a "this had to happen to me" attitude . . . Good luck to Mrs. Clark Gable, who is going to cook for the "king" on that range he sent to the remote "Across the Wide Missouri" location . . . Congratulations to Joseph Cotten, Hollywood's newest step-grandfather . . . Encouraging cheers to little Judy Garland, who day by day, in every way, is getting better and better.

House-Happy: Remember, Cal told you it would happen! Ruth Elizabeth Davis Nelson Farnsworth Sherry is now Mrs. Gary Merrill. Or, in other words, Bette Davis acquired a fourth husband in Juarez, Mexico, in a "quickie" ceremony that took place a few hours after Gary obtained his divorce. So much in so little time has happened to Bette, Hollywood more or less hailed the marriage of the forty-two-year-old actress to the thirty-four-year-old actor as an anti-climax. Naturally, her Laguna Beach home was not conducive to a happy honeymoon. In that town, Bette's ex-husband, William Grant Sherry, is very much in evidence. Her Toluca Lake residence was hardly appropriate (you can see Warner Brothers on a sunny day) and her beautiful farm in New Hampshire is minus the furniture Bette had shipped out to Hollywood. The newly-weds settled for a rented house in Massachusetts. When Gary goes to Berlin to make "Legion of the Damned," Bette may go along to accept one of her many European offers.

Personality of the Month: It was a case of Cal calling the FBI, or doing a bit of supersleuthing. You see, the "Valentino Story" set is closed tighter than that proverbial tick. Actually, a terrific effort is being made *not* to publicize Tony Dexter who plays the immortal "Rudy." According to our secret sources, they're taking no chances on overselling the man who may make the great lover (Continued on page 19)

Get the Luxurious Big BATH SIZE!

For velvet-smooth Beauty Lather that caresses your skin, leaves your body glowing with a warm blush of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a Beauty Bath with Bath Size Palmolive Soap



IT'S EXQUISITE . . . It's economical. Big, *big* Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the gentlest massage over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this long-lasting Bath Size smooths and softens your arms, back and shoulders . . . really

gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a lovelier complexion head-to-toe.

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...



Better than a soap!
Better than a liquid!
Kay Daumit's cream shampoo
with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1.
Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 Leaves hair silken soft, instantly manageable... first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 Leaves hair sparkling with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show him a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!



LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Story," Mutual Broadcasting System, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 5:55 p.m.

MARIE WILSON and husband Allan Nixon nixed a bid to enter a Charleston contest with: "We're old-fashioned. All we know is jitterbug."

Mike Connolly asked Miriam Hopkins what her sprout Michael was majoring in at Lawrenceville. She replied: "Track, wrestling and girls."

Overheard: "He wants to marry a girl just like the girl his movie producer father is running after."

Sign in a Hollywood hosiery store: "Your face is your fortune, but your legs still draw the interest."

Sarah Churchill, daughter of Winston, filled out a biography form for the M-G-M publicity department. After the question, "Father's occupation?" she wrote: "Painter."

Children of movie stars, it seems, have private tutors for almost everything. There are tutors for education, swimming, horse-back riding, French, etc. One moppet of famous parents is an expert at a yo-yo top. He's so good, in fact, that one day a school-mate asked him: "Tell me, who is your yo-yo tutor?"

Hal Wallis previewed a picture titled, "Dark City." One of the preview cards, now framed on a wall of his office, read: "This is a fine picture. Everything I expected to happen, didn't."

Marjorie Reynolds, who is 5'4", was cast in a movie with 6'4" Vincent Price. She was delighted. She said: "Looking up at him gives a girl such a nice chin line."

Overheard: "Her age is like a used car speedometer. She's always setting it back."

Someone said that Jane Russell's successful career was simply due to her having a big studio behind her. To which Mack Sennett replied: "Son, it isn't what Jane Russell has behind her."

Sign on a diner in Beverly Hills: "Snacks Fifth Avenue."

Wally Vernon's squelch to a night club heckler: "I don't know what I'd do without you but I sure would like to."

Sam Goldwyn, in Paris: "I'd like these French films much more if they weren't in a foreign language."

•Marquee sign:
Tonight: "No Man of Her Own."
Tomorrow night: "All the King's Men."

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) "live" again. It's a terrific gamble, with the public deciding the results. Three years ago Katharine Cornell wired producer Edward Small: If they really wanted an unknown, the famous stage star had an actor in her company named Wallie Craig who was "Valentino." Tests were made, a contract was signed and Anthony Dexter was "born." Every day until the cameras rolled, he practiced dancing, fencing—everything to perfect himself. The wise and sincere Tony knows he's sticking his neck out, which is undoubtedly why each year at option time (he signed at a small salary) he's wangled a good raise. The sound stage doors remain closed on the "new" Valentino. Just once they were opened; then, only to admit a new Cadillac which was Eleanor Parker's birthday gift from her husband.

Hollywood Is Talking About: The heartwarming rumor that a reconciliation between Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan seems imminent, because of his daily visits to her house . . . The now remote possibility of a marriage between Farley Granger, who has new interests, and Shelley Winters, who never lost interest in the writer-brother of Edmond O'Brien . . . The wisdom of Joan Blondell, now divorced from Mike Todd and making a movie comeback in "For Heaven's Sake," who takes little Ellen Powell calling on daddy Dick Powell, now married to June Allyson . . . The thoughtfulness of Vic Damone, who remembers his fans outside when he's in a night club and sends out Cokes for refreshment . . . John Agar's lack of discretion, which bewildered and disappointed townspeople on the "Breakthrough" location . . . Ann Sothorn's complete convalescence, aided and abetted by the devoted attentions of Richard Egan, handsome U-I leading man . . . The sadness of Arlene Dahl when she learned she had lost her kind friend and sponsor, Lady Mendl . . . The rumor that there is trouble between the Gary Coopers . . . Betsy Drake "auditing" Pat Neal for "Dianetics," Hollywood's new craze—which didn't reveal Pat's secret romance.



Mel Ferrer, a bullfighter in "The Brave Bulls," with Miroslava, popular Mexican actress, who makes U. S. debut in film

Wise women long have known this treasured secret: Use perfume where you feel the heart beat. There, body heat holds the fragrance longest — a delicate, subtle, always-with-you fragrance that makes you enchanting, desirable, night and day.

Fragrances
by
Richard Hudnut

GEMEY — an exclusive, sophisticated blend of floral bouquet — infectious, excitingly gay.
Perfume: bottle size, 1.00. Other sizes, 1.75 to 17.50
Toilet Water or Cologne: 1.50, 2.50

YANKY CLOVER — America's meadowsweet fragrance — haunting, nostalgic.
Perfume: bottle sizes 75¢ and 1.00
Toilet Water: 1.00, 1.75 . . . Cologne: 1.10
(All prices plus tax)

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July
READER'S DIGEST*
 reports the same
 research which proves
 that brushing teeth
 right after eating with
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
STOPS TOOTH
DECAY BEST

**Better Than Any Other Way of
 Preventing Tooth Decay According
 to Published Reports!**

Reader's Digest for July reports on one of the most extensive experiments in dental history! And remember these additional facts: The toothpaste used *exclusively* in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
 Ammoniated or Not
 Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate Dental Cream, while not mentioned by name, was used exclusively in the research reported in Reader's Digest.

*your problems
 answered
 by CLAUDETTE COLBERT*

*Claudette Colbert,
 bright star of "Secret Fury"*



W*hat should I do?*

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am now twenty-three and, after five years of marriage, am getting a divorce. I wish that every eighteen-year-old girl who is planning to get married could talk to me. I should tell her to wait, at least until she is twenty-two, and to learn a profession or a craft in the meantime so that she would be able to support herself.

I have a girl four and a boy two.

I have met a man whom I love deeply; in his way he loves me, I think, but his family disapproves of me because I am a divorcee. This man is very fond of my little girl and says he wants her to live with us if we marry, but he has taken a strong dislike to my son and wants me to give up my boy to my husband's parents.

Sometimes I think I am going to lose my mind. I love this man, but I love my little boy, too. How can I give up either? What complicates the whole business is that I am not equipped to earn my own way in the world. If I were independent, I could employ a good nurse. I could marry this man and have my own life as well as guarding the welfare of my babies. (Mrs.) George O'K.

Yours is, indeed, a universal problem. However, may I assure you that even if you were self-supporting, your problem would still remain. The husband of a working wife (I have learned from my correspondence) is inclined to believe that his wife's earnings should add to the creature comforts of his home.

I should think that, if there is any way at all for you to do it, you should make arrangements for the care of your children while you learn secretarial or clerical work. Then you can care for your children without outside interference. Your contacts would be broadened so that you could, eventually, meet a worthwhile man.

This man and his family would only bring you more problems, I'm afraid.
 Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

About a year ago my cousin, who is in the Army, gave one of his buddies my picture and address. Tom wrote to me and I answered, and for ten or eleven months we have been corresponding regularly. We have many tastes in common.

Tom is coming home on leave before he goes overseas and he wants to marry me. He says we probably know one another better than most couples do before marriage, even though we have never met.

My mother says that even if I find I am in love with him when we meet, it is foolish to marry a man who is going to leave at the end of fifteen days.

I don't agree with her. I want the satisfaction of being married and settled. I am nineteen, and I know my own mind. I will be able to save my money and make plans for a future with Tom if we are married, but if I'm single I'll just fritter away my salary.

Do you think I'm right, and that it is possible to fall in love by mail?

Staffa J.

I don't think you can fall in love by mail. I do think that a strong and permanent friendship (an intellectual understanding) can be established, but I'm certain that it is possible to be extremely friendly with a boy whom it would be impossible to love.

I am in agreement with your mother about the folly of marrying a man who is going to be with you for only fifteen days and who will then be away for two years. That isn't marriage; it is a legal adventure, and your correspondent is selfish to suggest such a thing.

As to the way in which you save or fritter away your money, marriage has nothing to do with it. It depends on your own character. After you have met this lad in person, your ideas may change.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Recently my husband left me. We had been married only three years and have no children so I do not wish to ask him for alimony; therefore I must go to work.

I want to change my environment at once, so I have been thinking of going to California and signing up as an apprentice in the interior decorating department of one of the studios. I have always shown marked aptitude in home decoration.

Will you tell me how I should go about entering this profession? I'd like a list of the names of the heads of these departments. I could write to each one and get myself established before going west.

Marian C.

I realize that unless a person were familiar with the motion picture studio set-up, she wouldn't know that the positions in which you are interested are among the most difficult to get. Studios have a choice of the celebrated people in the field, and no apprentices are taken, of course, because the posi- (Continued on page 22)

"I'm sure of all-over
Lux Loveliness with this big
BATH SIZE!"

says Doris Day

"Leaves my skin so fresh,
exquisitely fragrant, too!"

"This big luxurious bath size Lux Soap makes such a wonderfully refreshing beauty bath," says charming Doris Day. "It leaves my skin softer, smoother, perfumed with such a lovely clinging fragrance!"

You will love the generous new bath size. It gives rich abundant lather, even in hardest water. After a Lux Soap beauty bath, arms and shoulders look satin-smooth; skin all over is fresh, really sweet!

Try Hollywood's favorite beauty soap in the luxurious new bath size!



DORIS DAY and GORDON MACRAE
in a romantic scene from
WARNER BROS.' "TEA FOR TWO"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Don't
"JUST
WASH"
your
hair...

Condition it

with **NEW DRENE** shampoo



The sure way to natural sheen, natural softness

Want to discover how naturally lovely your hair can be? Then use New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! This New Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair. It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

You'll love the way your hair "manages" . . . it's so clean, so silky-soft, so responsive to your hands! No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action. Try New Drene right away!

- 1 Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- 2 Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
- 3 Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!



NEW DRENE
now with
Conditioning Action!

(Continued from page 20)

tions are union controlled.

Would it be possible for you to enroll in one of the state universities as a fine arts major? As you know, there is much more to the profession of interior decorating than merely arranging furniture tastefully. One must be well trained to enter the field.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-two, but look younger. I'm Irish, a redhead and my friends say I'm good company and attractive.

About six months ago I met (on a blind date) a very handsome man. We clicked right away. For three months we saw each other regularly. He would call around eight, and we would go to a movie. On Sunday evenings he would suddenly ring the doorbell at seven and we would go for a drive, or dancing.

The result was that I spent quite a lot of time at home (I live in a guest house with eight other girls) waiting for the telephone to ring. Finally I told him that I didn't like spur-of-the-moment dates. He works in an office which closes at five, so there is no real excuse. It would be different, of course, if his business hours were irregular. He made no defense. He simply said he thought we were made for each other and that he was doing his best.

He hasn't been back. I see him occasionally but he acts as if he didn't know me. He is now going with a pretty girl who pays no attention to him and he has nothing to say to her. Sometimes I have been tempted to walk up to him and start a conversation, but my friends advise me to have more pride.

Can you tell me what I might have done that was wrong?

Quinena C.

Hasn't it occurred to you that perhaps this man is married?

A single man who is charmed by a girl (and obviously this man enjoyed your company or he wouldn't have made two dates a week for three months with you) makes dates in advance so that he won't be disappointed at the last moment.

I agree with you that allowances must be made for a man whose business hours are unpredictable, but from what you have told me I must assume that this man could foresee his commitments at least a day or two in advance.

I agree with your friends who counsel you against approaching this man when you see him casually. The "very pretty girl" with whom he seems to be bored may be his wife.

At any rate, you were right in protesting his lack of consideration; you are right in accepting other dates; you would be absolutely right if you made it a point to regard him as a complete stranger—the treatment he is giving you.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

HUNTED! HAUNTED! HOUNDED!

*The UNKNOWN, the UNSEEN, HAUNTED his footsteps... PERILED his life ...
DARED him to expose them!*



The "New Profile"
Gives a Great Barrymore
Performance In His First
Starring Picture

STARRING

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.

in

HIGH LONESOME

Color by Technicolor

COSTARRING

CHILL WILLS JOHN ARCHER • LOIS BUTLER • KRISTINE MILLER
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ALAN LE MAY • PRODUCED BY GEORGE TEMPLETON • A LE MAY-TEMPLETON PICTURE

SHADOW



Making hay: Gene Kelly turns Judy Garland's farm into a straw-hat success in this gay young song and dance parade

✓✓✓ (F) Summer Stock (M-G-M)

A VERY plump Judy Garland and a sort of plump Gene Kelly are the stars of this enjoyable Technicolor musical. Even with their extra pounds Judy and Gene do well by their dance routines, their songs and their romancing. Judy is the owner of *Falbury Farm* in Connecticut, which isn't doing too well. In town she desperately promotes a tractor from her boy friend and his papa (Eddie Bracken and Ray Collins) and returns to the farm to find it in a frenzy of activity. Seems that sister Gloria de Haven, who has theatrical ambitions, has invited a group of actors to use their barn for summer stock. The energetic director is Gene Kelly, and he's supposedly in love with Gloria. Well, naturally, Judy is "agin" actors, but she gradually falls in love with Gene and greasepaint. High spots are the comedy of Eddie Bracken and Marjorie Main.

Your Reviewer Says: Good entertainment.

Program Notes: This is Judy Garland's thirtieth picture and her fifteenth year in pictures. Frequent visitors on the set were Liza, Judy's four-year-old daughter, and John, her toy poodle. Both have acting ambitions, which Judy isn't discouraging. She made her dancing debut at four. Liza made hers at three . . . Gene Kelly makes no secret of his dislike of the Charleston and will be glad when this dance craze is over. If people only knew how awful they look when they're dancing it, Gene says with a sigh . . . Eddie Bracken hasn't had a good part since "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." This film should bring him some good roles . . . Metro, hep to her huge success in the "Ma and Pa Kettle" pictures, has decided to star the raucous-voiced Marjorie Main in some of the old Marie Dressler hits. Marjorie likes to go to Alcoholic Anonymous meetings. Not because she drinks, or ever did drink, she just likes the meetings.



Domestic delight: Ruth Warrick, Eve Arden, Emlyn Williams and Shepperd Strudwick in a gay marital mix-up

✓✓✓ (A) Three Husbands (Gloria-UA)

SOMEWHAT sophisticated, completely delightful, is this comedy of marital relations, which makes no secret about being inspired by the popular "A Letter to Three Wives." Whereas it was infidelity on the part of the three husbands that provided the suspense element in the former picture, in this picture it is the infidelity (or did they?) of the three wives. English actor Emlyn Williams is perfect as the gay millionaire charmer who leaves the letters, to be opened the day of his funeral, to husbands Howard Da Silva, Shepperd Strudwick and Robert Karnes, telling each that he has been carrying on an illicit romance with his wife. The wives are Eve Arden, Ruth Warrick and Vanessa Brown. Louise Erickson plays an off-beat blonde menace and Billie Burke a conventional mother-in-law. Eve Arden steals all the footage for miles around.

Your Reviewer Says: It's for laughs.

Program Notes: Emlyn Williams was the star of such stage hits as "Night Must Fall," "The Corn Is Green" and "The Late Christopher Bean," all of which he also wrote. He was getting killed nightly on Broadway in Lillian Hellman's "Montserrat," so he rather welcomed the chance to make his bow to American movie-goers as a gay and pleasant fellow. He's married, and at present is treading the boards back in dear old London . . . Lucille McCabe is perfect casting for Eve Arden. Eve was roaring with laughter before she had read five pages of the script and said someone else would play Lucille over her dead body . . . Howard Da Silva, who always plays heavies in films, reveals the fact that he's a knockout as a comedian . . . Vanessa Brown is an ex-Quiz Kid. Now twenty-two, she recently graduated from the University of California . . . Louise Erickson made a name for herself on radio, especially as Judy in "A Date with Judy."

BY LIZA WILSON

✓✓✓ Outstanding ✓✓ Good ✓ Fair
F—For the whole family A—For adults

STAGE



Midtown melodrama: Nancy Olson and Bill Holden are central figures in expose of crime in a large railroad terminal

✓✓ (F) Union Station (Paramount)

WILLIAM HOLDEN, Barry Fitzgerald and newcomer Nancy Olson are the stars of this jet-paced melodrama which takes place in the bustling railroad station of a big city. A train terminal, and its subterranean tunnels and tracks, have never been used for a chase before. Bill Holden plays a tough, grim lieutenant of railway police. Barry Fitzgerald plays a city cop, reminiscent of his role in "Naked City." The plot concerns the kidnapping of a blinded teen-ager (Allene Roberts) by a hep gang of snatchers who demand \$100,000 ransom from her wealthy father. Their carefully laid plans hit a snag when Nancy Olson, a suspicious young secretary, reports her suspicions to Holden. As the "brains" of the gang, Lyle Bettger sets a new high in heels. Jan Sterling stands out as his girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting.

Program Notes: Nancy Olson has three topline releases for 1950: This picture, "Sunset Boulevard" and "Mr. Music." Nice going for a girl who two years ago was attending classes at the University of California. Since becoming a "movie star" Nancy has married Broadway playwright Alan Lerner . . . Bill Holden, besides being about the busiest actor in Hollywood, is a high executive of the Screen Actors Guild and an officer of the PTA in Toluca Lake . . . Jan Sterling, a former New York society girl turned actress, is married to Paul Douglas. She's twenty-six, has a grand sense of humor, and likes being "typed" as a "bad girl." "In some twenty plays on the stage," she says, "I was either a sweet ingenue or a coolly detached English damsel. In pictures I'm a tramp, and I get kicked, sluged and shot. It's a pleasure" . . . This is New York actor Lyle Bettger's second picture (his first the heel who did wrong by Barbara Stanwyck in "No Man of Her Own"). Lyle is happily married, has a couple of kids, and isn't a heel at all.



On the edge of drama: A common hope brings Ruth Roman, Pat Neal, Eleanor Parker together in a suspenseful story

✓✓ (F) Three Secrets (Warners)

ELEANOR PARKER, Patricia Neal and Ruth Roman are the women with the secrets in this drama of mother love. When a five-year-old boy survives a plane crash which kills his foster parents in the Sierra Mountains, three women rush frantically to the Lodge near the mountain to await the rescuers. Each has reason to believe that the child is hers—each had given a son to the same adoption home on the same day five years before. Eleanor had an illegitimate child during the hectic war years and never told her husband (Leif Erickson). Patricia, a sophisticated and successful newspaper woman, learned after she was divorced from her husband (Frank Lovejoy) that she was pregnant. Ruth, a showgirl recently released from prison, was betrayed by her racketeer boy friend whom she consequently murdered. Her baby was born in prison. Whose baby does it turn out to be? No fair telling.

Your Reviewer Says: Bring three handkerchiefs.

Program Notes: Eleanor Parker was expecting her second child during production, and the cameraman had a heck of a time trying not to shoot her in profile. But he had a wonderful time shooting close-ups of her face with the tears flowing. There's no actress in Hollywood, according to the cameramen, who cries more touchingly and convincingly than Eleanor . . . Pat Neal, one of Hollywood's bachelor girls, was dating Robert Stack at the time this picture was made. Nothing came of it . . . Ruth Roman, after years of being pushed around in Hollywood, finally decided that the breaks were coming her way at last and bought her first house—a small house in the hills . . . The boys don't get much of a chance in this picture, but Frank Lovejoy managed to stand out brilliantly. This impressed Jack Warner who immediately signed him on a long term contract.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 93. For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 102. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 91.

*More and MORE
YOUNG WIVES
Agree...*



FOR *naturally* BEAUTIFUL HAIR ...

'Pure Castile is the Best Shampoo!'

LOVELY MRS. ROBERT INCH of Queens Village, Long Island, says "I like Conti because it leaves my hair soft, easy-to-manage and glowing with highlights." Mrs. Inch is typical of the thousands of attractive young wives who agree with beauty authorities that pure castile is the best shampoo. "Try Conti," says Mrs. Inch, "for naturally beautiful hair!"



Groom-up Time "I'll tell you my beauty secret—the olive oil in Conti helps keep my hair silky-soft and radiant at all times."



For Entire Family "Of course, I only use pure Conti Castile Shampoo on Betsy's delicate hair. I know it's mild and gentle ... contains no harsh chemicals to dry her hair or make it brittle."

*For
lovelier hair...
today...
tomorrow...
and always*



Conti

THE PURE

Castile

SHAMPOO

✓✓ (A) The Glass Menagerie (Warners)

THE big news of the movie version of Tennessee Williams's prize-winning play is Gertrude Lawrence. In her first Hollywood screen role, that of Amanda Wingfield, a drab mother of indomitable will who clings frantically to her girlhood memories of the Old South, British-born, sophisticated Gertrude Lawrence gives a performance of great feeling and heart-breaking pathos. In its translation to the screen the much discussed play comes off well, except for the traditional happy ending which the Brothers seem to feel they must tack on to their pictures. It is still a simple story of a St. Louis family caught in the undertow of poverty, unrest and unhappiness. Jane Wyman plays the crippled daughter who lives in a world of small glass animals and phonograph records, left by her father who walked out on the family years before. The "gentleman caller" with the wise philosophy is played by Kirk Douglas. Arthur Kennedy is the brooding son, nagged by his mother, who hates his job in the warehouse and longs for the sea. The writing is, of course, magnificent. Mr. Williams saw to that.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for adults.

Program Notes: London and New York playgoers who are accustomed to seeing the svelte Miss Lawrence in such plays as "Lady in the Dark," "Skylark," and Noel Coward's "Private Lives" will get quite a shock when they see her on the screen in curlers, a frowsy nightgown and faded old bathrobe. To please her the studio wrote in a "flashback" sequence where she can look lovely and glamorous. On the set Miss Lawrence knitted a pair of mittens for her old friend, George Bernard Shaw ... Jane Wyman collects small glass animals and loaned her collection to the studio ... While in production Kirk Douglas had to take time off one day to accept the Golden Apple from the Hollywood Women's Press Club, for being the most cooperative actor of the year.

✓✓ (F) Pretty Baby (Warners)

OF TENTIMES hilariously funny, oftentimes just plain cute, is this comedy about life in the advertising world. Betsy Drake gives an amusing performance as a young stenographer in an advertising agency run by Dennis Morgan and Zachary Scott. Their chief client is Edmund Gwenn, a crotchety baby-food tycoon who, just by chance, rides the subway to work one morning, and just by chance sits next to Betsy and overhears her tell a woman passenger that the baby in her arms is named after the famous baby-food tycoon. (The baby is a doll in a blanket, and Betsy's gimmick for getting a seat on the crowded subway.) Tycoon Gwenn immediately takes an interest in the young mother and his namesake—and one comedy situation follows another. Dennis gets to raise his famous tenor voice in song just once, to sing "Pretty Baby," a hit song of some twenty-five years ago.

Your Reviewer Says: No problems, just laughs.

Program Notes: It was in the middle of production on this picture that Betsy Drake married Cary Grant. Betsy's chief peculiarity on a set is that she refuses to wear high heels, even in close-ups. She's very friendly, and wears glasses when she isn't before the camera, except on "occasions." She makes no secret of her near-sightedness. When a unit man at the studio asked her who was at her wedding in Phoenix, Arizona, she frankly replied, "I wouldn't know. I didn't wear my glasses" ... This is Dennis Morgan's 38th picture. He took his little girl (Continued on page 28)



How could he treat her this way?

HER FIRST DATE with a most attractive man . . . and here she was, back home, and on the point of tears, by half-past ten. What had she said . . . what had she done to change his eagerness to indifference? She would never know . . . didn't even suspect!

Can You Be Sure?

How dare any woman assume that her breath is always beyond reproach?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a habit of cropping up when you least expect it . . . of putting you in the worst sort of light when you want to be at your best. And you, of course, may not know when you're guilty.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such an *extra-careful*, wholly delightful precaution?

You merely rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and always before any date and, lo! your breath becomes fresher and sweeter. Moreover, it stays that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

Change to a flawless new complexion

JUNE ALLYSON
Co-starring in
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"RIGHT CROSS"



**Now, any woman can actually change
even the most drab, off-color skin
into flawless, even-toned new beauty**

**In just seconds, before your very eyes, Pan-Cake,
Hollywood's magic make-up, actually conceals freckles and
off-color spots. Its delicate veil of natural color hides the
unsightly blemishes that may often mar your beauty.**

**Pan-Cake protects your skin from wind and
cold, guards against dryness, helps keep your skin
soft, smooth, young-looking.**

**Screen Stars apply Pan-Cake sparingly to achieve
the sheer, porcelain-fine complexion beauty you admire.**

Pan-Cake* Make-Up
the greatest flatterer of them all

by **Max Factor**
HOLLYWOOD



9 Color Harmony \$1.50
skin tones plus tax

DISCOVER HOW YOU CAN CHANGE TO NEW BEAUTY WITH PAN-CAKE!
Simply mail the coupon to receive your trial-size Pan-Cake in the Color Harmony shade
most flattering to your coloring...plus your individual Color Harmony Make-Up Chart...
plus the 32-page, color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up", all by Max Factor.

SEND FOR YOUR TRIAL-SIZE PAN-CAKE TODAY!
FILL IN AND CHECK CAREFULLY THE INFORMATION CHART BELOW AND MAIL

Max Factor Make-Up Studio, Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Please send me your exciting Pan-Cake offer. I enclose
10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
Address _____ Age _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Creamy ☐	Gray ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Medium ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Olive ☐		REDHEAD ☐
Deep Olive ☐		LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
SKIN: Normal ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	If hair is Gray, check
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Med. Dark ☐	Type above & here ☐

550-2P

*Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up

(Continued from page 26)
to the preview, so evidently he likes it . . .
The girl who plays Dennis's secretary is
Sheila Stephens who, in real life, is Mrs.
Gordon MacRae. Gordon doesn't mind his
wife having a career, even in his own studio.

✓ (F) Outrage (Filmmakers-RKO)

THANKS to Ida Lupino, newcomer Mala Powers gets her first big screen break in this film. Since she has turned director-producer ("Not Wanted" and "The Young Lovers"), Ida's aim has been to seek new themes for pictures and new faces. In this picture she has been far more successful with the latter. Mala plays an attractive young girl who is attacked late one night when she is leaving the milling company where she works. The next morning the attack is a headline story and the sensitive girl develops an overpowering sense of guilt and shame. Hurt and confused, she runs away from home and her fiance (Robert Clarke). She takes a job as orange packer in California, almost kills a man (Jerry Paris) who tries to kiss her, and is befriended by a young minister (Tod Andrews) who gradually helps her to become a normal young girl again.

Your Reviewer Says: Not as good as your first, Ida.

Program Notes: The Filmmakers is the name Ida Lupino and her on-again-off-again husband, Collier Young, chose for their producing company. Collier is president, Ida vice-president . . . Ida, whose forebears were actors way back in the 16th century, can spot talent a mile away. Having gotten Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle off to stardom in her first two pictures, she has now done the same for pretty nineteen-year-old Mala Powers. Mala has played in only one picture, a bit part in "Tough as They Come" in 1941. Ida first became acquainted with Mala when they appeared on the same broadcast. So, when Mala tested for "Outrage" Ida remembered how impressed she had been with the teenager's dramatic ability. After Ida "discovered" Mala, Howard Hughes signed her on an RKO contract and loaned her to Sam Goldwyn for an important part in "Edge of Doom." After that Mala latched on to a part that every young actress in Hollywood would have given her eyeteeth for—the starring role of Roxanne, opposite Jose Ferrer, in Stanley Kramer's "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mala was born in San Francisco, but her family soon moved to Hollywood where her mother became a dramatic coach with Max Reinhardt. Mala is five feet three, weighs 105 pounds, has brown hair and blue-gray eyes. A serious young person, she wants people to realize that her "success" didn't just happen, she has been studying dramatics sixteen out of her nineteen years . . . When Ida saw Tod Andrews on Broadway in "Summer and Smoke," she decided on him for the young minister.

✓✓ (A) Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye (Cagney-Warners)

A FOLLOW-UP to his recent brutal "White Heat," this film has Jimmy Cagney playing a rough, tough escaped convict who likes to live dangerously. His racket is "stick-ups" and he has worked out a fine system with the cooperation of a couple of greedy cops (Ward Bond and Barton MacLane). He rides high, wide and handsome for a while, but eventually, of course, is slapped down by justice and the Johnston Office. As in all Cagney gangster films, there's plenty of action, suspense and brutality. But this time romance, with comedy overtones, has been added. Barbara Payton and Helena Carter play the two dolls who fall for the educated tough guy. Remember when Jimmy hurled a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face? Times have changed. This time

Barbara does the hurling—a coffee pot at her double-crossing boy friend. Luther Adler plays the smooth “mouthpiece,” and Steve Brodie a fellow hood.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than average cops and robbers.

Program Notes: This is the first picture for Warner Brothers release produced by Jimmy and his brother Bill. Bill Cagney saw Barbara Payton in a small part in “Trapped” and signed her for their first production. He and Jimmy were so pleased with her that they gave her a contract and a fat bonus. Barbara is blonde and blue-eyed, was born in Minnesota, and brought up in Odessa, Texas, which accounts for the soft drawl. She has a child, is divorced, but doesn’t want to talk about it . . . Visitors on the set had the shock of their lives when they saw big tough Barton MacLane, one of Hollywood’s most famous villains, working on needlepoint. MacLane recently finished covering six dining room chairs in needlepoint for his ranch near Madera, California . . . Jimmy was still considerably on the hefty side when he started this picture. But when he learned that he would start immediately in a Warner musical, “West Point Story,” he started reducing like crazy. He went without lunch, and spent his lunch time brushing up on his dancing.

✓½ (F) Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion (U-I)

WELL, the boys, Abbott and Costello, now have fun with the Foreign Legion. In this, their twenty-fifth picture as a comedy team, they’re a couple of Brooklyn wrestling promoters in Algeria for the sole purpose of bringing behemoth Abdullah (Wee Willie Davis) back to the United States. They run afoul of a desert sheik (Douglas Dumbrille) and a plumpish traitor (Walter Slezak) who are conniving to prevent the railroad going through. They are conned into joining the Foreign Legion and they make a shambles of that in no time. There’s shooting and fighting and chasing, and the boys blunder their way around until they become heroes. Patricia Medina plays a glamorous French Intelligence spy posing as a veiled slave girl—and of course Lou Costello buys her at the slave market, though he didn’t even know he was bidding. There are a number of good gags. As always, the comedy formula is the same.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like Abbott and Costello—it’s a treat.

Program Notes: While making this picture Bud Abbott and Lou Costello celebrated their tenth year in movies, their fifteenth as a comedy team. At the celebration, Patricia Medina presented them with an enormous cake. The boys were very sentimental about it until they started to cut it—and then it exploded in their faces. On completion of the picture they left for a three-months’ tour of Europe, combining sightseeing with personal appearances. When last heard from they were fracturing ’em in Scotland . . . Patricia Medina is the estranged wife of dimpled Richard Greene who has never regained the popularity he lost when he returned to his native England to fight in World War II . . . Wee Willie Davis is a

(Continued on page 99)

**How can you be sure
you’re lovely?**

SEE PAGE 12

Paid Notice

“I’m Enthusiastic”

says

Ann Sheridan



How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

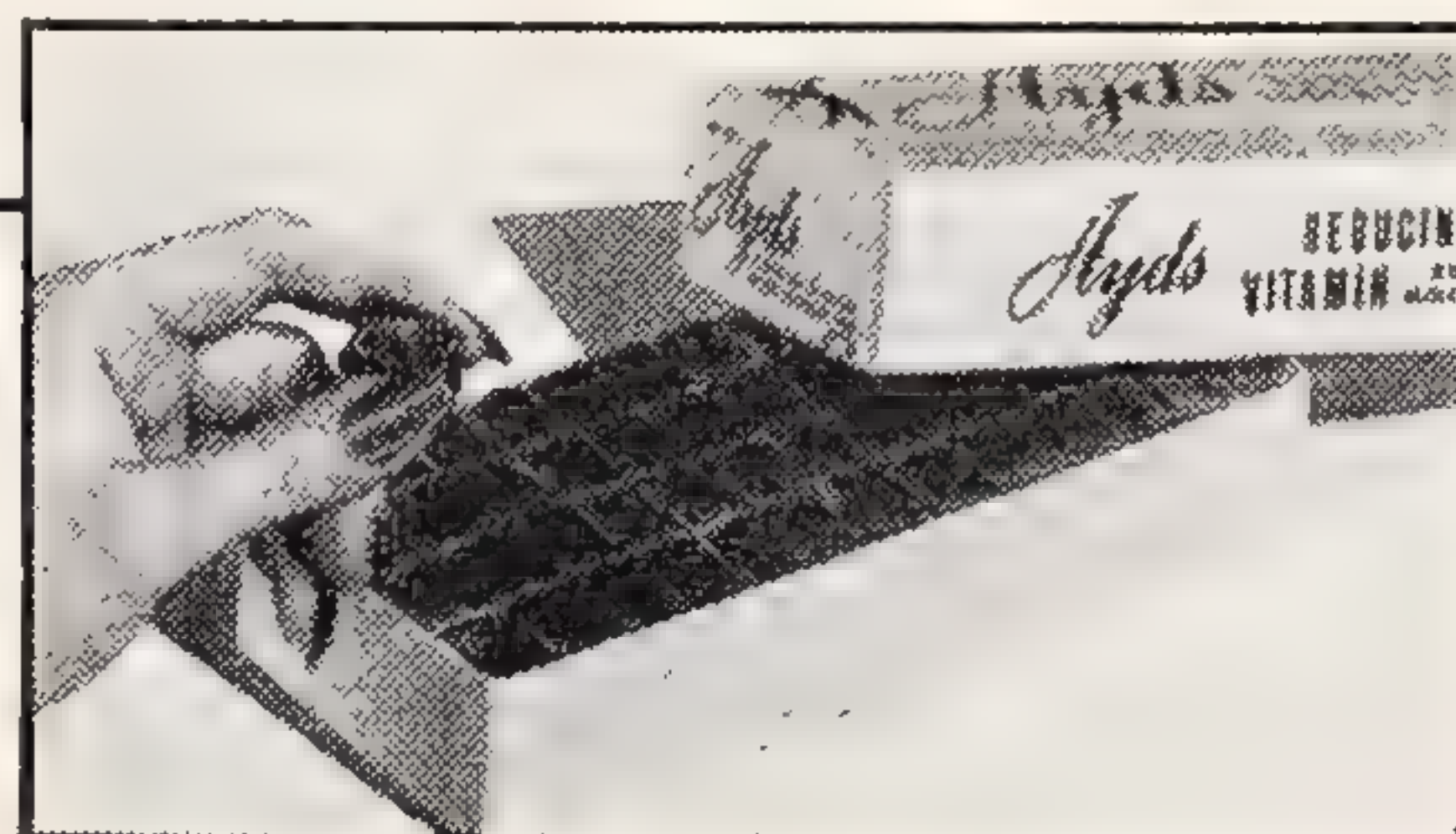
Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box (\$2.89) or your money back. Get Ayds from your drug-gist or department store, today—a full month’s supply, \$2.89.

● “Once you’ve tried Ayds, I think you’ll understand why I’m so enthusiastic about them”, says Ann Sheridan. “They help you to look and feel better while you’re losing weight. Ayds let you reduce the way nature intended you to.”



The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

This is an **adult** picture
...with a great courageous theme

...with seven new conceptions
of dramatic portrayal that
reach new heights of screen dynamics

an **Entertainment** that
challenges your own ability to experience
the emotions of others

no



way

out

Darryl F. Zanuck presents **No Way Out**

starring: **Richard Widmark**

Linda Darnell

Stephen McNally

with: **Sidney Poitier, Mildred Joanne Smith**

Harry Bellaver, Stanley Ridges, Dots Johnson

produced by: **Darryl F. Zanuck**

directed by: **Joseph L. Mankiewicz**

Written by **Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels**



20th
CENTURY-FOX

Paul Rand

• *Happily*

• *Ever*

• *After*

THE cable was addressed:
Miss Elsa Maxwell
Le Sault Auribeu
Cannes, France

It read:

See Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton, Paris. Perhaps
Entertain Them Luncheon. Have Photographers. Letter
Follows.

Photoplay, with the help of its distinguished international correspondent, was happily rounding up the last of its salute to the Honeymoon of the Year.

First photos had come from the bride and groom's stay at Del Monte, lush California resort, romantic enough to make even a visit of fifty-year-olds seem a honeymoon.

Trailing across the continent to New York, Photoplay's reporters and lensmen continued to record the blithe progress of The Honeymoon. Highlight among highlights: The last breathless moments before the Queen Mary's sailing—destination the foggy grandeur of London, the brilliance of Paris, the soft enchantment of the Riviera.

In this issue, it is all there to be seen—and relived by Photoplay's romantic-minded readers. As for the bride and groom, they are back now in Bel Air, taking up their married life as Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Hilton Jr.

Photoplay, smiling mistily with nostalgia, sends the year's most famous young lovers its sincerest hopes for like happiness in the marriage years to come.



The Editors



John and Patti aren't afraid any more, Russell André is thriving—and Patti is prepared. John

Now it can be told—



Derek appears next in "The Hero"

BY IDA ZEITLIN

They almost lost him. There were months when John and Patti Derek, torn by fear, could talk to no one. But now Russell André has come home

"JOHN, IT'S ridiculous," said Patti. "If you ride with me in the ambulance, you come home in a cab. And to find a cab now, that will take you at least an hour." Patti retains a trace of charming accent, and a trace of foreign flavor in her speech. "If you follow in the car, then we're still not together. Please go to bed, John. I'll call you tomorrow morning—"

Technically, it was already tomorrow morning: three-fifteen A.M. of April the 13th. The baby wasn't due for two weeks yet. But Patti had wakened at three, feeling not quite right. They'd called the doctor. "I think I'd better send an ambulance for you," he'd said.

John chain-smoked. The housekeeper hovered. Patti wrote checks with sublime calm, and gave instructions. In between, she brightly outlined things for her husband.

"I'm just going to the hospital and rest there for two weeks till the baby comes."

John stubbed his cigarette. "If it's that simple, why the ambulance?"

"Because in an ambulance you can lie down—"

"Then what are you sitting up now for?"

"Because," she returned with deadly feminine logic, "the ambulance isn't here yet. John, do me a favor, darling, don't be nervous. Be nervous in two weeks, but now let me go to the hospital alone."

What, John wondered to himself, was the proper procedure? Do you follow your own inclinations or those of your pregnant wife? Someday he'd have to read a book and find out. Meantime he'd better let Patti have her way. As they slid the stretcher into the ambulance, his heart misgave him. But Patti assured him that she felt wonderful. Five minutes later, when they started the siren wailing, she felt like a queen.

To find her doctor waiting came as a pleasant surprise, and merely confirmed her already deep-seated conviction that there wasn't another like him in the world. Most doctors, she'd heard, just checked with the hospital and said: "Uh-huh. Well, call me when the time comes—" Hers arrived to welcome her for a (Continued on page 80)

I can't Believe it!

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



Photoplay's ace reporter is frankly baffled by Betty Hutton's reconciliation with the husband she insisted she never could live with again

Lindsay and Candace never knew Betty and Ted had parted. They thought their father was just away on a long business trip

AS I write this, Betty Hutton has reconciled with Ted Briskin after a secret plane trip to Chicago.

Frankly, I am popeyed reading her exciting "recipe" for her third try at marriage with Ted. She says it is going to be "ideal." Ted will keep his job with his wealthy father in Chicago. She will continue working in Hollywood.

But between times, says my favorite dreamboat, they will commute—Betty taking the children to Chicago when Ted can't come to the Coast; or, when she is working, he will fly here to be with his family.

This, says she, will solve all their problems. I hope so, say I, with a sigh. But you'll have to pardon me if my cynicism is showing where beautiful, blonde bombshell Betty is concerned.

I love this girl, whose heart is as big as all outdoors and whose beauty is as fresh and scrubbed as a kindergarten child's. (Continued on page 94)

Betty Hutton, Paramount star appearing in M-G-M's "Annie Get Your Gun"

Smith





Bill Holden, the star of "Union Station," still wishes his face had more character



At Bill's home the fragrance of jasmine mingles with the flavor of barbecued beef

Dear Husband

BY HERB HOWE

He'd need a psychiatrist if it wasn't for Brenda, who sets him right when he's wrong, adores his cooking, hopes he'll never find out what a grand guy he is

TEN years ago Bill Holden got fifty bucks a week. Today he has a butler, a beautiful home in Hidden Village, a bike with his name on it and Brenda Marshall.

Bill's got everything—and he can cook too.

"My wife has a genius for making me cook," he says. "I would be terribly hurt if denied the right of preparing dinner on cook's night out."

One night when Brenda expressed a sudden whim for cracked crab, not on the night's menu, Bill said, "Oui, Madame," jumped on his bike and pedaled off to the Red Snapper after one.

"All I had to do," said Bill, "was pedal a mile and back, prepare the thing, make the sauce, set the table."

(Continued on page 83)



He plans to do a Western some day with his "dear wife," Brenda



No boats, no race horses for Bill. He'd rather stay home and play with his two sons Peter and Scott



HONEYMOON LUNCHEON
 by
 ELSA MAXWELL
 Elizabeth TAYLOR and her husband "Nicky" HILTON
 Mr. H. Maharajah of KAPURTHALA and H. H. Maharajah
 Mr. Henri ALPHAND
 Baron and Baronne F. de CABROL
 M. Maurice CHEVALLER
 M. Louis CLAYTON
 Mme. Martine DEWAVIN
 M. James DONOGHUE
 Marquis de LA FALISE
 Miss FLORENCE GORDON
 Lord and Lady GRANARD
 Baron and Baronne R. de LESPÉE
 Sir Charles MENDI
 Mme. Jacqueline PATENOTRE
 M. and Mme. VAUDABLE
 M. Oscar WATTS

Paris June 7th

Menu

Champagne
 MAXIM'S 1945
 en Matruccien

MELON CANTALOUPE
 ŒUFS FROIDS A LA ROYALE
 SELLE D'AGNEAU
 DE BEHAGUE ROTIE
 Timbale de légumes au Velouté
 ANANAS AUX FRAISES DES BOIS
 Frappé à l'Orientale
 Fritandises

Party invitation to honeymoon luncheon given by Elsa Maxwell during the Hiltons' Paris stay

Honeymoon



Hostess Elsa Maxwell with her guests of honor, Nicky and Liz

Photoplay feature attraction

New York, Paris, London, the Riviera, Hollywood.

The exclusive story of Liz Taylor's and
Nicky Hilton's honeymoon trail

Unlimited

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Elizabeth and Nicky call each other
"Sweetie," hold hands under the table



The Maharajah of Kapurthala, at Elsa's left, invited the Hiltons to India



The luncheon table at Maxim's. Nicky, upper center, was amused at size of champagne bottle used to toast newlyweds. Liz is between two men, left

Liz, remembering Orson Welles in "Jane Eyre," asked that he be invited

IT'S a good marriage, this marriage of Elizabeth Taylor and Conrad Hilton Jr. They both have the attitude that it is forever. And Nicky definitely wears the pants. From my observation, when this is true, it's not only the man who is happier; the girl is, too.

I saw much of the Hiltons when they were on their honeymoon. We were together in Paris and later they visited my farm in southern France. I saw them when they were having a quiet morning on the beach at Cannes, being entertained aboard the U. S. S. Leyte off the French coast, when they were at Monte Carlo, when I feted them in Paris. And I had word of them from friends in London.

Nick calls her "Elizabeth" or "Sweetie"; she calls him "Sweetie." "I'll have whatever you have, Sweetie," she'll say, always casual about food, as she holds his hand under the table. Now and then, when he thinks no one is looking, he lifts her hand and kisses it.





Paris in springtime: From the terrace of their hotel, Nicky and Liz could see famed Eiffel Tower, at right



Summer on the Riviera: A dazzling beach in Southern France and the young Hiltons—in dazzling beach clothes



Navy day: During stay at Cannes, the Hiltons were entertained aboard the USS Leyte

Official photograph U. S. Navy



Portrait in Paris: Although she had trunks full of clothes, Liz couldn't resist a trip to the dressmaker—for a Paris gown

Honeymoon Unlimited

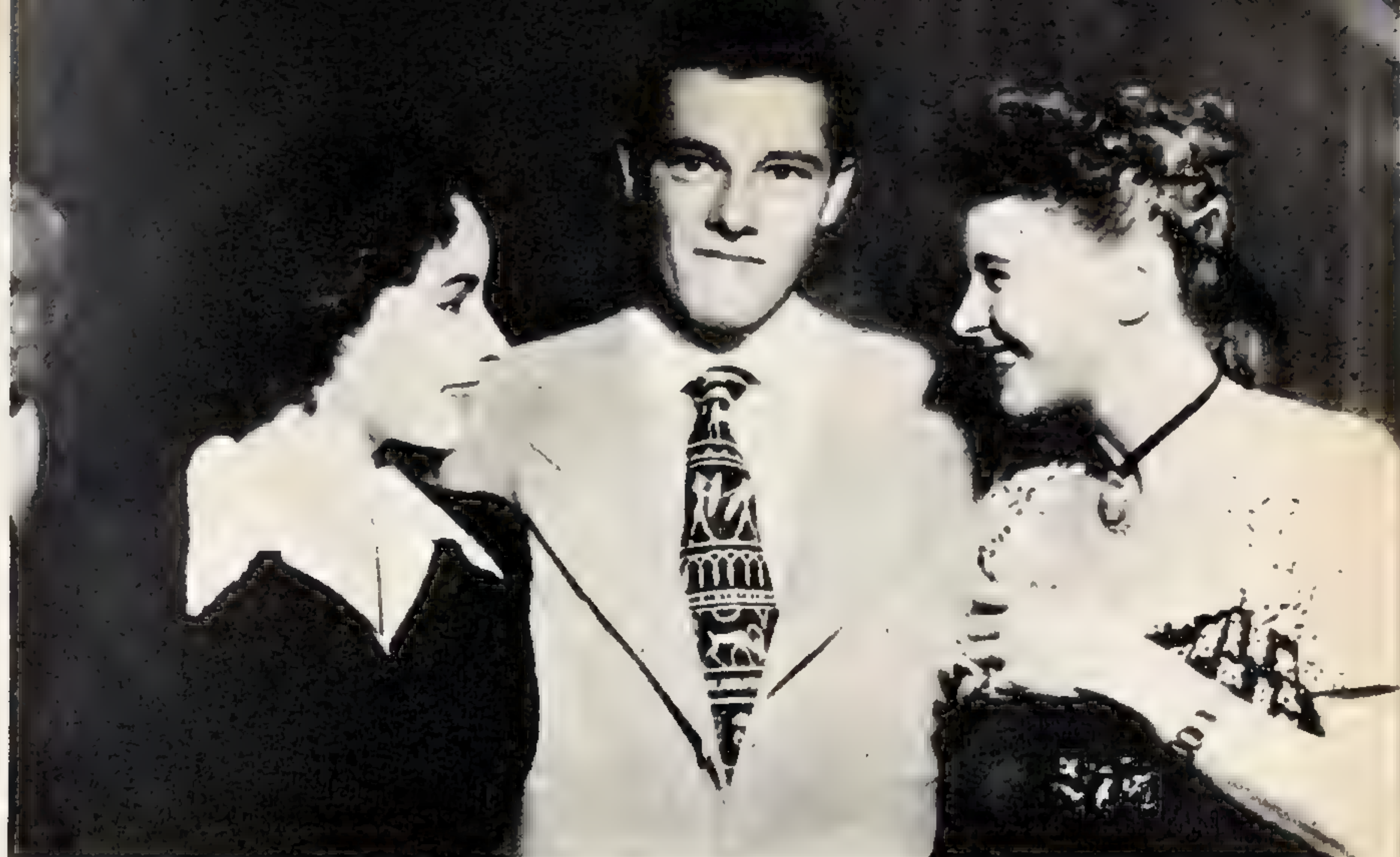
About her career he is especially understanding. But he will have no part in her publicity. And he will not permit her work to interfere with their life together. Which is why, in spite of the studio's desire for her to stay in Europe and make "Quo Vadis," it was arranged for Deborah Kerr to play opposite Bob Taylor so Elizabeth might come home from Europe with Nicky, as a bride should.

Their budget they will work out along pretty much the lines Jane Powell and Geary Steffen use. They'll live on the money Nicky will earn managing one of his father's hotels. Elizabeth's money, over and beyond the expenses incidental to her position, they will save.

Elizabeth, I must admit, has been one of my favorite Hollywood girls from the first time I met her when, at thirteen, she was playing in "Jane Eyre" with Orson Welles directing. So, of course, when she and her Nicky arrived in Paris I gave a party for them.



London: The honeymooners stayed at the luxurious Savoy Hotel. Nicky tried to keep the honeymoon a private affair



With Hildegarde, when she opened in the Savoy Grill. The singer tossed Liz a rose, then joined the Hilton party later



Bon voyage: Eager New Yorkers crowded on the docks to wave farewell to the Hiltons as they posed on deck for cameramen



All aboard: Liz and Nicky take off on their European adventure as passengers on the luxurious Queen Mary Honeymoon luncheon: Liz wore her going-away suit and hat to pre-sailing luncheon in Chicago's Pump Room. Mrs. E. Pauley, Ann Miller, Conrad Hilton Sr., Liz, Nicky



On deck: Every now and then, when he feels certain that no one is looking, Nicky lifts his wife's hand and kisses it





Honeymoon Unlimited

**Gateway to happiness: Entrance to the
Hiltons' private patio at Bel Air Hotel**

Small bedroom follows modern decor



**Liz loves to entertain, will have plenty of
space in living room for fun and parties**



**Romantic as an old English novel. Old trees,
ferns and flowers surround the lovely house**



Color pictures by Ornitz, Fink and Smith

I chose Maxim's, this being the rendezvous for Kings and Queens of romance since The Prince and "The Merry Widow" met there, in the operetta of that name.

"Whom would you like me to invite?" I queried Elizabeth.

"Both Nicky and I would like to meet a Maharajah," she said. "We plan to go to India later on . . . I would love to see Orson Welles. He was so thoughtful and considerate when I was playing in 'Jane Eyre' . . . Maurice Chevalier I would adore to see. When I was a little girl I used to love his pictures: he really was my first Pin-up Boy . . . And I would be fascinated to know any of the young Parisiennes whose pictures I see in fashion magazines . . ."

In addition to the Maharajah of Kapurthala—who immediately invited Elizabeth and Nicky to visit his principality when they make their Indian junket—Maurice Chevalier and Orson Welles, I invited M. Hervé Alphand, one of the brilliant young ministers largely responsible for the new and healthy French economy. I asked the Baron and Baroness F. de Cabrol too, a charming young couple without whom no Parisian party is a success; and Mme. Martine Dewavrin, a great Parisian beauty.

Also among my guests were M. Louis Claverie, the Paquin designer; James Donahue, grandson of the founder of the Woolworth five-and-ten-cent stores and Barbara Hutton's cousin, the Marquise de la Falaise, one of the best dressed women in Paris; Dickie Fellowes Gordon, my great friend; the Earl and Countess of Granard; the Baron and Baroness Roland de L'Espee; Sir Charles Mendl, a permanent guide-post between Hollywood and Paris, and Mme. Patenotre, a leader of the Parisian artistic set.

A cosmopolitan group, certainly. But they were charmed, every last one of them, by Elizabeth's simplicity and loveliness and by Nicky's outstanding manliness.

A few nights earlier I had dined with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. The Duchess, a twinkle in her eye, had murmured, "Elsa, you'll never guess who is coming for dinner." At that moment the telephone had rung and the butler had announced that reporters and photographers were downstairs. The Duchess had replied it was a private party, that she wished no press.

We were all in the salon when her last guests arrived, Elizabeth and Nicky Hilton. And the Duchess had taken Elizabeth by the hand as she (*Continued on page 87*)



Setting for romance: Colorful shrubbery, gay beach umbrellas surround oval-shaped pool at Bel Air where Liz and Nicky will swim



Bridesmaids Barbara Thompson, Betty Sullivan, Jane Powell.
Betty's dad is famous Ed Sullivan, columnist and TV star

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

BETTY SULLIVAN

IS A FULL MEMBER OF

THE SLOB CLUB

Nicole Dillon VICE PRES. *Elizabeth Taylor* PRESIDENT

When Liz married, Betty became Veep
of the Single, Lonely, Obliging Babes Club.

WE MET in the lobby of the George V Hotel in Paris, Elizabeth Taylor Hilton and I and rushed towards each other, utterly oblivious of the crowds waiting to honor some visiting French Colonial officer. We hadn't seen each other in two months since the day we had walked down the aisle of the Good Shepherd Church in Beverly Hills, Elizabeth a bride—the most beautiful bride I have ever seen—and I one of her six bridesmaids.

Those in the lobby, recognizing Elizabeth, moved closer and looked very startled when she asked:

"Betty, how are all the slobs back home?"

It sounded frightfully inelegant, of course, but as a technical director of the S. L. O. B. (our sorority of Single, Lonely, Obliging Babes, organized after Elizabeth and I, at the same moment, caught Janie Powell's bridal bouquet) she was simply asking a question close to her heart.

Elizabeth has been promoted to technical adviser of the S. L. O. B., like Janie Powell, now that she is married—a technical adviser's duty being to advise the unmarried members how to snare a husband.

Before she dis- (Continued on page 89)

REUNION IN PARIS

She was the beautiful Mrs. Conrad Hilton Jr. on her honeymoon. But to bridesmaid Betty, Liz was the same sweet S.L.O.B.

BY BETTY SULLIVAN

Two feet ahead: Liz and Nicky wanted a picture together—so crossed feet and snapped



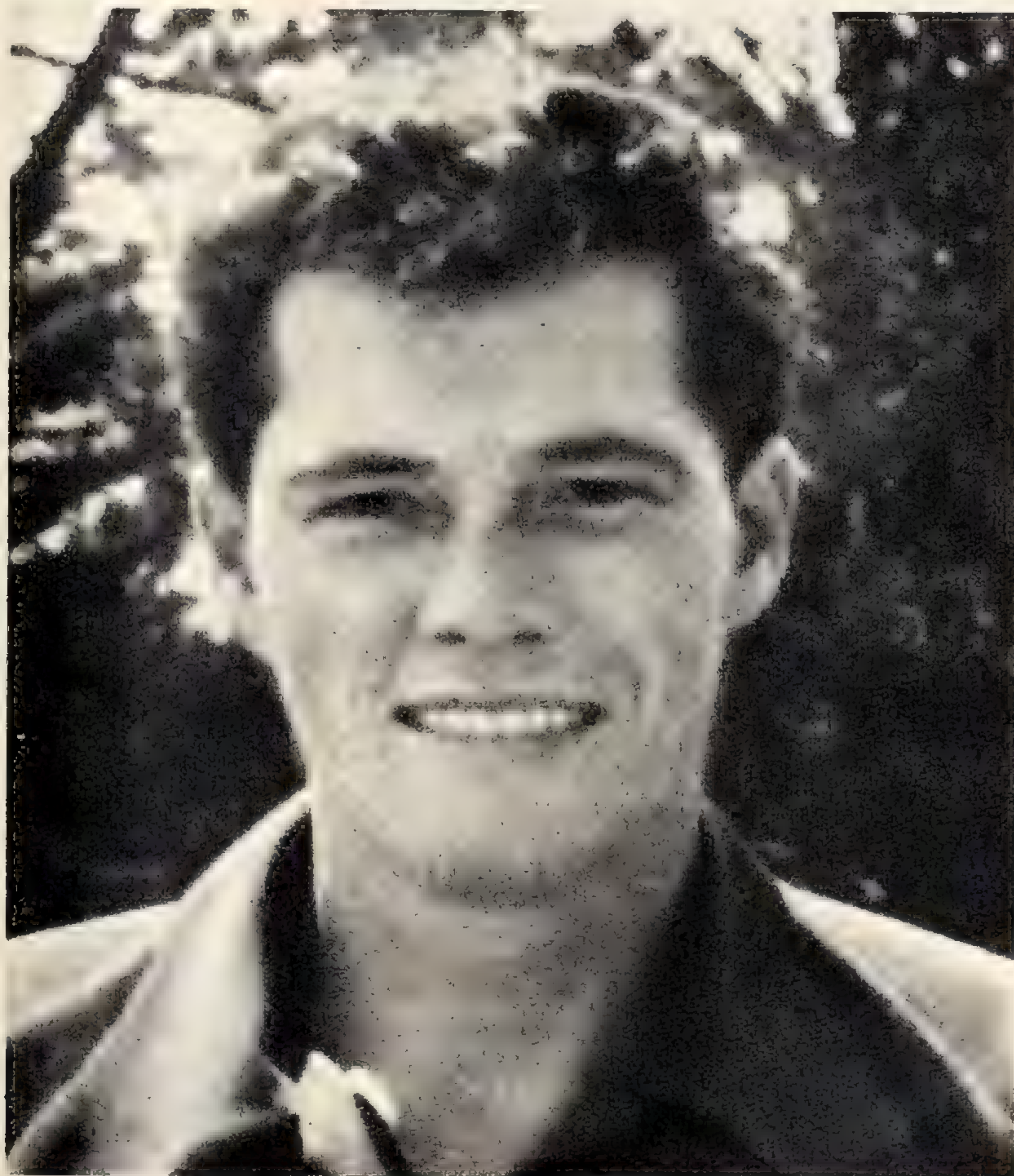


Candid classic: Nicky's shot of Liz, who was too happy to be serious

*Snapshots from the
Hiltons' honeymoon album*



The Hiltons' balcony and suite at Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach, where they spent first honeymoon days



Liz was so absorbed in getting a close-up of her husband that she didn't realize Nicky was practically in the lens!



Larry Parks's home: Just big enough for three

Isn't it



"If we want a better world we must have children—bring up young citizens who will help to make it better"

I'VE BEEN a father for half a year now. I like it. I like being the parent of my particular son. Also, any shared experience draws you closer to the whole human race. You think, "So-and-so's got a kid of his own, he must have had the same sensations I'm having." All of a sudden you feel kindly toward him.

Betty didn't tell me she was going to have a baby. I noticed that she was acting unlike herself, floating around in a semi-detached way, dreamy, absent-minded. I'd talk, and she wouldn't answer. I'd

touch her, and she'd come trailing down off her cloud—

"You all right, honey?"

"Never felt better. Why?"

"You look funny to me."

"I'm just hungry. How about you?"

We'd just finished dinner. What ailed the girl eating like that? That's when it hit me. "I wonder if you're going to have a baby."

Next day Betty went to the doctor. He made the tests, and said he'd phone. (Continued on page 73)

wonderful!

This wasn't the world he wanted for his baby, he argued before Garry was born. But something Betty said started Larry Parks thinking. And changed his tune to a lullaby

BY LARRY PARKS



Larry Parks appears next in "That Bedside Manner"

Betty and Larry became interested in children's records before Garry was born, plan to go on with them. They made three recordings for him



For nearly two years, Sally Forrest, center, stood in line with other hopeful extras outside studio casting offices



Studios are likely to be a long way from home. Sally spent many weary hours waiting—for buses and trolleys



She knew heartbreak of auditioning for casting directors who often didn't give full attention

★ *How A Star Is Born* ★

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



Sally soon learned the extra's routine, the need to hoard precious pennies. However, one luxury extras rarely forego is coffee in between times



Her first break came when M-G-M dance director Jack Donahue auditioned her. For two years she was a top Metro dancer, wound up with a few close-ups—no job



A year of disappointment followed. She took many tests—but was always too small, too “something” for the parts. Until Ida Lupino saw her—and tested her for “Not Wanted”



Sally and Ida look amazingly alike, although Ida insists she didn't notice the resemblance when she chose Sally out of nearly 150 girls

You're off—ready for your first job. This story will help you avoid the difficulties that lie ahead on the exciting road to stardom

BEFORE anyone leaves home to look for a job in Hollywood, he should *know* he has the qualities and the training this takes. In the first chapter of “How a Star is Born” you learned what attributes incline one toward a theatrical career, and what to do during junior and senior high school days to lay an early but sound foundation. Now, to go on from there:

Someone who is reading these words may be the person to win the New York Film Critics' Award in 1960. Someone, perhaps now in South Spud, Idaho, or in Tomahontas, Maine, may well be the Photoplay Gold Medal Award winner in 1965.

It might be *you*!

When a person graduates from high school, the time for decision has come. If this person lives in a university town, or in a city of twenty thousand or more, there will be no need to venture away from home for at least two, perhaps four more years. But if the hopeful neophyte lives in a city of less than twenty thousand, he or she is almost obliged to venture forth in order to seek further dramatic preparation. However, stay away from New York and Hollywood.

Before taking the big step into one of these crowded metropolises, the smart student moves first to the largest town near his own home in order to get experience at being on his own, to learn to manage



A star was born in “Not Wanted.” Other pictures followed rapidly. Sally Forrest had won her spurs

How A Star



June Haver wrote, directed, acted in dramas over Rock Island airwaves



Agent Sue Carol heard Alan Ladd on L.A. radio, started his film career

Valeska



Jane Powell began as singer over KOIN, later won a Hollywood radio contest

himself successfully among strangers, and for further dramatic seasoning.

Before the various means of career advancement *away* from home are mentioned, two very positive ways of advancing a career in one's own home town should be specified and explained. If there is no theater group in the town, and if there is no summer theater in your locality, you should organize an acting group. This will require so much determination, work, and ingenuity to keep alive that it will be fine character exercise.

First, you will need a place in which to rehearse. Consider the hall of some fraternal or union group, a church or the high school. Perhaps you can get a local literary or dramatic teacher or some local person who has had theatrical experience to serve as your coach.

You will be able to get plays by writing to Samuel French, Inc., 25 West 45 Street, New York City and asking for a catalogue, or using some of the plays available in bound volumes in your school or public library.

Finally, you will need an audience to view your completed play, and this is most often and easily found if your performance is for a fund-raising project for some local organization or charity.

If you have a member or a town friend owning an eight- or sixteen-millimeter movie camera, you might perform the play in daylight against some celebrated local scenery and have it photographed. Also send the film of your play to one of the studio talent scouts in Hollywood. You'd be surprised at how much can be told

They started in radio



Robert Arthur boosted dog-food sales and himself as all-night disc jockey

Is Born

by such a film if it is clear.

Also, once you have attained some of the polish of a near-professional group, you might invite your local theater operator to be your guest at a performance. Ask him to invite any Hollywood representatives he knows to see you work.

In addition to forming an active theater group, the second stay-at-home activity which is possible for an energetic person is working for the local radio station. Almost every section of the country boasts small stations which give talented newcomers a break.

The big city radio stations are so bound by union rules and their program needs so satisfied by national hook-ups and the presence of tested talent that they can do very little for beginners, but the friendly local towers offer many opportunities.

In order to be eligible for consideration by a local program director, a candidate should be able to sing or play a musical instrument well, or he should belong to a community theater group capable of presenting dramatic air skits and plays.

One local California station uses amateurs for many of its public service programs such as National Safety Council programs, Red Cross drives and such sustainers.

Another small California station has, for several years, used a girl vocalist and piano player who receives no pay but who broadcasts almost daily for fifteen minutes. As a result of her free radio work, she earns an excellent living by singing at parties. (Continued on page 108)



Jeanne Crain worked for commercial photographer. Scouts saw cover pictures



Linda Darnell nudged fate along by modeling junior clothing in Dallas

Valeska

They started as models



Jane Greer posed for WAC spread in Life magazine—won three studio bids

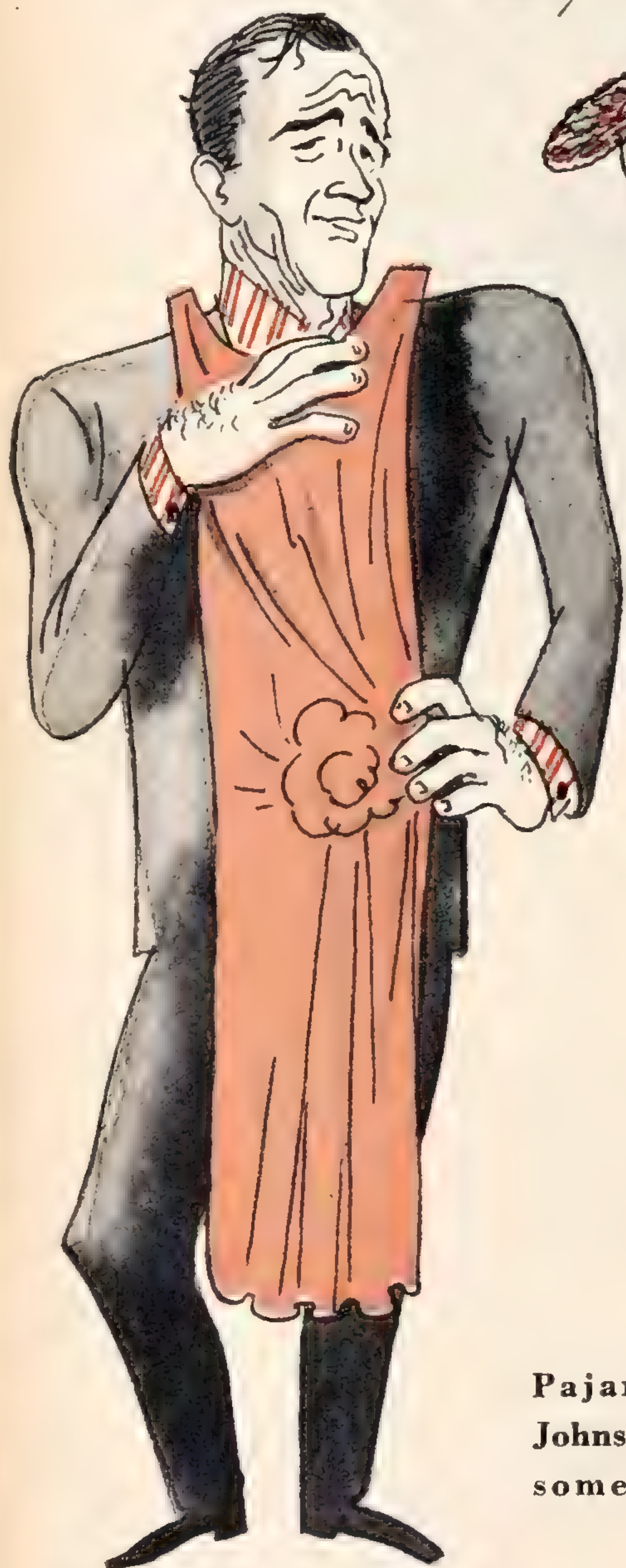


Barbara Bates modeled "back to school" clothing—became a Life cover girl

If the studios played Sidney's hunch, Bogey and Bacall would give audiences a big laugh



Joan Crawford, watching a movie, hasn't dropped a stitch yet



Pajamas leave Van Johnson cold. He likes something different

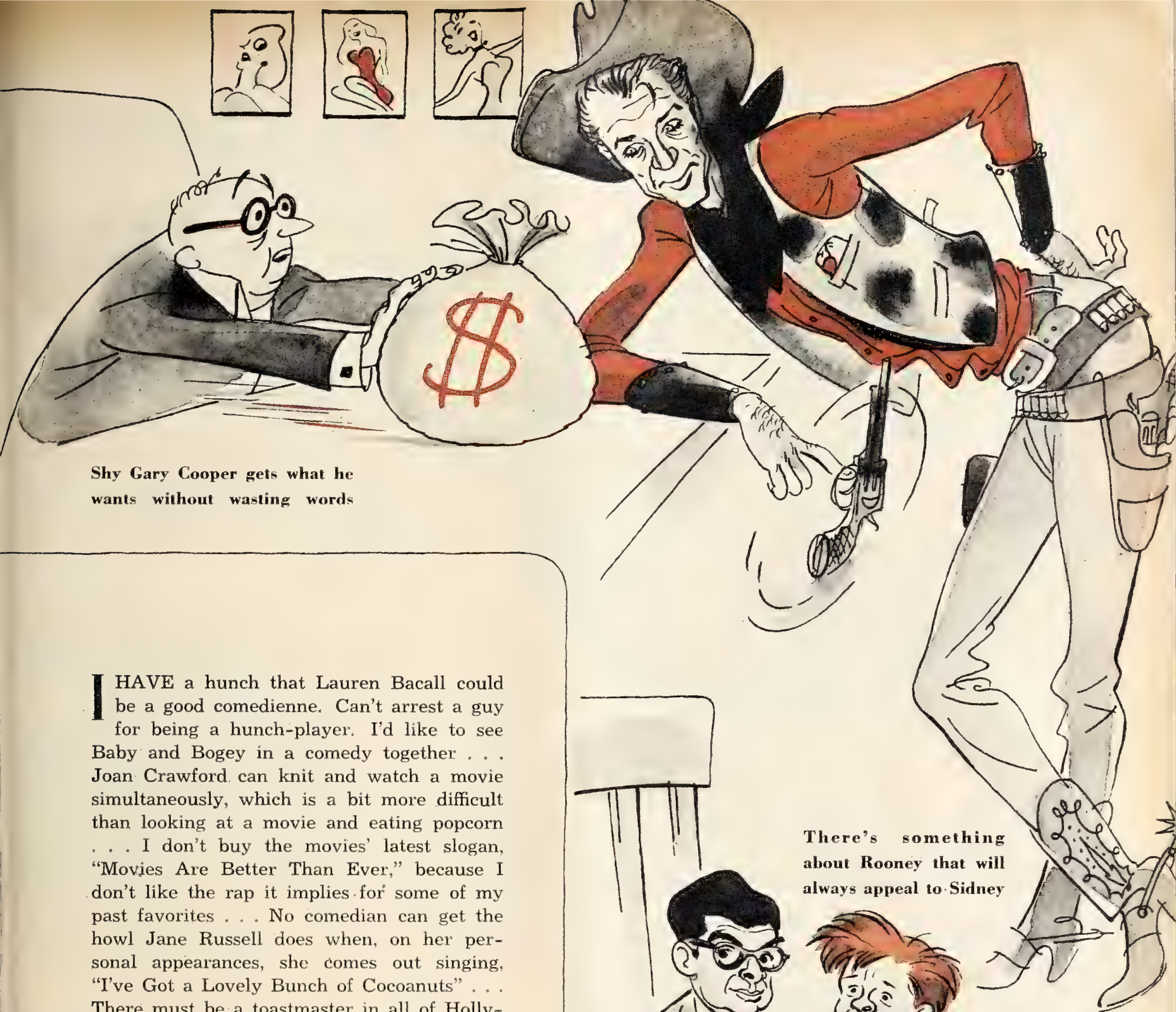
Ask Mrs. Wayne where she buys her clothes and she'll refer you to husband John



That's Hollywood For You

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

It isn't all glamour the way he
tells it but it never fails to be fun



Shy Gary Cooper gets what he wants without wasting words

I HAVE a hunch that Lauren Bacall could be a good comedienne. Can't arrest a guy for being a hunch-player. I'd like to see Baby and Bogey in a comedy together . . . Joan Crawford can knit and watch a movie simultaneously, which is a bit more difficult than looking at a movie and eating popcorn . . . I don't buy the movies' latest slogan, "Movies Are Better Than Ever," because I don't like the rap it implies for some of my past favorites . . . No comedian can get the howl Jane Russell does when, on her personal appearances, she comes out singing, "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoanuts" . . . There must be a toastmaster in all of Hollywood other than George Jessel. I would like to go to a banquet at which Jessel was a member of the audience, just once . . . The movies are a strange art, to say the least. "Sunset Boulevard" gets its name from the fact that Gloria Swanson resides in a house on that thoroughfare. However, Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder couldn't find a house on Sunset Boulevard that looked as if it belonged there; so they rented a house on Wilshire Boulevard for Miss Swanson's residence in the film . . . Sometimes I think Walt Disney's success is due to the fact that he believes people don't like people.

There isn't an actress on stage or screen who has the potentialities of Susan Hayward. Susie could be just (Continued on page 75)

There's something about Rooney that will always appeal to Sidney



treasure house

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, 20th Century-Fox Studios

Gene Tierney proves that no house is too small to make the most of the things you love



Gene Tierney, in far corner of living room, is appearing in "Where the Sidewalk Ends" and "The Mating Season"

Star in
Your Home

Hollywood ideas to
decorate your home



Gene uses huge couch in den for guests. Built-in cabinets serve as a bar. Lamp was a samovar



Tina, going on two, has her name painted on bed. Walls are rose gingham, curtains of dotted Swiss



Even an old French bureau is at home in the dinette which, like living room, is lovely blend of 18th Century French and Venetian. Mantel portrait is of Gene and daughter, Daria. Coffee table is antique tray mounted on black lacquer base



Gene bought twin beds in master bedroom at an auction, had them redecorated to match room colors

TWO years ago Gene Tierney bought a small house in a charming but unpretentious section of Beverly Hills. It's in a neighborly neighborhood. Kids run up and down the sidewalks on scooters, and mothers chat over the back fence.

The house is an English Tudor cottage with a miniature lawn and prim hedges. There are five rooms and a small terrace leading off the den. Gene needs only one servant to take care of the house. "I could easily do all the housework myself," she says, "if I did not work at the studios." Very few movie stars of Gene's glamorous caliber could (Continued on page 96)



Joan Evans, of "Our Very Own," first gives hair good brushing to stimulate scalp — has water, comb and pin curlers within handy reach.



To divide the hair evenly is most important. Each curl should be one inch wide, one inch deep. Joan holds hair firmly at scalp, wets entire length of strand and makes sure it is neither twisted nor snarled.



Joan wraps hair *once* around finger for tight curls, *twice* for looser curls. She turns each strand towards nose, finishing in that direction. Then pins tightly to head.



The curls framing face, left and right sides, should always turn towards nose. Before pinning up back hair, Joan makes parts just behind each ear.

put 'em UP

BY VICKY RILEY

Two bright girls from Hollywood show what pin curlers can do to give your hair that naturally curly look

LAST MONTH we showed you how gorgeous you could look, like Liz Taylor—or cute, like June Allyson—or, if you are more mature, simply ravishing, like Barbara Stanwyck. But this month we're right down to fundamentals.

It is perfectly possible, without spending more than a few cents a day on a year's average, to keep your hair plumb perfect. All you have to invest is time and thought, plus shampoos or soap, pins and a hair net.

To look super, you should set your hair every single day. Or have it set by a hairdresser. Actually, once you learn how to put it up, it looks better if you do it at home. That's because even the most skillful hairdresser doesn't understand (*Continued on page 98*)



Terry Moore, of "He's a Cock-eyed Wonder," uses her hair to gain appearance of height. For her "standup" curls, she uses longer pins. Curls are started same as Joan's. But . . .



Back curls all should end in one direction—clockwise or counter-clockwise, depending upon most becoming line. Never twist curls in different directions.



Joan uses hairnet to keep finished curls in place. She anchors curl pins down by putting net firmly over them and fastening it at the base of her skull.



Finished result: After drying hair for an hour in the sun or twenty minutes under dryer, Joan brushes into shape.



.... Terry turns hair on finger, then slips clip through center of curl so it stands up and out along crown of head. For convenience, she wears a magnet on her wrist to hold the pins.



For long back hair, Terry winds each strand up and over finger, exactly as thread is rolled on spool. She fastens these "spools" with pins at either end. When hair is set, Terry fastens down with net.



After hair is thoroughly dry and pins removed, Terry uses a deeper clip to set deep, forward-falling wave in front; leaves it in fifteen minutes, then brushes hair and sets in place.



Howard Keel is doing what he wants to do, going where he wants to go

"GREATEST since Gable!" That's the consensus about Howard Keel, the guy who made a smash success making love to Betty Hutton in "Annie Get Your Gun."

Howard is a man's man, strong, tall and well-built, weighing in at 195 pounds. He is rugged and romantic, with brown hair, blue eyes and flashing white teeth. He has a wonderfully rich laugh and his speaking voice sounds as though he were about to embark upon "Deep River" at any moment.

Howard alone disagrees about the Gable comparison. "I don't think *anybody* can fill his shoes," he maintains. "They're pretty big boots."

In the little suburban community of Brentwood (Continued on page 103)

EVEN KEEL

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

He's as casual as Crosby, as disturbing as Gable—but for the rest, he's strictly himself, Howard Keel



The girl that he married: He met his wife, Helen Anderson, when she was a dancer in the Broadway play "Oklahoma"

Rugged and romantic: Howard Keel appears next in "Pagan Love Song"

Fink and Smith





Mother was amused—but Marion Marshall said next time she washes windows she'll wear party clothes



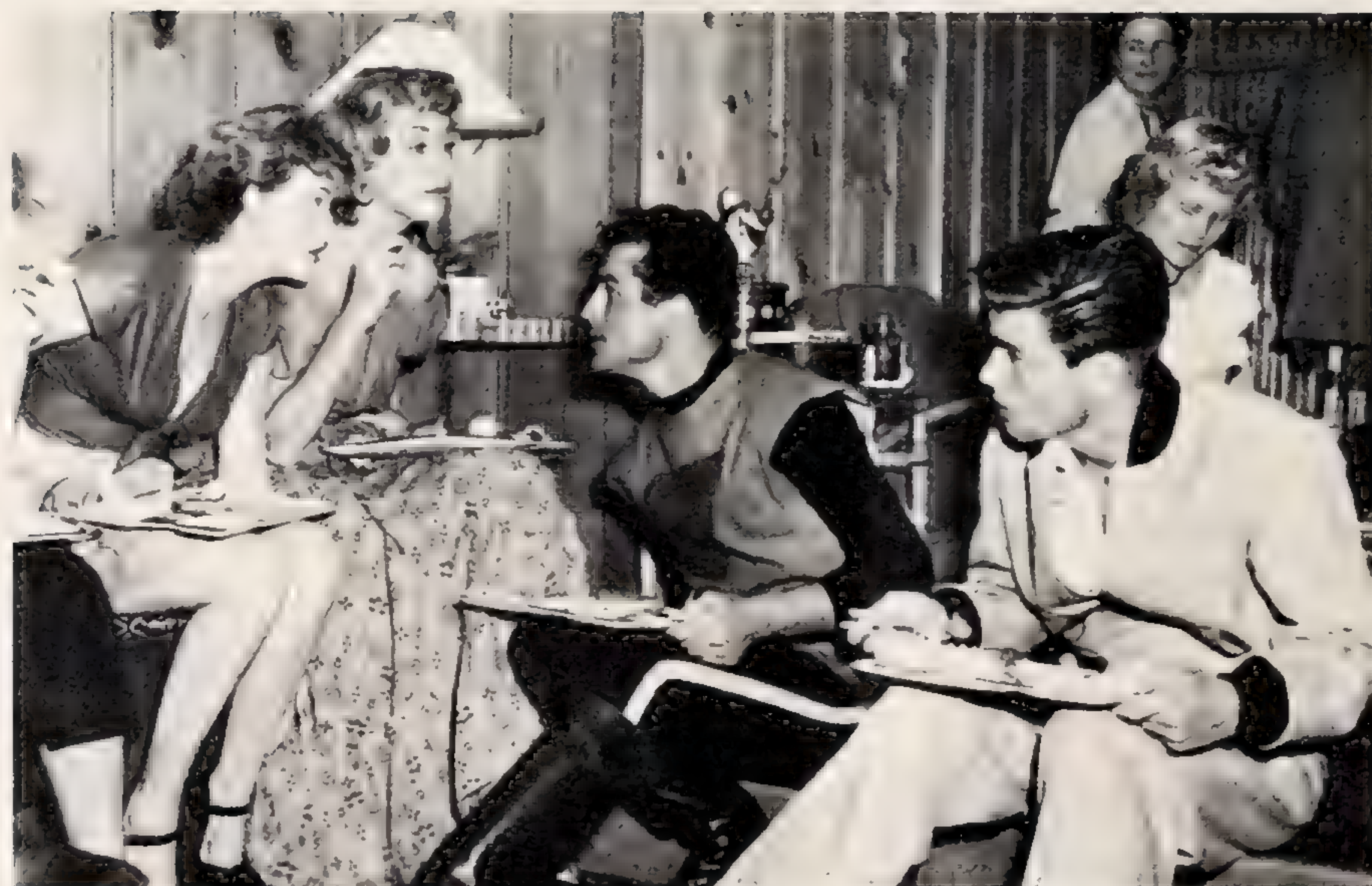
Hostess Barbara Lawrence, right, captured rocket man Don Gordon on set of TV's "Space Patrol." His wife Helen Westcott came from ballet class

One guest was
washing windows,
two guests
had gone to bed.
But the wire said
come as you are.

And that's
how the
party began

Come as you are

BY KAY MULVEY



Left to right, Helen, Barbara, Don Gordon and Bob Wagner. Bob was doing nothing in blue jeans when his wire came



A red-headed witch couldn't scare the guests away from Barbara's buffet
Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen



Forbidden fruit tempts Keefe and Sally Forrest

Floor show: Left to right, the Keefe Brasselles (still sleepwalking), Adele Jergens (fresh from a shower), Glenn Langan (set for a sail), Helen, Bob, Barbara, Ron Randall (dressed to kill), Tony Curtis (a gay gardener) and Marion

BARBARA LAWRENCE handed a sheaf of telegrams to the girl behind the counter.

"Be sure," she requested, "that each wire is sent at a different hour."

Then, Operation Invitations completed, she went home to make further preparations for her unusual party. For the wires which Barbara sent stagger system required each guest to come in whatever costume he or she was wearing when the invitation arrived.

Adele Jergens received the first wire. Having just finished her bath, she had slipped into a new leopard-cloth robe to answer the door. She was lucky—for her robe was as lovely as an evening gown.

At 10 a. m. the second telegram was delivered. It caught Glenn Langan as he returned from a yachting trip, in a turtle-neck sweater and captain's hat.

Sally Forrest and her agent-fiance, Milo Frank, having just completed a set of tennis, arrived at Sally's house for lunch in the same moment the messenger rang the doorbell. So their tennis outfits became their party attire. *(Continued on page 71)*





Blackwell Jr.



John Agar can look forward to an important place in pictures—if he settles some problems now
Fink

There are things about Jane Powell that make Sheilah willing to go on record about her future

can they *TAKE IT?*

With her mind on the present and her eyes on the future, Sheilah makes some predictions about today's young stars

THE young players in Hollywood today are an exciting group. Some of them are already stars. Others are destined to reach this glittery state very soon. They all have many physical attractions and their own brand of charm. They all have a native dramatic sense. They're smart, too. And they're workers. They have what it takes to become stars.

But have they what it takes to remain stars? Who among them, you wonder, will fall by the wayside (Continued on page 105)



Whether or not Shirley Temple stays in movies depends upon love. She doesn't need the money
Six



There's a danger signal Farley Granger can't afford to miss, even though he's going ahead fast
Fink and Smith

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Gordon MacRae will linger long in Hollywood if he keeps the attitude that goes with his success
Fink and Smith



You can pay too much for anything. Janet Leigh may find she's paying too much for her career
T. & E. Hall

Bright company



BY EDITH GWYNN

News and views from Hollywood,
where the Charleston and the Pol-
ka bring the ladies out in style

AS THOUGH those Monday Charleston contest nights at Mocambo every week weren't back-bending and ear-rending enough, darned if swanky Ocean House on the Santa Monica beach didn't have its seasonal opening with just such a mad-house evening. Mocambo's Firehouse Five Plus Two was "borrowed" for the occasion. About five hundred (Continued on page 85)

Barbara Stanwyck of "To Please a Lady," in Helen Rose's green silk surah cocktail dress. Bias-cut band of fabric edges skirt, jacket

Dorothy Hart of "Outside the Wall" wears silver blue stole to match mink trim on gray and blue gown by Lili of Beverly Hills



At home, Ruth Roman of "Three Secrets" wears Dorothy Thompson's rust, beige and green suede skirt with brown suede sash and beige crepe blouse

For cocktails, Peggy O'Connor of "Where the Sidewalk Ends" wears Adele of California's suit in a new fabric—brocaded black and red satin



the
hollywood
clothes line

PHOTOPLAY

FASHIONS...



*with
a touch of
velvet*

Right, Nancy Davis in a suit to make you sit up and take notice! In wool tweed with smartly self-buttoned front, it strikes a new fall fashion note with its detachable velvet collar. Trimly fitted jacket has a half-belt in back. Slim skirt has low back kick-pleat. Sizes 10-18 in rust, green, wine, brown or plum. Also in sheen gabardine. \$45.00 by Joselli at Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.; Franklin Simon, New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 69.

Lovely Nancy Davis, M-G-M star of "The Next Voice You Hear"



Dirone

Engstead

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Pert June Allyson, opposite, wears the original suit designed by Helen Rose for M-G-M's "Right Cross"

Buttons on the double: Create a fall flurry in this gay young suit with its jaunty cut-away front, velvet collar. Slim skirt has a slight flare at the hem. We suggest making it in Southdown flannel by Burlington—a crease-resistant cross-dyed rayon flannel suiting in neutral shades. For detailed pattern drawings see page 69.

*Photoplay Patterns
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York*

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the June Allyson "Right Cross" suit in sizes 12-14-16-18-20.

Name Size
Street
City State

Autumn asset

For the girl on the go—a beguiling two-tone all wool jacket dress. Brief little bolero transforms it into a perfect ensemble for dating. Underneath, a basic short-sleeved dress with jewel neck, self-belt and soft skirt. Sizes 7-15 in red, blue or toffee with black, also tan with nut-brown. \$19.95 by Carole King at Wanamaker's, New York, N. Y., Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind. and McKelvey's, Youngstown, Ohio. Pert velvet cloche by Colby

*For store nearest you write
direct to manufacturer listed on page 69*

Dirone



Modeled for Photoplay by Betty Underwood, now
appearing in RKO's "Alias Mike Fury"

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Wherever you live you can buy

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Tweed suit

Joselli, 512 Seventh Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Rain suit

Sherbrooke, 205 West 39 St.
New York, N. Y.

Jacket dress

Carole King, 1641 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

Velvet hat

Colby, 1 West 39 St.
New York, N. Y.

Fabric for pattern suit worn by
June Allyson on page 66.

Burlington Mills, 1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.



PHOTOPLAY

PATTERN OF THE MONTH

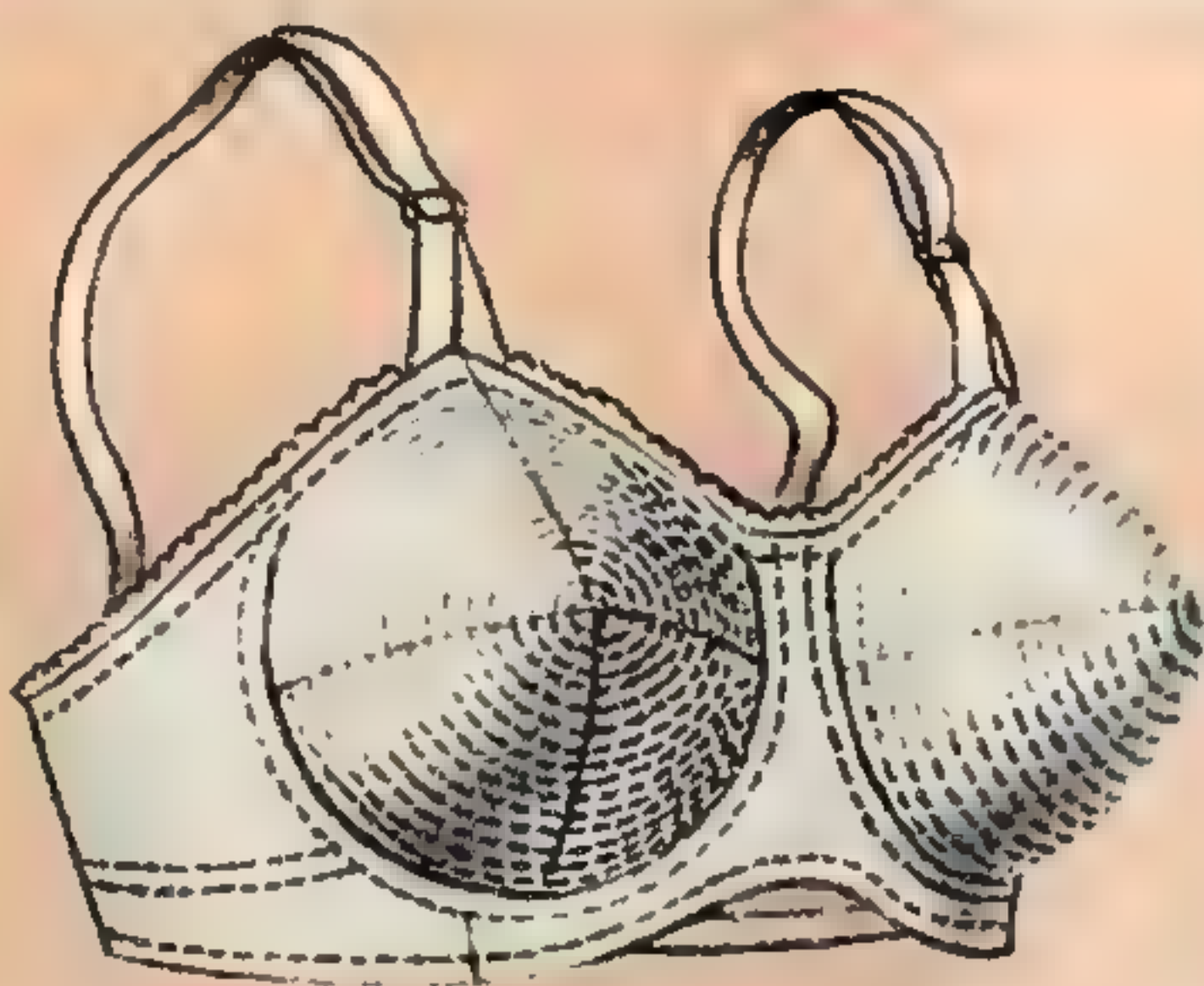
Detailed drawings, above, of the June
Allyson suit on page 66

fashion begins with your

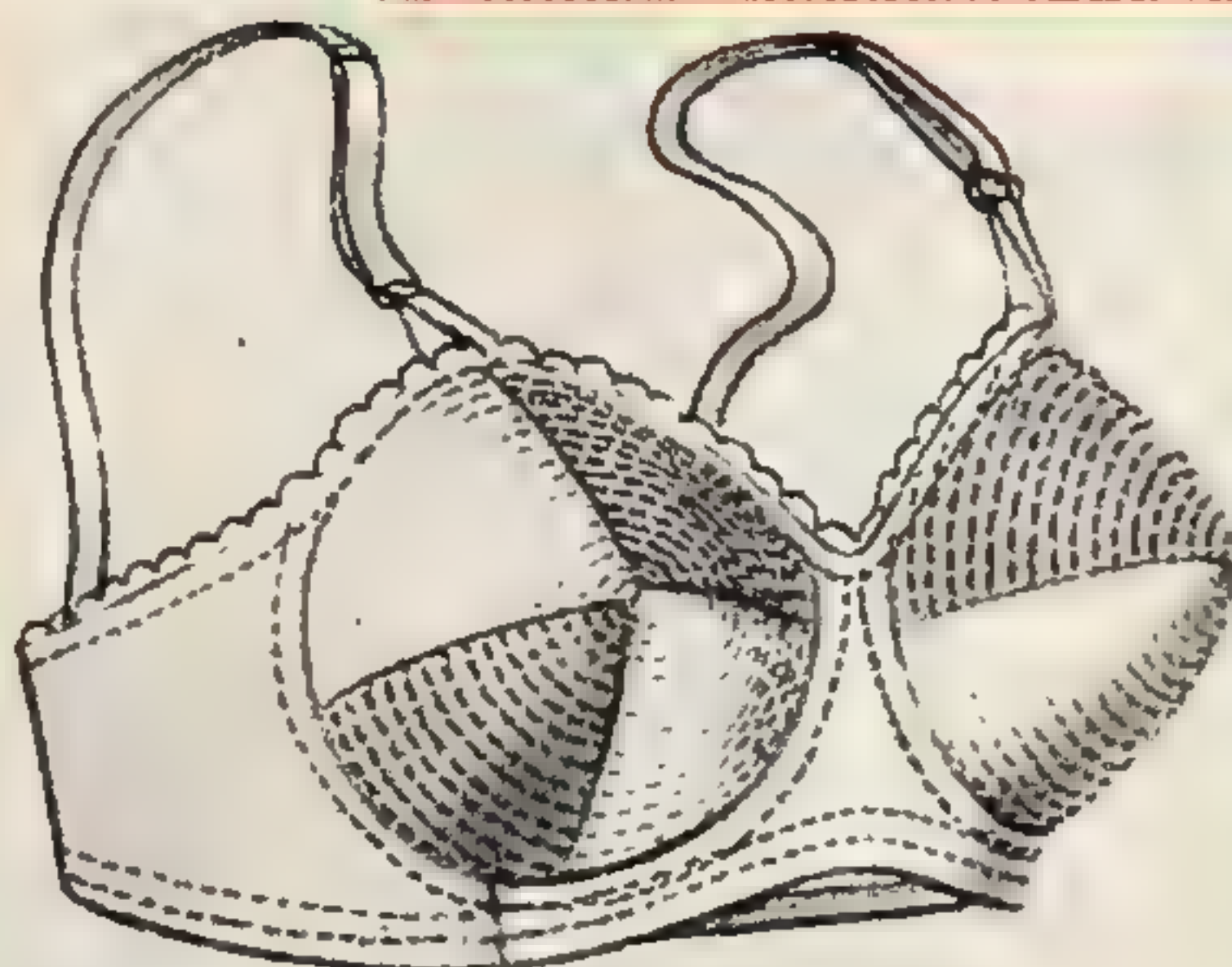
V-ETTE *Whirlpool* *
BRA
BY HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL



When fashion calls
for low-down necklines,
your lovely answer is
this low-cut...one of a
complete V-Ette® bra wardrobe.
A, B, C cups.
Cotton 2.50, Nylon 3.50

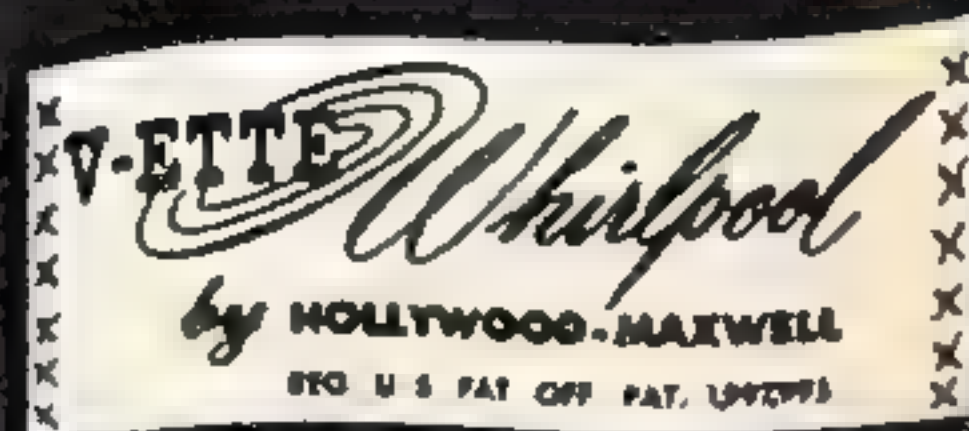


The regular V-Ette®, in cotton, nylon,
or satin, A, B, C cups. 2.50 to 3.95.



Curvette Whirlpool® for the "modi-
fied look"; Cotton, Satin, Nylon—
with net; A, B, C cups. 2.50 to 3.50.

Identify America's Most-Asked-
For Bras with original continuous
Whirlpool® stitch by this label.



*reg.

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL COMPANY / 6773 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. / HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 69.

double play

Fool the weatherman in this double-duty rain suit with reversible box jacket lined with natural wool fleece on one side, tiny red and green wool check on the other. It can be worn separately as a topper. Matching tiny check skirt has all-around pleats. Sizes 8-18, \$49.95 by Sherbrooke. At Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y., Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. and The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa. Matching cloche under \$6.00

Patrician Pat Neal, who models this suit for Photoplay, is in Warner's "Three Secrets"

Dirone

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS



Come As You Are

(Continued from page 61) Helen Westcott was taking ballet lessons when her wire arrived. She called her husband Bob Gordon at the TV station where he was going through dress rehearsal for his "Space Patrol" show. Consequently she and Bob were a most unusual couple—a ballerina escorted by a Space-Ship pilot.

Blue jeans and levis are the favorite dress of the young Hollywood set at home. So it isn't surprising that three of Barbara's guests were caught wearing them. Tony Curtis, who had been puttering in his garden, Robert Wagner, who had been loafing on the grounds of his Bel Air home, and Marion Marshall, who had been washing windows in her new duplex. Aside from the jeans and T-shirt, Marion wore old bedroom slippers. And no make-up. She accepted her invitation by wiring her thanks to Barbara with a P.S. "And you come as you are when you receive this!"

Since Barbara's mother delivered this wire while Barbara was in the tub, Barbara decided against it. There had to be a limit somewhere.

Ron Randall was the best dressed. He had received his invitation as he was leaving for an evening on the town. So he showed up at Barbara's in an elegant tux—a far cry from the Keefe Brasselles who had been in their pajamas, reading in bed, when their wire had arrived.

AS soon as Barbara's guests arrived, she routed them to her large playroom, recently built in her basement. It's decorated in a Hawaiian motif and equipped with all sorts of games and records.

Awaiting the hungry crowd was a delicious dinner: Beef Stroganoff, buttered noodles, Waldorf salad, fresh corn, corn pone, fresh fruit, gingerbread cookies, coffee, cider, and nuts.

Barbara had covered half the Ping-pong table with a gay paper tablecloth, upon which were placed attractive individual buffet plates. A red-haired black-paper witch riding a broomstick made a striking centerpiece and cornstalks in the background helped create a harvest mood.

After dinner the gang was briefed on Tricks or Treat. Each couple was given a paper sack which had to be filled with goodies they collected. No one was permitted to return until his sack was filled. A hula skirt was the prize for the feminine half of the couple who brought in the most attractive loot. The Keefe Brasselles won—and Norma promptly donned the skirt over her pajamas.

Don Gordon had the maddest experience. At one home at which he called he had hardly had a chance to explain his mission when the tenant—pointing to his rocket costume—began screaming "Invasion from



Spice for a party: Gingerbread men added a gay touch to Barbara Lawrence's buffet table—until her hungry guests appeared!

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Mars!" When Don grew panicky the woman started laughing. Tony Curtis already had been there, collected his goodies, and, seeing Don and Helen approaching, had asked the woman to go along with the gag.

Sally Forrest and Glenn Langan, who were back first, helped Barbara make spooky home recordings which they played later when all the couples had returned.

Then there was dancing and all the seasonal games, with a final midnight raid on the icebox.

If you're planning a Halloween or Harvest Moon party this year, try Barbara's idea. A "Come As You Are" party is fun and inexpensive. To duplicate the delicious dishes served, read recipes below. Each recipe serves six.

Anthony Curtis is in "Kansas Raiders," Marion Marshall in "Stella," Helen Westcott in "The Gunfighter," Ron Randall in "Lorna Doone," Barbara Lawrence in "Peggy," Keefe Brasselle in "A Place in the Sun," Glenn Langan in "Iroquois Trail," Adele Jergens in "Sugarfoot," Sally Forrest in "Mother of a Champion," Robert Wagner in "Halls of Montezuma."

BEEF STROGANOFF

Cut into strips $\frac{1}{4}$ x 3 inches:

2½ pounds round steak

Combine:

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour

2 teaspoons salt

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper

Dip beef in flour mixture until well coated.

Melt in large skillet:

4 tablespoons butter or margarine

Add: 1 large onion, chopped fine

Cook until onion is soft.

Add meat to onions. Fry briskly 5 minutes.

Drain, reserving juice:

2 small cans whole mushrooms

Cut mushrooms in half. Place mushroom broth in 2-cup measure. Add canned beef bouillon to make 2 cups.

Add mushrooms to meat and cook, stirring gently, for one minute.

Combine:

2 tablespoons tomato paste

2 teaspoons dry mustard

Stir in beef bouillon mixture gradually. Add to beef in skillet. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat. Simmer gently 30 minutes, or until almost tender. Add:

1 cup (8 oz.) sour cream

Cook 1 minute more. Serve with buttered noodles.

CORN PONE

Use a brush to grease cornstick pans thoroughly. Place in a hot oven (425° F.) and allow to heat while ingredients are combined. Sift, then measure:

1 cup flour

Add, and sift again:

3 teaspoons baking powder

3 tablespoons sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt

Add:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups yellow corn meal

Separate: 3 eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored.

Add:

3 tablespoons melted butter

1 cup milk

Make a well in corn-meal mixture. Into this pour egg-milk mixture. Mix lightly until just combined. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into corn-meal mixture. Remove pans from oven. Fill one pan full. Place other pan on top, as a cover. Batter will rise to form round corn sticks. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 25 minutes or until well browned.

WALDORF SALAD

Wash, quarter, and core:

3 medium-sized eating apples

Remove skins from half. Chop all three. Sprinkle immediately with:

3 tablespoons lemon juice

Add:

3 cups chopped celery

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts

Combine thoroughly.

Add:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Mix lightly until well combined.

GINGERBREAD MEN

(Makes 3 dozen 4-inch cookies)

Sift, then measure:

3 cups flour

Add and sift again with:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt

1 teaspoon baking soda

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder

2 teaspoons ginger

1 teaspoon cinnamon

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg

Beat with a wooden spoon until fluffy:

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup shortening

Add gradually:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Beat after each addition until fluffy and light. Gradually blend in:

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses

Beat until light and smooth.

Beat in: 1 egg.

Stir in dry ingredients. Mix until well blended. Chill dough in refrigerator for 1 hour. Roll out about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick on lightly floured board. Cut with cookie cutter. Place cookies on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

THE END

stars in your lunchbox

Is there a take-it-with-you lunch in your pantry? Is that "meal in a box" exciting, interesting and nutritious? It can be. Just prepare for it!

On the pantry shelf, store meat spreads, cheese in jars, peanut butter, mayonnaise, catsup and mustard, and a supply of waxed paper and aluminum foil. In the refrigerator, keep a supply of fresh vegetables and fruits, leftover meats, and candy bars. Then put them together with imagination!

you need bread

whole wheat

or en-

riched

protein

meat,

fish,

eggs, or

cheese

milk

vegetables

raw best

fruits

raw or

canned

desserts

the glamor touch

Use rolls, muffins or biscuits, split and buttered. Stack bread slices three deep; trim corners, crusts for fun.

Combine meat and cheese in sandwiches. Use process cheese instead of bread for meat sandwiches. Spread meat with soft cheese and roll up. Season imaginatively.

As cocoa, chocolate milk, cottage cheese, soup or pudding.

Use garnishes — radish roses, celery curls, carrot sticks.

Pack soft and canned fruits in covered paper cups to prevent damage or spilling. Carry oranges, peeled and sectioned. Split an apple, core and dip in lemon juice, fill hollow with cream cheese and jelly. Press halves back together again, wrap in foil.

Include puddings, as well as cakes and cookies. Candy offers compact calories.

Isn't It Wonderful!

Continued from page 46) Betty's mother was about to leave on a visit. She came over for breakfast, and Betty drove her to the airport. No sooner had they left the house, than the phone rang. It was the doctor. He said the tests were positive.

I managed to catch Betty halfway down the street. On hearing the news, she beamed. "Isn't it nice," she chirped, "that Mother got to know before she left?"

As for me, I went home and held my head. Instead of elation (which comes later) I felt the weight of Atlas between my shoulders. Mind you, I wanted a baby. But knowing it's actually on the way—this is different. It's like getting married. About five minutes before the ceremony, panic sets in. You look wildly around for the nearest exit.

Maybe I should explain here that I'm a worrier. Betty isn't. We agreed on wanting children, and also on not having them right away. We had waited over five years. What we both wanted was to build our marriage solid before adding the complication of a child. Like any thinking person, I'm concerned with the state of the world—its present tensions, its uncertain future. Betty's also a thinking person. Only her thoughts ran along different lines—

"Why raise a kid and send him to college, then he gets killed in a war or somebody drops a bomb on him?" That was me. "You can't stop living," said Betty. "You might as well say, don't cross the street because some people get killed. Children are a normal part of living. If you miss out on them, you miss out on something basic." "Yes, but are we doing the kid any favor?"

"Now I'll ask you one. Are you glad to be alive, Larry—even in *this* world?" I was. "Then there's your answer. And just because conditions are what they are, is the very reason for having children. All of us who hope for a better world should supply citizens and try to bring them up so they'll *help* make the world better." I couldn't help laughing. I saw visions of babies in cribs, pulling at their bottles on the way to good citizenship. Nevertheless, it made sense.

On the other hand, it didn't put an end to my worries. I had to be sure we could feed, clothe and educate children as they

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| ★Art Linkletter | ★Horace Heidt |
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deserved, not fancily, but well. Some people think all movie actors live in the lap of luxury. They don't. For instance, I get paid only when I work. Till we started shooting "That Bedside Manner" at Columbia, I hadn't worked in a year. It's almost that long since Betty's drawn any salary. What saved us was our house, which costs \$32 a month. If we'd bought the mansion that studios keep urging you to buy, we'd have been sunk. So I worried about economic security. Betty disagreed. "Money doesn't mean happiness."

"No, but economic stability means peace of mind—and provides a better atmosphere for the baby."

"Lots of poor people have children."

"Lots of those children grow up twisted by poverty."

"Well, rich children can grow up twisted by riches. Kids get more security from love and a couple of well-adjusted parents than they do from bankrolls."

Apart from the fact that she ate for three or four, Betty showed none of the symptoms you read about. She felt wonderful. She didn't crave pickles or baked Alaska in the middle of the night.

Dorothy and Lloyd Bridges dropped in one night. Their baby was due shortly before ours. "We're going to the hospital," Dorothy announced.

"What for?"

"To have a baby."

"Right now?"

"Well, pretty soon. The pains are every ten minutes—"

I got frantic. Lloyd didn't look overhappy, but the girls were having hysterics. "You mean you stopped by on purpose?" Betty screamed.

"What else? So you could see for yourself there's nothing to it. Look at me, chipper as a daisy."

We pried them apart, and Lloyd and Dorothy left. But I'm sure the memory of that visit was in Betty's mind when she woke at five on the morning of the 26th and said calmly, "I have a pain."

I leaped for the phone. The doctor asked questions. I relayed Betty's answers. He said she could go to the hospital, if she wanted to. "Why can't she stay in bed where she's comfortable?" I asked.

"Okay, if she'd rather. I'll be around later."

I sat with the clock and the pencil, timing the pains, which weren't regular. There'd been some question of a Caesarean. When the doctor came, he said that's what it would be. We got to the hospital at 12:30. The baby was born at 2:15.

I watched through the glass of the operating room. I recommend watching. You know what goes on, so imagination doesn't tear at your nerves. Everything's so businesslike. The room was cheerful and sunny. Betty was conscious, and showed a lively interest in the proceedings. The whole tempo was slow and methodical.

Only once did my heart drop. When the baby was born, he didn't do anything. He just lay there. For a minute, I thought he was dead. Then the doctor went to work. All of a sudden the walls reverberated. Boy, what a yell! And what a relief!

They showed Betty the baby, then brought him to me for a quick onceover. Out of the fullness of my heart, I sent Betty a message. I saw the nurse lean over to deliver it. "Your husband says to tell you you're the greatest thing since wall telephones—" This, she informed me later, struck her funny.

They took her down to her room, and I stayed there with her for a while. They said she'd be groggy till morning, and why not go home and get some rest? I felt a great need for human society. Betty swears every friend who called within the next few days said: "Larry came to our house the night the baby was born."

You can't prove it by me. All I remember is driving to the doctor's at midnight. He was as close as I could get to Betty and the baby, and a glimpse of the place he lived in would be better than nothing. This doctor, however, is a prince among men. I'd hauled him out of bed at five that morning. At twelve, a light burned in the kitchen window. I pasted my nose to the window pane, and there sat our doctor and wife, drinking hot coffee. They took me in, they fed and comforted me. I heard further details about that fine fellow, my son.

After a visit with my radiant wife next day, I felt more relaxed. Except for one thing. They wouldn't let me see the baby. For forty-eight hours they keep the kid in cold storage, as far as his male parent is concerned. Which leads to another situation. When they do let the bars down, your wife never sees *you*. You dump a load of magazines on her bed, and spend visiting time drooling over your child through the nursery window, and exchanging vital statistics with other fathers.

AFTER your child's born, the next great day is the day you take him home. I picked Curry up, and we drove to the hospital. Curry's the wonderful nurse who looked after my mother during her last illness. She said then: "If you and Betty ever have a baby, will you let me take care of it? I've had so much experience with unhappy endings, I'd like to be in with you on a happy beginning." We'd come to look on her as one of the family. We asked nothing better than to have her with us.

So we went to the hospital, Curry and I, and got the baby. Curry held him in the back seat. Betty sat up front with me. For days I'd been figuring what back roads to take. In the end I drove straight up Sunset at twenty miles an hour, and let the horns honk. One badgered citizen pulled alongside. "Why doncha walk? Be a lot quicker—"

Beaming, Betty pointed her thumb backward. "We've got a boy. Do you care?"

All we had time to note was the jaw, dropping. But his voice thundered after us on the breeze. "Hey, Pop! Take it easy with that kid!"

We're as foolish as other parents. Pictures of Garry line the mantelshelf. A book of cradle songs stands on the piano. Betty's learned most of them. But when it comes down to real lullabying, she makes up her own words and music. To me, they sound cute.

We've made three records for him—though not, we trust, exclusively for him. Before he was born, we grew interested in children's records, and found there weren't too many we really went for. So

Jill Jackson wrote some material, and we put it on wax for the M-G-M Record Company. Betty did "Fantissimo" alone—about a little horse with bells in his heart. I did "Wizzy the Owl" alone. Together we did "The Beaver Who Didn't Want to Work," and tried them all out on our friends' kids with encouraging results. This is a shameless plug.

Betty and I have always wanted to work together. When the baby came, that desire crystallized. She asked for her release from M-G-M. Apart from one picture a year at Columbia, my time is my own. We've worked up an act for personal appearances. We're planning a picture called "Stakeout," owned by us and our lawyer, Lew Mandel. It's going to be a challenge and an adventure. Our income will be more uncertain, but we'll belong to ourselves, and this is of prime importance to both of us. Someday we may need a bigger house to take care of more kids. If and when the time comes, we hope to be able to afford it. If not, we'll tack up a sleeping porch, and give 'em fresh air.

I haven't shed the sense of responsibility that closed in on me the morning our doctor called. But it's different now. Then, the baby was just an idea, an abstraction. Now he's real, he's a person, you hold him and his head brushes your cheek, and he's yours and you love him. You look down at this helpless scrap in the crib, and your bones kind of melt. One day he opened his eyes and winked at me. Anyway, it looked like a wink. So I winked back. "Hi, Burgoyne—"

"Why Burgoyne?" asked Betty.

"Do I know? Because Burgoyne couldn't fight the Indians, and neither can he."

My wife's laughing face went pensive. "There'll be other things to fight. All we can do for him is set an example. Whatever we are, he'll be." She hooked her arm through mine. "Which means, Mr. Parks, we'll have to do quite a bit of renovating on our own characters."

On the subject of moral responsibility, we don't kid. Lacking a cure-all for the sickness of today's world, we can only begin with ourselves. We can only try to keep the door open, so our son may learn to understand other humans, and to value them for what they are. Prejudice closes the door, and prejudice comes from grown-ups. Kids don't care whom they play with—Chinese, Negro or Jewish—not till their elders start butting in.

Greed closes the door too.

If enough of us think like that and can bring up our children to think the same way, maybe the bombs won't drop. Maybe your Burgoyne and mine will live their lives out in a better world than ours.

THE END

Don't blame us!

A landslide of votes gave **Farley Granger** and **June Allyson** the lead again this month. The proof is in the November issue—color portraits of Farley and June.

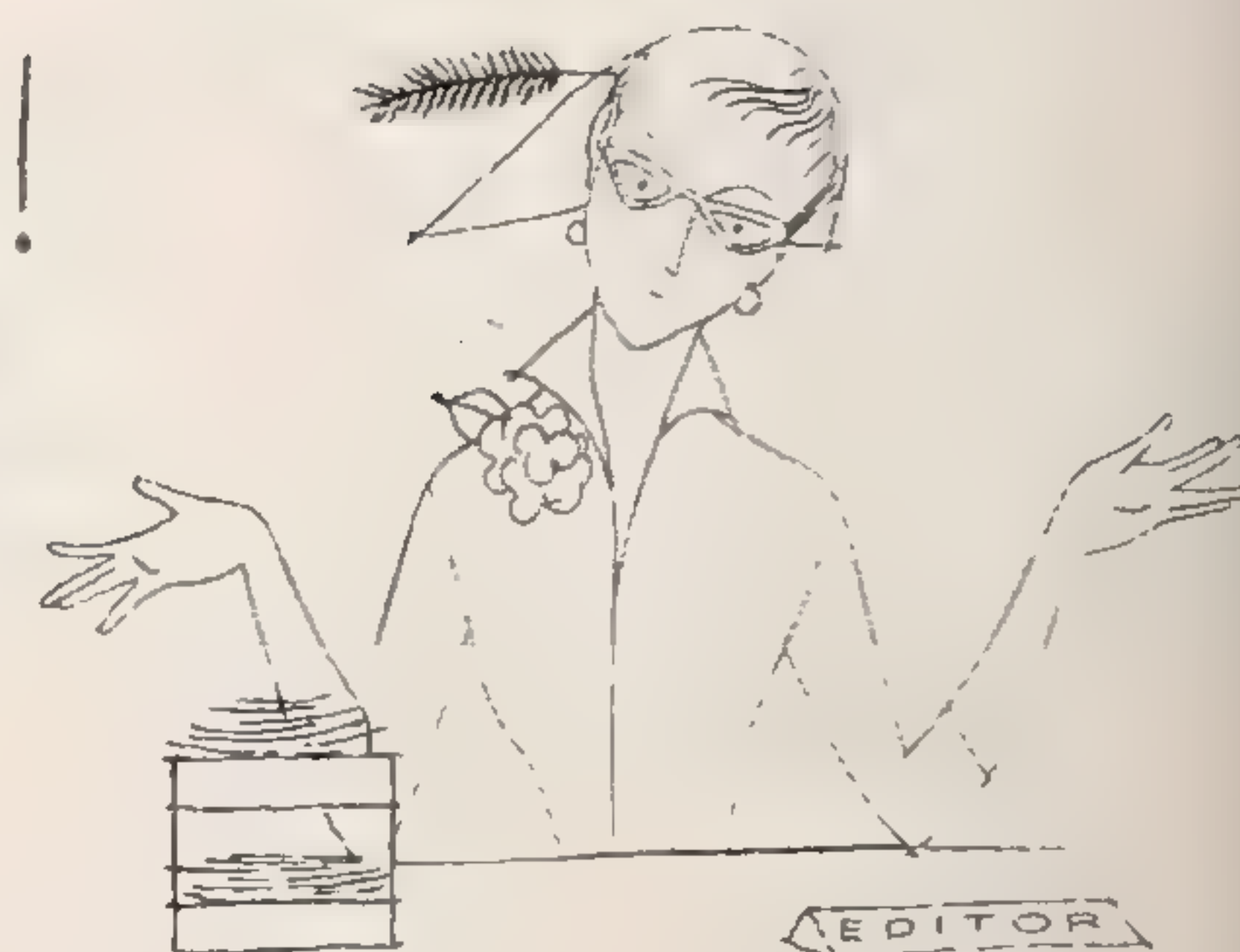
If you want **your** favorites to win you can't just sit and sigh. You have to let us know.

My favorite actor

My favorite actress

Mail your votes to:

READERS' POLL EDITOR c/o PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.



That's Hollywood for You

(Continued from page 53) the best! Of the newcomers in pictures, I favor Margaret Phillips. She isn't selling glamour, but ability . . . Gary Cooper may portray the shy guy on the screen, but he isn't a bit shy when asking for a salary to do it. I don't blame him, either . . . Ruth Roman is getting a little too chesty, and I don't mean in appearance . . . Lana Turner is a gal who wears her clothes too tight in the right places, and that's the fashion I favor.

I happen to know that Van Johnson frequently sleeps in only a slipover sweater . . . Sue Carol is always on the set when Alan Ladd is making a movie, and I often wonder how it is that Sue doesn't get into a scene in a Ladd picture . . . Howard Hughes has had good taste in dolls throughout the years. I know that I could go on a blind date with females Hughes picks and not be disappointed . . . Dore Schary, Darryl Zanuck and any other studio executive will tell you that the only thing that comes easy to some actresses is being difficult . . . Lucille Ball, who has her quarrels with Desi Arnaz, insists that a husband and wife must never go to sleep on a quarrel . . . My favorite actor is Mickey Rooney. My selection is strictly personal, because of all the kid actors from Freddie Bartholomew to Claude Jarman Jr., Mickey is the only one who, in growing up, didn't grow taller than I. I still tower over him. I've got to favor an actor who is so considerate . . . Paul Douglas, during an interview, was asked, "What's the funniest thing that happened to you in Hollywood?" Paul replied: "Success" . . . I agree with Denise Darcel, who says that the plunging neckline will never be popular in Hollywood. It might reveal too much of nothing.

IT'S ABOUT time that the movies took a poke at the legit theater, and Joseph Mankiewicz does exactly that in his latest, "All About Eve" . . . John Wayne, the he-man, often selects the clothes for his frau . . . I'd stack Virginia Mayo's figure up against any, for that is what could be called good stacking . . . Bob Hope defines the Academy Awards as a function where the actors and actresses gather to see what someone else thinks about their acting besides their press agents.

I wish Guy Madison and Gail Russell would stop acting as if they were playing a scenario when they should be playing house . . . Broderick Crawford still denies that he portrayed Huey Long in "All the King's Men," but I think his Oscar knows better . . . The movies came to Hollywood because of the climate, and wot happened to the climate? There are times that a person can't see the fog because of the smog. You can walk along a street and it looks like a television screen. It is now usual in Hollywood to have unusual weather . . . Betty Grable is a performer who knows her limitations and assets. Betty declares that she is no actress and she wants to display her assets in Technicolor . . . I think that the most natural person on and off the screen is Shelley Winters. Shelley gives with free-wheeling dialogue. She will tell you that the trouble with most of the eligible men is that they're married . . . Despite all the yarns about his numerous romances, I actually saw Kirk Douglas going to the movies all by himself . . . I think the actress who has made the most improvement as an actress is Linda Darnell . . . Marie Wilson has fantastically long eyelashes, or hadn't you ever noticed? At a cocktail party recently, Marie said to



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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

me: "Oh, look at the bird sitting on that tree!" "What bird?" I asked. It turned out to be something caught on the tip of her eyelashes.

I am never amazed by anything that the movies do, and therefore took it in stride when U-I, while filming a picture in the High Sierras, took along their own trees to be used in close-ups. The studio claimed they looked better than the genuine trees there.

At M-G-M they refer to Lassie as "Greer Garson with fur" . . . Mercedes McCambridge informed me that "money in the bank is a dangerous thing." I realize Mercedes meant that when an actress has money, she isn't inclined to work as hard to be a success. However, I told McCambridge that although money doesn't give you everything, at least it doesn't give you money trouble . . . After seeing Gertrude Niesen on several TV shows, I can't understand why she isn't in pictures. The wise boys claim that Niesen doesn't photograph, but if she can look good on Kinescope, she can look good on anything . . . Guess I don't know about men's fashions, because Monty Clift looks better dressed to me than that well-dressed man Adolphe Menjou . . . Corinne Calvet gives me the impression that she is trying to be Marlene Dietrich, but she isn't . . . There is some frankness in this movietown. A motel in Hollywood has this sign on display: "A Lot of Bunk—for \$2" . . . Fred Allen, who is always cynical, says that Hollywood is no place for the professional comedian—there is too much amateur competition.

I can't understand why "Willie Comes Marching Home," the best of the war comedies, hasn't done better business. People who saw the picture said they howled, but even this word-of-mouth publicity didn't help at the box office . . . Jean Arthur should be back in the movies . . . I discovered, unexpectedly, that Ava Gardner is ticklish . . . Gregory Peck is always polite . . . Wanna know how the Johnston Office is on the job? Roy Hansen, a sailor in "Panic in the Streets," had a fully developed lady tattooed on his chest. The make-up man painted a bra and a skirt on the lady. And still Senators complain about Hollywood! . . . Vera-Ellen wears more to bed than she does to a dance. Vera-Ellen sleeps in flannel nightgowns . . . Hollywood is a place where an actor works for years to become famous enough to be recognized and then goes around in dark glasses so no one will know who he is. Yes, that's Hollywood for you.

THE END

"Refreshing"

- No make-believe here! That's why "My True Story" Radio Program is so often called a "refreshingly different show."
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TUNE IN

my *True Story*

American Broadcasting Stations



Nancy's engagement diamond!

She's Engaged!

Sweet and lovely Nancy Ann Heston is wearing a bright new diamond ring—and giving out news of her engagement to J. Thomas Ligget, Jr., Yale, Class of 1950. They'll be married this fall in the Presbyterian Church of beautiful Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania—a big wedding and reception, with eight bridesmaids and Nancy, a *completely adorable bride*.

She's Lovely!

Nancy Heston has the captivating sort of face that makes *everyone* want to know her better! Her eyes are like blue sky—her lips curve in an irresistible smile—and her complexion is *smooth as cream*. It's a face that sends out the special magic of her Inner Self—lets you see the *darling girl* she is!

She uses Pond's!

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Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over

your face to soften and sweep skin-dulling dirt and old make-up from pore openings. Tissue off clean.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

See your super-clean face! So *soft*—too!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. You owe it to others—you owe it to yourself. It sends a happy confidence sparkling out from your Inner Self—attracts people to you on sight.

P

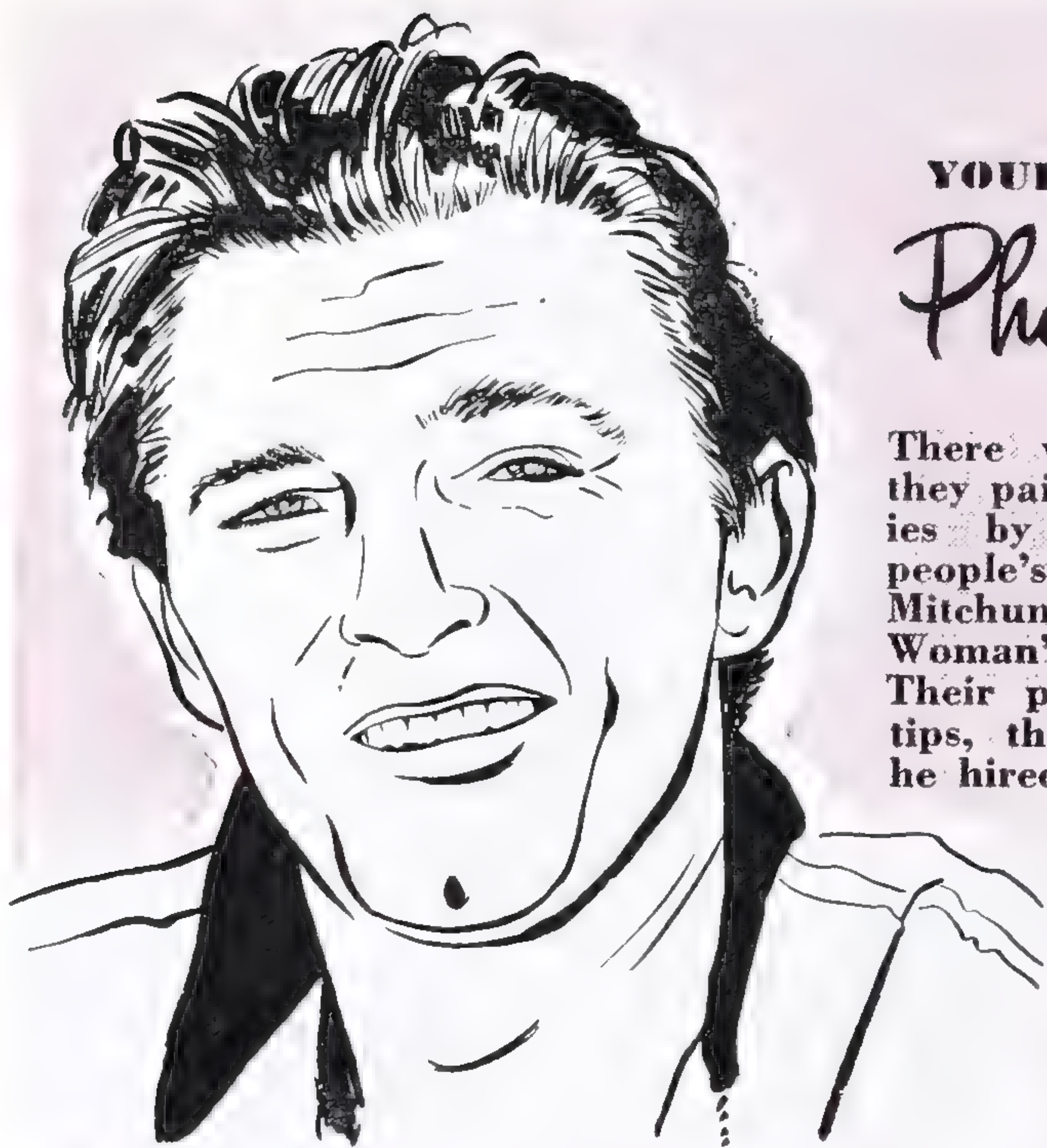


Nancy Ann Heston—she has a velvety look about her complexion that makes you want to know how she cares for it. “I just never skip my Pond's creamings,” Nancy says.



Today, get a big jar of snowy Pond's Cold Cream!

Start *now* to help your face show a lovelier You!



YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

There was a time when they paid for their groceries by delivering other people's groceries — Bob Mitchum of "His Kind of Woman" and brother Jack. Their pay was small but tips, the boss said when he hired them, were good



Tips! How could they collect tips from people they never saw? In the apartment houses in this section, everything was delivered by dumbwaiter



A gentle hint has been known to work. Bob tried lettering **TIP** on an empty milk bottle. Their customers, they decided, couldn't read. It always came back empty. Bob . . .



. . . tried another stunt. Climbing into the dumbwaiter with the groceries, he told Jack to haul him up. This time he'd give the personal "touch." Up creaked the dumbwaiter



Bob was heavy. Jack held on grimly—hoisted Bob to the first floor. Then he lost his grip. The rope slipped. The dumbwaiter crashed down. Bob, falling out, was . . .



. . . really a butter and egg man! They didn't have to ask who'd pay for the damage. They knew! Time had come for the Mitchum brothers to fade—out of the grocery picture

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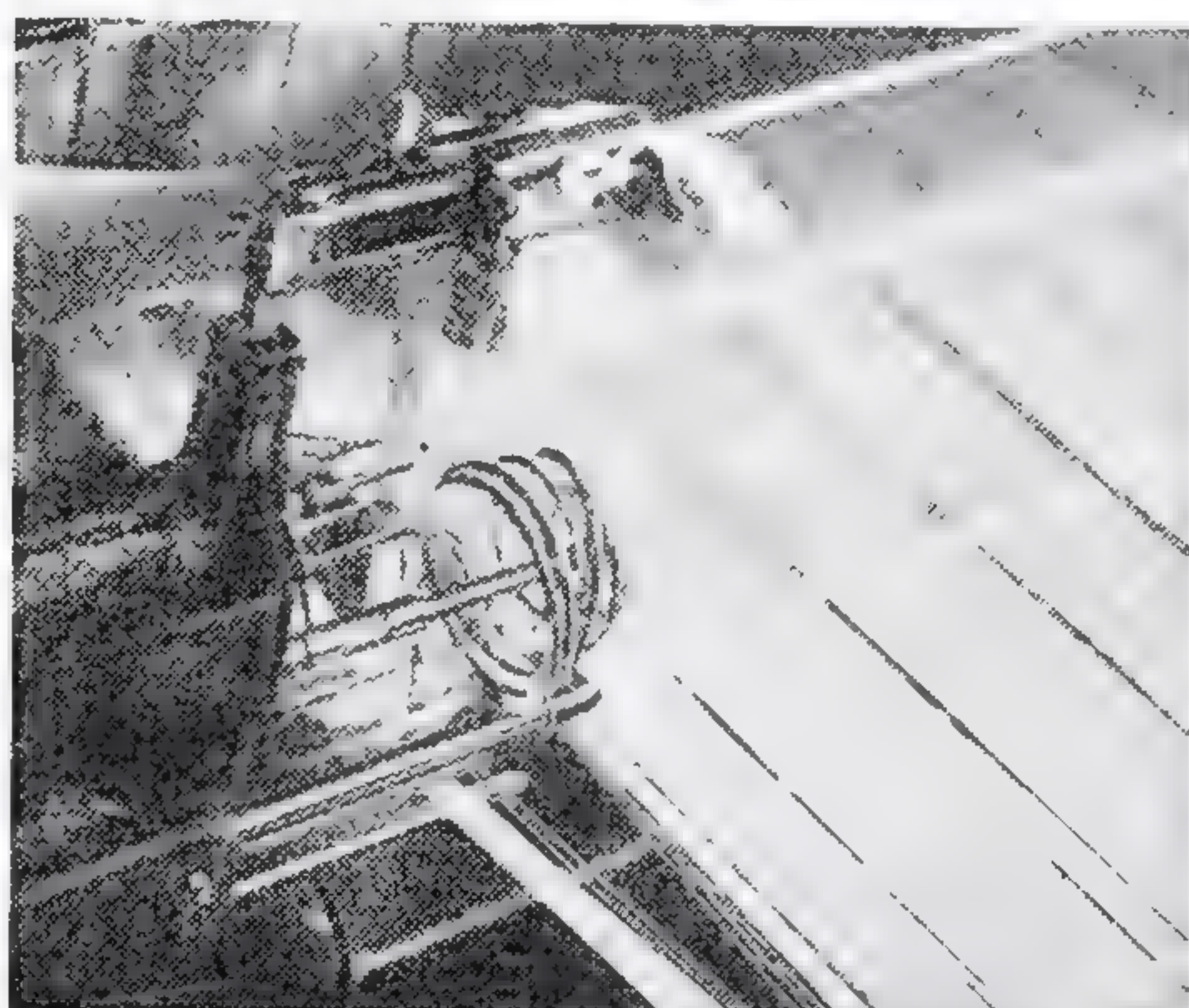


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THE BARBIZON CORPORATION, 475 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.

(Continued from page 33) two weeks' rest. How sweet of him—!

His voice cut in on her meditations. "Where's your husband, Mrs. Derek?"

"I told him it wasn't necessary to come."

He eyed her a little oddly. "I'll have someone phone him."

"But why, doctor?"

"Because I'm going to do a Caesarean in an hour—"

It had taken the ambulance twenty-five minutes to cover the distance from the Dereks' home. John, minus a siren, made the same distance in fourteen. They showed him to the waiting room, where a fellow-sufferer lay in troubled slumber. John staked out his own terrain and paced, but was brought up short by the sound of a hoarse voice:

"How long have you been here?" The other guy was sitting bolt upright, peering from under heavy lids.

"Oh—about ten minutes."

"Brother, what *you've* got ahead of you! Fifty-six hours I've been waiting." The weary head dropped into weary hands. John felt helpless. A greenhorn at this business himself, what could he say?

EXACTLY half an hour later, the speaker buzzed, calling for Mr. Derek. He went over and pushed the button. "Mr. Derek? We're glad to tell you that you're the proud father of a fine baby boy. You may come up in a few minutes."

"What's it all about?" mumbled the man on the couch.

"I—have a boy—"

The other shot upright again. "Already?!!!"

Between exultation and a definite sense that he ought to apologize, John slipped from the room.

Upstairs they said Patti was doing nicely, but he couldn't see her yet. He could see the baby, though. John gazed down at his son with the blue beads around his neck that read Baby Derek, and warmth surged through him. What did they mean, new-born babies looked like blobs? His baby looked swell—straight nose, high cheekbones, beautiful forehead. Wordless, he looked up at the nurse.

"Nice, isn't he?" she said. "I'm taking him to the nursery."

He walked beside them, he watched her put Baby Derek into a crib, he stood staring through the window. He continued to stare till they sent word that Patti could see him now.

Her smile was radiant, if a little tired. "Gee, I'm so happy it's a boy—"

So was John, but remorse smote him. He remembered the edicts he'd been throwing around: "It *better* be a boy or else—" Maybe she'd taken him seriously. "A girl would have been all right, too," he declared, big-hearted.

"But a boy's better. What shall we name him?"

It must be explained here that Patti's superstitious on all counts and makes no bones about it. She's superstitious and that's the end of it. About the baby, she was naturally more so. Not so much as a shirt would she buy, nor discuss names, nor make any plans whatever till the baby was born. Now it was all right, now John could go and buy shirts, now their son could be named.

"How about Russell?" asked John. Russell Harlan, one of Hollywood's top cameramen, is John's closest friend.

"Good," agreed Patti. "And how about André for a second name after my father?"

With that settled, John kissed his wife and left her to rest. He called his mother. He called Columbia's publicity man, as per instructions. If the guy had said once,

he'd said it a dozen times. "Even if it's the middle of the night, call me."

The publicity man came sleepily to the phone. "I have a son," said John.

"What time?"—very businesslike.

"5.01."

"Is he okay?"

"Swell."

"Thank you, John," and *bong*, went the receiver, leaving Papa Derek indignant. He might have said *something*. When people told John they'd had kids, he always said *something*. You don't have to get hot and bothered, but you make some show of enthusiasm, that's only decent. John sighed. He wished he could call Russell, but Russell was shooting a picture in Australia. So what? He had other friends. He called them all, and they all said *something*, which comforted John's feelings. He even plucked up the nerve to sneak a box of cigars into the studio. He discovered that handing out fifty cigars was a simple matter, if you didn't mind taking fifty pokes in the ribs.

At seven p.m. he returned to the hospital. Patti's only complaint was that she hadn't seen the baby. "This morning I heard him cry. Since then, nothing. All day I keep screaming, 'I want to see my baby—' They say, 'He's fine. Mothers don't see their babies the first minute.' But he's more than twelve hours old, and I still don't see him."

"He's fine, honey, he's beautiful," soothed John. "You'll see him tomorrow."

They brought him next morning. Patti looked and looked. He was beautiful, he was everything they said, and she couldn't understand why he made her heart ache. "He looks so sad, that baby. Do babies always look sad?"

"Only when they're hungry. So now we'll give this gentleman his dinner."

John went shopping for the gentleman that day. Having ticked off all the sensible items on his list, he wandered around hunting for something not sensible. Cowboy boots, for instance. But they all seemed a little large. He compromised on a soft woolly blue dog who looked friendly and sounded accomplished. When you wound him up, he played "Jingle Bells" for a long time.

The dog went along to the hospital that evening. Patti was enchanted. Her hands reached out. "Let's wind him to the very end and see how long that dog plays."

IE'D barely started when the pediatrician walked in. "Oh, doctor," cried Patti, "I want you to meet my hus—"

The words trailed off before the expression on his face. "I have bad news for you—"

The baby's dead, thought John. Patti, incapable of thought, sat numb. The dog played "Jingle Bells." Above the tune, they heard the doctor's quiet voice explaining.

The baby wasn't dead. But there was a break in the esophagus. It happened once in 25,000 cases. The tube that should have led straight and whole from pharynx to stomach was separated by about half an inch. Naturally, food failed to reach the stomach.

That means he'll die, thought John. Patti's desperate hands kneaded the little toy dog to make it stop, but it couldn't stop. The music went on, and so did the doctor. They'd been giving the baby sulfa and penicillin to prepare him for surgery. There was only one man in town to do the operation. He'd been trying to reach that man since five. He would now try again.

The doctor stopped talking. The music-box ran down and dropped from Patti's

hands. John kept his eyes fixed on the doctor. "What you've told us—is that the worst that can happen?"

"No. They may get in there and find other things wrong. But I doubt it. The baby's condition seems good otherwise. His heart and lungs are sound."

"What are the chances?"

"Fifty-fifty."

When he'd left, John picked up the dog and put him back in the box. He took Patti's hands. "It's going to be all right," he said. "Nothing bad is going to happen to our baby."

"Nothing bad," she repeated between trembling lips.

The doctor returned. He'd reached the surgeon. They were to take the baby to Children's Hospital, just half a block away. "I think his mother should see him before he goes."

A half-involuntary "No" escaped John's lips. Why probe a wound already deep enough, why put her through the wringer?

"Yes," said Patti. "I would like to see my baby." They brought him in and laid him in the crook of her arm. The other arm closed round him. John's hand gripped the rail of the bed. But Patti didn't break down. "He looks happy," she said. "He doesn't look sad, like this morning. Now take him, please."

The doctor motioned to John. "You carry him. I'll drive the car."

But John was afraid to carry him. John drove the car.

OVER at Children's Hospital, they told him exactly what they were doing and what they proposed to do. Right now they were matching blood for transfusions. "Then we'll operate," said the surgeon. "If we can join the ends of the tube, and if they stay joined, your baby will live."

After which, being a humanitarian as well as a surgeon, he went to see Patti.

"I know how you feel, Mrs. Derek," he said gently, "and all I can tell you is this. Ten years ago there wouldn't have been a chance. Today there is. But it's going to be quite a long deal—about three hours. Would you like me to come back with the news? Or would you rather have your husband?"

His kindness brought the first stinging tears to her throat. "Thank you," she whispered, "for everything. But please, my husband—"

Then the nurse came with a sleeping pill. "I don't want it," said Patti.

"Your doctor ordered it."

"Phone him. Tell him I don't want to sleep. He'll understand."

He understood. "Let her do as she likes," he said. So Patti turned out the light and prayed. She has no bent toward self-torment. She felt no desire to mark her anguish by the ticking clock. But she had something useful to do, and meant to do it. You can't pray if you're dead to the world with a sleeping pill.

Half a block away, things were about ready. The surgeon walked down the hall with the pediatrician. John sat in the waiting room. A nurse came and gave him the blankets in which the baby had been wrapped, and the string of blue beads that spelled Baby Derek. The ends of the beads were joined.

Ask John if he's superstitious, and the instinctive answer would be no. But he'd been infected—by Patti, by the baby's sudden illness, by something old and hereditary in the blood. He resented this but he couldn't gainsay it. The surgeon's words kept sounding in his ears. "If we can join the ends, and if they stay joined—" John wanted to keep the end of the beads joined.

He rolled his son's blankets into a pillow and leaned his head against them. His fist closed tight around the beads. The contact with both brought him some sense of comfort. On a merry-go-round for two days, he must have passed out. Coming to with a start, he felt the beads in his hand and took a swift look. The ends were unjoined. Carefully he knotted the ends of the beads together, so they couldn't possibly come untied again. Again he put the blankets under his head.

The minutes climbed to an hour, to another, to most of a third. Outside, John heard something that brought him to his feet. Down the hall came an intern, and the pediatrician, wheeling his son. They looked haggard. "Everything's fine," called the pediatrician. "Be back as soon as we've taken care of the baby."

Everything's fine. That meant the baby was alive. Did it mean he'd go on living? Down the hall came the assistant surgeon. "The baby's fine," he said, and dropped into a chair. The mask still hung around his neck, the shoulders drooped, the arms fell inert between his knees, he gleamed with sweat. A nurse brought a towel and started methodically rubbing the back of his neck.

OPERATIONS, thought John. We talk about operations, and don't know what these men go through to save a life.

Then the surgeon came, unruffled, not a hair out of place. "Well, I think everything's fine."

Now John could ask his question. He wanted it straight. "Do babies generally die on the table? Or—later—"

The answer was as direct as the question. "Some die on the table, some later. In this case, we succeeded in joining the ends, and your child came through beautifully. Whether they'll stay joined, it's hard to say now. For twelve days, he'll be fed through the stomach. Once we start feeding him orally, we'll know."

John thanked them as best he could, and went to tell Patti. She heard him through quietly. So far, it was good and God had answered her prayers. There was nothing left but to wait. She looked at her husband's eyes, red-rimmed with sleeplessness. "Go home, John, and I will take that sleeping pill. Only one thing—" She caught at his hand. "All day people have called and I was happy to talk. Now I don't want to talk to anyone, John. I don't want to see anyone except you."

But as the days passed, hope grew stronger. The news from Children's Hospital was encouraging. Their baby didn't act like a sick baby. He put on weight, he thrived and seemed content. John took Patti home, where doctor's orders kept her in bed. It was he who went to the hospital, saw the baby, got the reports and raced to phone his wife. Late one afternoon Patti answered the phone to hear John's voice trying—and failing—to keep his excitement under. "Honey, everything's swell. The baby threw up. That shows the tube is holding, or he couldn't have done it."

Two days later they fed him orally and the food stayed down. On Thursday, May 11th, four weeks after his birthday, he came home. Patti was almost afraid to touch him. The shock and terror of his illness had taken their toll. All parents are vulnerable, and these two were doubly so. The nurse knew all about babies, Patti knew nothing. After a while, she'd learn. For the present, she couldn't trust herself with that baby . . .

On Saturday morning John went hap-

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Woodbury Cold Cream
penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN

pily off to football practice for "The Hero," his new Columbia picture. Patti sat happily over her coffee when a scream froze her. "Get the doctor, *quick!*" She reacted like a robot. With the scream ringing through every nerve in her body, she dialed the number. "Doctor—"

"Get the fire department," cried the nurse.

Patti hung up on the doctor and called the fire department. Then she called the doctor back. Then she moved like a sleep-walker to the bedroom. Her son lay on the big bed, his face black, his small arms stiff.

NOW the nurse was blowing hard into his mouth. And as she blew, the little face turned slowly from black to gray, the arms relaxed, Patti heard the blessed sound of a whimper. And the nurse continued to blow till the firemen arrived with their lifegiving oxygen.

Hard on their heels came the doctor. "What is it?" cried Patti. "Is it the pipe? Has it burst?"

"I don't think so, but we'd better take him back to the hospital. Can you get hold of John?"

And so for the second time in a month, John found himself breaking the speed regulations—first to his home, then to the hospital. He heard his son's heavy breathing. Beside him sat the tense figure of his wife. And there was the hospital. Again they waited in sick suspense while X-rays were taken.

"It's not the tube," said the doctor. "The tube is holding—"

"Then what?"

"There's something in his lungs. We'll have to do a bronchoscopy to find out—"

They had to do three bronchoscopies, not one, and it took two anxious weeks for the lung to clear up.

Meantime Patti had reached a decision. "You know who's going to take care of that baby? Me. It's stupid that a mother shouldn't know what to do for her child. That terrible day—it was worse because I felt so helpless. The doctor said I can go to the hospital and learn."

John drew her arm through his. "Who am I to contradict the doctor—?"

At this writing, the baby is past five months and doing great. The way Patti handles him, you'd think she'd had seven. And John's way with a bottle is nothing to sneer at either. They're not afraid any more. But to make assurance doubly sure, they've had an amplifier installed, so wherever you go in the house, you can hear the baby breathe. It's a good sound, which most parents take for granted. When your child's almost stopped doing it twice, it sounds twice as good.

One evening Patti took a box from a shelf. "I didn't want that dog to play till our baby came home. Now he can play, John. Wind him up to the end."

They were much too busy watching the baby to let their thoughts go straying to another night. "Look at him!" cried his mother. "He likes it."

"Oh sure," said his father. "He's going to be another Toscanini."

Maybe he is. As you can see from his picture and tell from his story, this Russell André is a truly remarkable fellow.

THE END

**DO MEN EVER
AVOID YOU?**

SEE PAGE 91

Paid Notice

Dear Husband

(Continued from page 37) Brenda did the rest. Brenda said "Yummmm."

The appetizing life of the Holdens is enjoyed in a four-bedroom house which they felt was due after their third baby arrived. It is a house of shakes and flagstones, Bermuda modern in a blend with California rancho.

Fragrance of night-blooming jasmine and barbecued beef floats over the patio wall and Bill says he hopes to spend the rest of his life messing around this beautiful place. "No boats, no race horses—just home and work," he says. "When you love your work as I love acting you need no other recreation. I'm never bored."

All he wants in future is to have Brenda yumming opposite him in his pictures. She likes acting as much as he does but lately she has been enthralled by house and children. Virginia, her daughter by a previous marriage, is eleven. Peter and Scott Holden are six and four.

THOUGH Brenda regards the kitchen as man's place, she is no sluggard elsewhere. She is a yard bird. She rakes, hoes and sprays. She also is a spit-and-polish artist who would delight the Navy, especially in her nylons perched on a ladder. Thus arranged she was washing windows one day when a sight-seeing bus stopped in front of the house. Six buses of clucking tourists inspect the Holden premises each day on their tour of Hollywood sights.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the spieler cried. "You see here the home of famous film stars William Holden and Brenda Marshall."

Brenda, wiping windows, caroled: "Step right inside and see famous William Holden in the kitchen. The notorious Brenda Marshall is the slavey on the ladder."

It is doubtful if her voice reached the sight-seers. If it did they probably put her down as a sample of that fresh help you must put up with nowadays.

Sight-seers really got a show the night the master wrestled in the moonlight with the television aerial.

He had invited friends in to see the Legion fights. But those assembled saw only ghosts. Host Holden climbed to the roof where he wrestled like Hercules with the lead-heavy aerial to get it in line.

"Are the fights coming in?" he hollered down the chimney.

"Fine," his guests hollered. "Hold it."

He held, wrestling the whirligig, until there was a knockout. It was a stirring spectacle and a sight-seer looking up at it cried: "Lookit! Gorgeous George wrestling moonbeams."

In common with such concentrated, intense gents as Fred Allen and Fred Astaire, Bill is a worrier. He can match Allen for aches and pains. He has been treated for all of them and, despite the doctors, remains a very healthy specimen, as demonstrated by the comic stuff he spins about himself. Hearing him, you would not suspect he ever had a conflict of any kind. He probably would need a psychiatrist, though, were it not that his wife has a levelling influence. She sets him right when he's wrong; they have furious word battles but are madly in love. Bill was a hot-tempered youth and still feels the need of controls.

It is becoming more and more difficult for him to find things to nourish his anxiety complex. He is even getting the mature character parts he has the intelligence to play. His happiest moment, professionally, was when Gloria Swanson observed that he looked too old for the part of her boyish lover in "Sunset Boulevard." Amused by the delight of the erstwhile Golden Boy, Gloria would hiss each day at the make-

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up man: "Make him look young."

It was in his first stage appearance in a college play, staged at the Pasadena Play-box, that Bill got tapped by talent scout Milt Lewis and was signed by Paramount.

At that time Harry Cohn, prex of Columbia, was looking for a kid with a build to play the young boxer in "Golden Boy." He saw Bill's test at Paramount. Though neither an actor nor a fighter of professional class Bill was good-looking and shaped for shower baths. Signed for the part, he walloped and won, and has been wedded to both Columbia and Paramount like a Mohammedan husband ever since.

Bigamy has its disadvantages, the sheik says. "When I finish a picture at one studio and appear at the other they think I have been on a vacation and rush me into production."

That is what happened when he finished in "Miss Grant Takes Richmond" with Lucille Ball. The final day of shooting marked the tenth anniversary of his happy wedded life with Columbia, and there was wassail on the set with toasts and kisses.

FULL of conjugal cheer and a bubble of champagne Bill skipped around to see his other wife, Paramount, and was passionately dragged into "Dear Wife," a sequel to his previous "Dear Ruth" before he could wipe off Miss Ball's lipstick.

Bill's career has been a continuous celebration. Starting at fifty a week in "Golden Boy" he was hoisted to a hundred and fifty immediately after, a handsome fee for a college sophomore.

This splendor was small compared to getting a bike with his name on it. This put him in the league with the big wheels of Paramount. Bing Crosby rode fashionably from dressing room to stage on a two-wheeler flashing: "EVERETT CROSBY's BROTHER, bing." And rival Bob Hope pedaled proudly with proboscis in air on a bike with tail plaque: "BOB HOPE, AVAILABLE FOR CLUBS AND PICNICS AND PARTIES."

Bill didn't have the brashness to push himself into the parade of these big pedal pushers; he was put there by the prop men, always the best judges of solid guys. For Bill's bike they lettered a sign and hung beneath the seat: "BILL HOLDEN, LOW BUDGET WESTERNS."

There is nothing low budget about Bill today, levelling loot from two studios, but he's mighty proud of his bike.

However, Bill well remembers how, after he emerged from the Army a captain, he sat around for eleven months waiting to go to work. Then phones started ringing and studios yelling that they could not live without him. And Bill pitched in and made eight pictures in two years.

Since he played opposite Miss Swanson in "Sunset Boulevard" Bill has also finished "Born Yesterday." A novel way of rehearsing was carried out in this: The play was acted for the Columbia studio personnel on a real stage, as a real performance. This has put the legitimate stage bug back into Bill's head. He'd like to do a play if the studio would give him time off. Already he's got half a dozen scripts to choose from and he'd like to do one with Brenda as his co-star.

Ardis (Brenda's real name) studied under the great Russian actress Ouspenskaya before coming to Hollywood and learned dramaturgy at the Federal Theater. Bills says she has genius, apart from keeping out of the kitchen. They work together on scripts developing his characterizations.

"She is my right arm," Bill says. "When Ardis advises, I take it."

When Bill cooks, Ardis takes it. Sometimes twice.

THE END

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Bright Company

(Continued from page 65) of the town's top socialites and filmstars gathered to kick their heels into the air and the clothes ranged from the most elaborate of evening gowns to the most informal beach wear.

Joan Fontaine, Pat di Cicco, Myrna Dell, Bruce Cabot and Johnny Meyer were among those on the jury who judged the winning couple—and a rich grocer named Robert Balzer, who has become a familiar figure around the Hollywood night spots, won with his partner, actress Elizabeth Talbot Martin.

Betty Hutton, prettier and gayer than we've ever seen her, was all over the place! At one point, we could have sworn she Dixieland-ed on the ceiling! She sang with the band, didn't sit still long enough to eat even half her dinner; did a short, wild exhibition Charleston with Balzer to "Yes Sir! That's My Baby." When we asked her why she didn't dance longer, Betty screamed, "I can't! My dress will fall off!" It almost did, too! On account of it was strapless, and though it was tight-fitting when she arrived, we'd guess that Betty danced off at least three pounds by the time she made that crack—and we don't doubt the lovely white, low-cut chiffon was a lot looser at that hour! Its skirt was made of layers and layers of the white chiffon, very full and rather short. A long, wide white chiffon scarf started over on the left side of the bodice at the bust line, and draped up across the neck and hung down the back—almost to hem length.

The hair-do that the Hutton is sporting now is by far her most becoming to date. Quite short, but framing her face—in fact all around her head are soft ringlets, with the curls even high across the forehead—but not giving the effect of bangs.

LANA TURNER and Bob Topping, who are reported tiffing yet again, were on hand. About three a.m. Joan Fontaine told us without a yawn that she'd have to go home because she was getting up at six a.m. to do some deep-sea fishing! How rugged can you get?

Charlie Morrison, Mocambo's Boniface, has started Thursday night Polka dancing! And don't think for a minute that the Filmtown folks didn't take to that sorta thing just as avidly as the Charleston revival! (Hey! Mebbe people just like to dance. And whatever became of square-dancing? We hope they gave it back to the squares!) Roz Russell and Fred Brisson, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, Lorraine Cugat with moneybags Virgil Moore, Ann Sheridan and Pat di Cicco and many more said these Polka nights would be a "pleasant change" from the usual din.

On opening night, famous Frank Yan-kovic and his band drove up to the plush jernt in a farm cart, pulled by a very much be-ribboned jackass and the musicians were all done up in Slovenian costumes.

Two awfully fancy parties dotted the past month and the first was given by the Louis B. Mayers in honor of the visiting Henry Fords. Loretta Young got a gasp with her filmy gown that had a panel down the front composed of gold scales, giving a mermaid effect; Joan Crawford, with Bill Dozier, wore palest green chiffon trimmed with huge red roses—a gorgeous and striking color combination! Ginger Rogers with Greg Bautzer, Esther Williams and Ben Gage; the Bob Youngs;

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June Allyson and Dick Powell, happy like crazy about their coming blessed event; the Red Skeltons; Janet Gaynor and Adrian, who keeps her so chic—were just a few of the celebs at the Mayer soiree. Mrs. M. was in a diaphanous gown of white organza trimmed with tiny daisies and its creator, Orry Kelly, was there to beam upon it.

Another tremendous shindig was tossed by so wealthy Watson Webb. He has enough money to buy Twentieth Century-Fox where he toils now as head cutter, but he just loves his work—and loves giving lavish parties. Now this feller didn't just put up one big tent like most extravagant party-tossers do. He put up *three* on the grounds of his lovely home near the beach! Didn't have just one dance band, either. He furnished *two*. Plus food and viands along the lines of a bacchanalian feast. All shapes, sizes and colors of balloons floated in the big swimming pool as the Van Johnsons, the Glenn Fords, the Bill Holdens, the Darryl Zanucks, the Dan Daileys and at least a hundred more glamour-pusses just floated—over the dance floor.

THE V. Johnsons were about to move in—to their new home in Beverly and Van had already bought a lawn-mower. Said he was going to do the gardening of the place (which doesn't have huge grounds) himself. Haw! We give him about two weeks of this and will take bets he drops that kinda exercise for a return to his beloved tennis.

Want to get back to Esther Williams and June Allyson, two expectant mommas (as we write this) because both are wearing things that would never let you know unless you *knew*! The classic cardigan and its many variations are right up Esther's alley, and she carries this style to all extremes with wonderful effects. Like her cocktail or tea-party-through-dinner combination of garnet red tulle (three layers of it to make a typical "sweater" cardigan) which she wears over dresses, or with white blouses and black skirt combinations. At night, her cardigans of red or bright green silk or net go over long or short evening gowns of pale gray, black or white materials that are filmy, flowing and oh, so deceiving.

June Allyson is crazy about a dress that Dick Powell, believe it or not, designed for her and she's had it copied in various colors and fabrics. It's a sort of adaptation of a period dress—a period around the 1900's roughly. But the modern version of June's comes out as a bodice not too tight, snug as possible to a long-waisted line, full flaring skirt with most of the fullness being toward the front. The neckline is rather high, with a round collar of delicate lace—and the lace is repeated as cuffs on the sleeves, whether the sleeves be long or short. At the point where the collar opens and dips a bit, Junie wears a large, antique locket. She has this dress in many shades, but her favorite is the bachelor-button blue one—with short sleeves and made of a light-weight crepe. It can go on her and with her from morn till late at night—under the circumstances—natch!

THE END

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lovely to love?**

SEE PAGE 12

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Honeymoon Unlimited

(Continued from page 43) introduced her and Nicky to each guest in turn.

The honeymooners had come over on the "Queen Mary" with the Duke and Duchess—and the Duchess, always alive to youth and beauty, had invited them to shipboard cocktails that they might become acquainted.

"You know Elsa Maxwell, of course," the Duchess had said. And Elizabeth had laughed. "The last time we met was in the Oval Room at the White House—about four years ago. I was, I remember, just fourteen."

"And now," I said, "you are married, with all the world before you."

"I am married to a wonderful man," Elizabeth had answered simply, "and (turning to Nicky) he is the only world I want."

Remarks like this from Elizabeth are unusual, for she is shy; surprisingly shy for a girl who has been so long in the public eye. It is her great sensitivity, of course, that keeps her from being utterly self-assured—so far from anything like this, in fact, that if she is the least bit excited she actually stutters.

WHICH reminds me of the time Joanne Courtland, Jerome's sister, asked Elizabeth to get Spencer Tracy's autograph for her. "Here's your chance," she nudged Elizabeth one day when they were lunching in the M-G-M commissary and Spence came in. Elizabeth said, "Okay." Then, "No, I can't!" Then, "I'll go over right after we've had our ice cream." Then again, "No, I can't." This went on, Joanne says, until Elizabeth, half rising from her chair, then dropping back again half a dozen times, finally forced herself to go to Spence's table.

When they worked together in "Father of the Bride," she got to know Spence well enough to relax with him in spite of her even greater regard for his artistry. She and Nicky were secretly engaged when this movie was being filmed, so the wedding sequence was doubly important to her. She says, "Every time we did the shot of me walking up the aisle to the altar I was living it!"

Everyone wants to know if marriage has changed Elizabeth. In many ways she is more grown up. But she still sits on the floor, cross-legged. And she still loves to sing when she's driving along in a car. And she still loves to laugh—for the sheer pleasure of laughing.

And she's gotten thinner. No need for any waist-cincher these days. Not that there ever was, really, with her waist measuring twenty-one inches—an inch more than it measures now. But she wore a waist-cincher none the less. And one day, wearing it to a singing lesson, she found she couldn't get a note out, that she had no breath. The skirt band of her dirndl, it seems, was a waist-cincher too.

She detests planning ahead, would have no plans for her honeymoon beyond the fact that Paris would be their first stop. After that, she and Nicky were agreed, they would get into their car, which they brought over, and drive whenever and wherever the spirit led them.

So it is not surprising that it was on the impulse of the moment that they took off for London, leaving most of their luggage in Paris. The London premiere of "Father of the Bride" influenced the time of this visit somewhat, of course. This was the one "business" thing Elizabeth had agreed to do. And except for this occasion—on which she wore one of her trousseau gowns, a stiffened muslin with a strapless bodice and long, flowing skirt printed with squares of pastel blues, greens and violet—

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her studio did not permit their emissaries to make any demands upon her.

The Hiltons stopped in London at the Savoy, just off the Strand. When they arrived at their river suite, in which one wall of the sitting room was a window overlooking the Thames, the rooms were filled with flowers; roses, rhododendrons, orchids and sweet Williams.

Usually they arose about eleven o'clock and, after a breakfast of orange juice, coffee, rolls and bacon, went out to roam the town and the shops. On Bond Street Nicky indulged his passion for colorful ties. One he bought, of English woven silk, displays a skull and crossbones in white on a black background.

On Ascot's Gold Cup Day, however, they were abroad early. They wanted to be sure of a vantage place from which to view the King and Queen on their traditional ride around the course. Elizabeth wore a pale blue gabardine suit and a wide-brimmed cream straw hat, the crown of which was covered with white daisies. Nicky, foregoing the traditional gray top-per, wore gray flannels and went hatless.

OFTEN enough, entertaining friends at Canasta parties—Elizabeth is mad about the game—the Hiltons would have dinner served in their suite. Always the menu was left entirely to the discretion of the headwaiter. But, on the night that Hildegard opened at the Savoy Grill, they had a table for their party just to the left of Hildegard's piano. She tossed Elizabeth a rose from her bouquet and later joined them for a drink. Elizabeth drinks nothing more than a half glass or less of champagne. Nicky, on the other hand, likes to mix his own, has the waiter bring the bottles to his table.

Nicky, let me say, is influencing Elizabeth's appearance for the better. While they were honeymooning she was meticulous about giving the maid everything she meant to wear each day so it might be pressed. She was far less casual about her appearance than in the past.

A curious thing about Elizabeth. She loves clothes. Of their honeymoon luggage, Nicky's share was four bags while she had fourteen bags and two trunks. One trunk was filled with shoes and pocketbooks. Another held hats. Another carried her bath-powders and other toiletries, but mostly the special soaps she so loves. Every piece of luggage was carefully labeled. "Bathing suits and play clothes." "Evening dresses." "Suits." "Furs." How proud she was of her white mink stole, blue mink jacket and blue mink stole, all honeymoon finery.

But in spite of this love for clothes, never

before has she quite taken the time to see that all her buttons were buttoned or that her zipper was zipped all the way. She isn't given to spending nearly enough time before her mirror.

She seems to have no idea, really, of how beautiful she is. Time and time again people would stop her on one of the boulevards and say, "Aren't you Elizabeth Taylor?" She would smile and answer, "Yes, I am." Invariably then she would be told, "You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." Whereupon she would say, "Why, thank you," and go on talking to her companion as if there had been no interruption. Which goes to prove that you can, in time, get used to anything—even to looking like Elizabeth Taylor.

She wears almost no make-up, only lipstick. And very little jewelry except earrings, which she wears even to breakfast, and a string of pearls.

The southern coast of France, from whence Nicky and Elizabeth traveled to Rome for an audience with His Holiness, the Pope, reminded Elizabeth of California: the palm trees, the houses—white, pistache, strawberry and lemon-colored—all bright in the sunshine, the contoured hills rising steeply from the sea. So it was natural enough, as their time in Europe drew to a close, that both Elizabeth and Nicky should think more and more of their first home, the suite that awaited them at the Bel Air Hotel just beyond Beverly Hills.

"We have a fireplace," Elizabeth would say wistfully. "And the opposite side of our living room is all windows—with pull curtains. It will be cozy when the night is cold and we light a fire..."

"We're going to stay at the Bel Air until we know just what kind of a house we want," Nicky would say.

The Bel Air Hotel is a divinely beautiful place. The rambling, ranch-type building, mostly one story, is surrounded by a dense growth of trees and ferns and flowers. Set in the gardens is the oval swimming pool, blue as the sky and bordered with lounging chairs, tables, gay parasols.

There was no talk of children. In fact, when the rumor spread that Elizabeth was going to have a baby she was most embarrassed, and when she talked to her mother on the trans-Atlantic phone she protested regarding the columnists who had used this item. But knowing how well she loves small, helpless things—her pet chipmunk, kittens, dogs—I think it's safe to assume there will be a family.

Nicky's determination not to let her career interfere with their normal living is so intense; as is her love for Nicky...

THE END



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Reunion in Paris

(Continued from page 44) qualified herself from office by marriage, she was our President, an office now handled by Margie Dillon, her stand-in. I'm the Veep, moving up from Treasurer. Terry Moore probably will be elected to my old post, not as important as it might be because we pay no dues and, therefore, have no money. There are three technical advisers now, Liz, Janie, and Barbara Long Thompson. And they're qualified to advise certainly, because of the happiness of their marriages.

It was shortly after Janie's wedding that we SLOBs had our first official meeting. Janie invited us to her new apartment for a homecooked dinner. Afterwards, Liz and I took over the dinner dishes. She was in charge of the washing. I was in charge of the drying. When we finished, the Steffens were minus two plates, one saucer and one cup. Patiently, Janie commented, "Liz, you'd better marry someone who owns a hotel. You'll never make a good housewife."

Many a true word is spoken in jest. We'd all heard that Liz and Nick Hilton were dating but she'd been very reticent on the subject. This in itself should have told us how serious it was, of course. Previously Liz had always been quick to tell us, in great detail, about any new romance.

While Liz and I still sat chatting of the SLOBs, of her travels with Nicky, of Nicky, of the fun we would have when we all were back home again, the French Colonial dignitary departed. As his motor cavalcade got under way, sirens started screaming. "Remember our sirens?" demanded Liz, laughing.

On her wedding day when the bridal party left her home for the church, a big

husky motorcycle cop named Ed was assigned to us. Ed and Liz were old friends. He'd guarded the Taylor house when they'd received threatening letters. So when Liz asked him if he would sound the siren on the way to church, he said gallantly:

"Well, Elizabeth, it's against the rules, but the department will give it to you as a wedding present."

Janie, Barbara and I were in the car directly in front of Liz's car and we waved back and forth as we sped down Santa Monica Boulevard, accompanied by the screaming of the siren.

IT WAS as we all assembled in the vestibule that she, for the first time, was nervous. And no wonder! For we were greeted by the organist, who announced that the organ was broken.

"Never mind," we all told Elizabeth. "We'll hum 'Here Comes the Bride' as we walk down the aisle!"

However, Ted Harbert, who handles Liz's publicity at the studio, had a better idea. He rushed out, found an electrician and hurried him to the organ loft.

"This organ will never play," the electrician announced.

"Never?" gasped the frantic organist.

"Never," smiled the electrician, "until you turn on the 'juice.'"

In his excitement at the arrival of the bridal party the organist had forgotten to turn the switch!

What sort of a girl is Elizabeth really? Friends forever ask me that. Above all, she is not even remotely spoiled—thanks to the wonderful manner in which her mother and dad brought her up. Thanks, too, no doubt to the hazing of her older brother, Howard. Her mother was a fa-

mous Ziegfeld beauty and her understanding of show business and show people made her the perfect mother for a girl destined to become internationally celebrated as a beauty.

Even those of us who see Elizabeth all the time often are taken unaware by her loveliness. We were, on her wedding day. We all waited in the lower hall to see her come down the staircase. I've never seen a girl look as beautiful as she did.

She's a tremendously sensitive person. She knows that as a movie star she must be a matter of news. But I've seen her break down and cry when radio commentators rebuked her for such silly little things as any girl might do.

Unkindness hurts her all the more, I think, because she is generous and kind of heart by instinct. I have never known her to be malicious or catty or mean. She's voluble, too, in her admiration of other girls, occasionally mourning the fact that she hasn't their particular shade of hair or their petite figure. (What happened to her should happen to me!)

She's pretty healthy mentally and physically, entirely lacking any inhibitions or allergies. But she detests stockings. Even on her wedding day she would not wear them. She has a fine sense of humor and from her dad, who is a famous art dealer, she inherits a talent for painting and sculpture. The first impressive bust she sculptured got a typical name. She called it "Mona Lizzie." And when a series of schoolgirl romances were broken off and she was assailed in the papers she coined a new name for herself, "The Jilt." It was Liz, too, who conjured up S.L.O.B.

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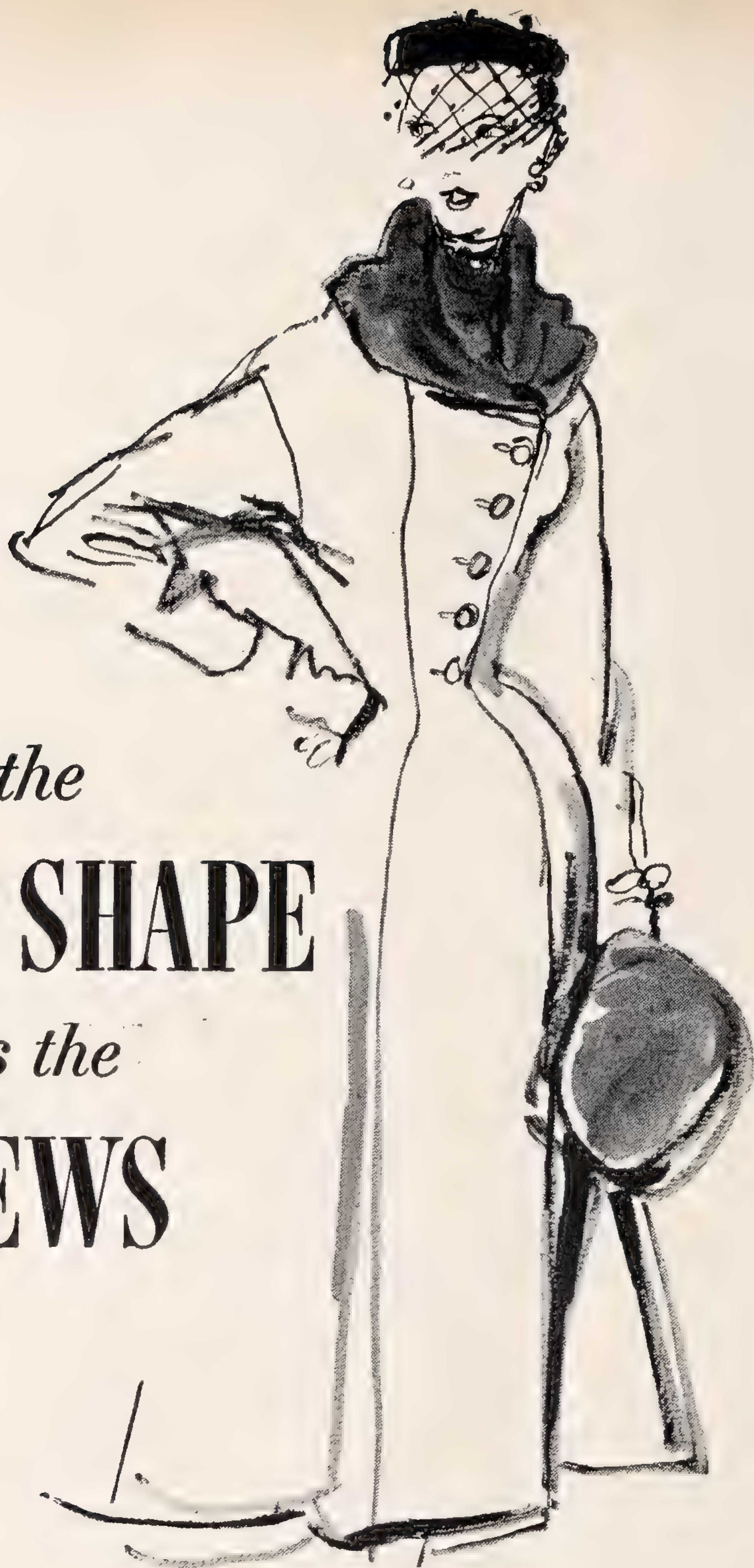
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ever seen her, she greeted each of us at the door with a gardenia and a tiny scroll on which was written "Liz and Nick—May 6th." Right away I asked to see her engagement ring. With great pride and seriousness she extended her third finger, left hand, on which rested a minute diamond. Flustered, I didn't know what to say, but finally remarked how lovely it was. At which point Liz burst out laughing and produced her real engagement ring, a magnificent four-carat, emerald-cut diamond.

She loves dogs in general and Butch in particular. Butch is quite a character in his own right. When Liz bought him she believed she was buying a miniature French poodle but at eight months of age, Butch, black and shaggy and the most affectionate little-big dog who's ever bowled me over, had grown far beyond miniature size and was still growing when I last saw him.

Liz has faults, too. But they're minor. Her chronic lateness exasperates those who don't know her and has infuriated newspapermen who misconstrued tardiness as an expression of her disregard for lesser mortals. Nothing could be further from the truth because she is the friendliest of persons. But the only time, actually, I ever knew her to be ready ahead of time was on her wedding day.

I've known Liz for two years and I'd say she is a regular down-to-earth pleasant American girl, the kind you'd want for a friend or the kind any mother would want for her daughter. Remaining with me is one vivid impression of her wedding. As she neared the pew where her mother was seated she halted her father imperceptibly and, leaning toward her mother, threw her a kiss that was freighted with tenderness.

All the time we had been talking in the George V lobby that day, Elizabeth had been watching the door. Suddenly she jumped to her feet. "Here's Nicky!" And tall, big-shouldered Nicky Hilton, grinning and wearing the handsome new tie that had been Elizabeth's surprise for him that morning, came striding towards us.

He's a lucky guy, Nicky Hilton. And he deserves to be. Because he's a nice guy, too.

THE END



When Betty Sullivan and Liz Taylor caught the bridal bouquet together at Jane Powell's wedding, they formed the S. L. O. B. Club, with Janie as adviser

Brief Reviews

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✓✓ (F) *ADMIRAL WAS A LADY*—UA: An off-the-beaten-track comedy on how the lives of four ex-GI's (Edmond O'Brien, Johnny Sand, Dick Erdman and Steve Brodie) are complicated by the arrival of ex-Wave Wanda Hendrix, who's trying to locate her fiancé. With Rudy Vallee. (Aug.)

✓✓ (A) *ASPHALT JUNGLE, THE*—M-G-M: A brutally frank and ironic story of a jewelry store holdup and the punishment of its executors. With Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffee, James Whitmore, Jean Hagen and Marilyn Monroe. (July)

✓ (F) *BEYOND THE PURPLE HILLS*—Columbia: Standard Autry epic with Gene as a sheriff tracking down a slippery murderer. (Aug.)

✓✓ (A) *BRIGHT LEAF*—Warners: A colorful tale about the tobacco-growing country of 1894 with Gary Cooper as a tenant-farmer who becomes rich by the invention of the cigarette machine. With Pat Neal, Lauren Bacall, Jack Carson. (July)

✓✓ ½ (F) *BROKEN ARROW*—20th Century-Fox: Beautiful, intelligent Western. Jimmy Stewart, a fearless frontiersman, tries to effect a peace treaty with Apache Chief Jeff Chandler. Debra Paget is a lovely Indian maiden. (Aug.)

✓✓ ½ (A) *CAGED*—Warners: Eleanor Parker, a young first offender becomes a hard, bitter woman after a year in prison. An interesting but morbid film. With Agnes Moorehead, Hope Emerson. (July)

✓ (A) *CARGO TO CAPETOWN*—Columbia: Broderick Crawford and John Ireland are wasted in a brawny sea yarn with little excitement and less originality. Ellen Drew's the girl. (July)

✓✓ (F) *CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN*—20th Century-Fox: The amusing and episodic adventures of a large family in which Clifton Webb plays a brilliant but eccentric father; Myrna Loy, an understanding mother and Jeanne Crain, Barbara Bates, the two elder daughters. (July)

✓ (F) *COLT 45*—Warners: Unbelievable and rather dull story of men who fight and die because of the Colt repeating pistol. Randolph Scott's the salesman who introduces the gun in the West; Zachary Scott's the dastardly villain; Ruth Roman, the love interest. (Aug.)

✓✓ (A) *CRISIS*—M-G-M: In this grim drama, Cary Grant is kidnapped to perform a brain operation on Fascist dictator Jose Ferrer and is torn between his duty to his profession and to his wife Paula Raymond, held hostage by revolutionist Gilbert, to be killed if Ferrer survives. With Signe Hasso. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *DAMNED DON'T CRY, THE*—Warners: An interesting gangster melodrama that has Joan Crawford going from a respectable but poor housewife, to racketeer David Brian's ladylove. With Kent Smith and Steve Cochran. (July)

✓✓✓ (F) *DESTINATION MOON*—Pal-Eagle Lion: A journey filled with out-of-this-world adventures takes John Archer, Warner Anderson, Dick Wesson and Tom Powers zooming through space. (Sept.)

✓ (F) *DEVIL'S DOORWAY*—M-G-M: Robert Taylor, a full blooded Shoshone Civil War Hero returns to his Wyoming ranch and discovers even good Indians aren't wanted. Paula Raymond's a lady attorney, Louis Calhern, a shady lawyer in this fair-to-middling Western. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *DUCHESS OF IDAHO*—M-G-M: A gay Technicolor musical concerning the romantic mix-ups of Esther Williams, Paula Raymond, Van Johnson, John Lund. Plenty of stunning Sun Valley scenery and Esther's aquatics to entertain. (Sept.)

✓✓ ½ (F) *FATHER OF THE BRIDE*—M-G-M: Hilarious comedy about the complications of wedding preparations. Liz Taylor is breathtakingly beautiful as Don Taylor's bride and Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett make delightful parents. (July)

✓✓✓ (F) *FLAME AND THE ARROW, THE*—Norma Warners: Burt Lancaster leaps, jumps and flies through the air in the grand manner of Douglas Fairbanks to make this Technicolor tale of the dashing medieval adventurer and the noble lady (Virginia Mayo) first-class entertainment. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *FRIGHTENED CITY*—Columbia: The New York smallpox scare of 1946 inspired this exciting story of smuggler Evelyn Keyes who brings the dread virus into the country along with some precious jewels. With Charles Korvin, William Bishop, Lola Albright. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *FURIES, THE*—Wallis-Paramount: This colorful drama stars the late Walter Huston as a cattle baron who rules his empire with an iron hand, his daughter Barbara Stanwyck with kid gloves. With Judith Anderson and Wendell Corey. (Aug.)

✓✓ ½ (F) *GOOD HUMOR MAN, THE*—Columbia: Slapstick cops-and-robbers comedy with Jack Carson as an ice-cream salesman who gets himself into a jam. Lola Albright and Jean Wallace are the blondes in his life. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *GREAT JEWEL ROBBER, THE*—Warners: Authentic case history with David Brian as a jewel thief who broke hearts as well as safes. Marjorie Reynolds, Claudia Barrett, Jacqueline de Wit are the gals he done wrong. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *GUNFIGHTER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Off-the-beaten-path Western with more suspense than shooting as outlaw Gregory Peck, fighting against time, tries to persuade his estranged wife Helen Westcott to start a new life with him. With Millard Mitchell, Jean Parker. (July)

✓ (F) *HAPPY YEARS, THE*—M-G-M: Dean Stockwell, Darryl Hickman, Scotty Beckett are involved in prep-school problems at the Lawrenceville Academy of the 1890's. For the younger set. (Sept.)

✓✓✓ (A) *IN A LONELY PLACE*—Columbia: One of the year's best murder mysteries, with Humphrey Bogart as the chief suspect; Gloria Grahame and Frank Lovejoy. (July)



Irritated skin. "I have skin allergy problems," says Mrs. V. M. Bratthauer of Miami Shores. "Noxzema helps relieve the itching of the resultant skin irritation. It's my stand-by as an aid to softer, smoother looking skin."

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No need for a lot of elaborate preparations... no complicated rituals! With one cream you can cleanse... help protect... and help heal! The secret is a marvelous new Home Facial, using only greaseless Noxzema. And it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

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1. Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly.

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A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-look-

ing skin. And you'll be thrilled to see how it can help your skin look lovelier, too! Noxzema is a medicated formula—a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion—helps normalize both dry and oily skin.

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No complexion troubles for Betty Jane Hokenstrom of Minneapolis who says, "I use Noxzema every night and morning to help my skin look soft and smooth. I keep a jar handy in my desk at work."

*externally-caused.



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BIG 85¢ JAR

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Limited offer—stock up now!

✓✓ (F) *IT'S A SMALL WORLD*—Castle-Eagle Lion: An intelligent treatment of the midget problem which has Paul Dale mixed up with crooks Lorraine Miller and Steve Brodie before he adjusts himself to circus life. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *JACKIE ROBINSON STORY, THE*—Jewel-Eagle Lion: Baseball fans will love this true life story of the famous Brooklyn Dodger with Jackie himself in the lead. Ruby Dee, Minor Watson and Louise Beavers lend able support. (Aug.)

✓ (F) *KILL THE UMPIRE*—Columbia: Ex-ball player William Bendix, longing for his home on the diamond, gets a job as an umpire and discovers what these much abused fellows go through. It's funny in spots. With Una Merkel, Ray Collins. (Aug.)

✓✓ (A) *KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS*—Rank-Eagle Lion: Delightfully different type of satire in which Dennis Price merrily sets out to eliminate eight relatives (all brilliantly played by Alec Guinness) who stand in the way of his title. With Valerie Hobson, Joan Greenwood. (Aug.)

✓ (A) *LAWLESS, THE*—Paramount-Pine-Thomas: Newspaper-owner Macdonald Carey and Gail Russell defend a Mexican crop picker who gets involved in a fight that almost snowballs into a lynching. A hard-hitting drama. (July)

✓✓ (F) *LOVE THAT BRUTE*—20th Century-Fox: Strictly for laughs is this spoof of the roaring twenties with Paul Douglas, Jean Peters. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *LOUISA*—U-I: Sprightly comedy about love over sixty with Spring Byington pursued by Charles Coburn and Edmund Gwenn with Ronald Reagan, Ruth Hussey, Piper Laurie. (Aug.)

✓✓✓ (A) *MEN, THE*—Kramer-UA: Marlon Brando makes his screen debut as a paralyzed World War II vet who rehabilitates himself with the help of his girl Teresa Wright and his doctor, Everett Sloan. Strong screen fare. (July)

✓ (F) *MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST*—Wallis-Paramount: Not as funny as its predecessor, this sequel takes Irma (Marie Wilson) and Jane (Diana Lynn) to Las Vegas, where they all but wreck the town. John Lund, Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin. (Aug.)

✓ (F) *MYSTERY STREET*—M-G-M: Semi-documentary thriller with Ricardo Montalban, Jan Sterling, Marshall Thompson, Sally Forrest. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR, THE*—M-G-M: Profoundly moving story of the way an average American family reacts when the Voice of God is heard over radio. With James Whitmore, Nancy Davis, Gary Gray, Lillian Bronson. (Aug.)

✓✓ (A) *NIGHT AND THE CITY*—20th Century-Fox: Richard Widmark is nastier than ever in this seamy story of the wrestling racket in foggy London. Gene Tierney and Hugh Marlowe are but briefly seen as the only decent people. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *PANIC IN THE STREETS*—20th Century-Fox: Health officer Richard Widmark and police captain Paul Douglas join forces to round up Walter Palance and Zero Mostel, carriers of a deadly plague. Exciting. With Barbara Bel Geddes. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *PEGGY*—U-I: Sisters Barbara Lawrence and Diana Lynn vie for the title of Rose Queen in Pasadena's Tournament of Roses. With Charles Coburn, Rock Hudson, Charles Drake. (Sept.)

✓ (F) *RETURN OF THE FRONTIERSMAN*—Warners: Only redeeming points of this violent Western are a good performance by Gordon MacRae and lush Technicolor. With Julie London, Jack Holt, Rory Calhoun. (Aug.)

✓ (F) *ROGUES OF SHERWOOD FOREST*—Columbia: John Derek as the noble son of Robin Hood goes out to right the wrongs inflicted by villainous George Macready. With Diana Lynn. (Sept.)

✓✓ (A) *SLEEPING CITY, THE*—U-I: Richard Conte's the detective out to smash New York's narcotic racket in this semi-documentary drama. Peggy Dow and Coleen Gray supply the romance. (July)

✓✓ ½ (A) *SUNSET BOULEVARD*—Paramount: Gloria Swanson returns to the screen in a gripping story of a faded star who lives in the past. With Bill Holden and Nancy Olson. (Sept.)

✓ (F) *SUNSET IN THE WEST*—Republic: This time Roy Rogers is a cattle buyer who helps sheriff, Will Wright, capture nasty gangsters. (Aug.)

✓ (F) *THIS SIDE OF THE LAW*—Warners: An unbelievable tale involving impersonation, murder and other forms of mayhem which wastes the talents of Kent Smith, Viveca Lindfors, Janis Paige. (Sept.)

✓✓✓ (F) *THREE LITTLE WORDS*—M-G-M: A lavish musical with heart, based on the lives and music of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. With Fred Astaire, Red Skelton, Vera Ellen, Arlene Dahl, Keenan Wynn, Gloria De Haven. (Aug.)

✓✓ (F) *TICKET TO TOMAHAWK, A*—20th Century-Fox: An action-packed satire on Westerns with Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter, Rory Calhoun. (July)

✓✓ ½ (F) *TREASURE ISLAND*—Disney-RKO: The magic of this famous adventure story is captured in Technicolor and superb live-action performances by Bobby Driscoll. With Robert Newton. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *WABASH AVENUE*—20th Century-Fox: Chicago in the '90's is the setting of this plush Technicolor musical with Betty Grable, Phil Harris and Victor Mature. (July)

✓ ½ (A) *WHERE DANGER LIVES*—RKO: Faith Domergue on the verge of madness meets Doctor Robert Mitchum and almost ruins his love life (Maureen O'Sullivan) and his career. Not a pretty picture. With Claude Rains. (Sept.)

✓✓ ½ (A) *WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS*—20th Century-Fox: A taut violent drama with Dana Andrews as a detective who accidentally kills Craig Stevens and tries to cover up his deed. Gene Tierney's the murdered man's wife. With Gary Merrill Tom Tully. (Sept.)

✓✓ (F) *WINCHESTER '73*—U-I: Action-packed Western, complete with Indian raid, bank robbery and ambush which centers around a crack rifle and a deadly feud between brothers Jimmy Stewart and Stephen McNally. With Shelley Winters. (Sept.)

Casts of Current Pictures

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN THE FOREIGN LEGION—U-I: Jonesy, Bud Abbott; Max, Lou Costello; Nicole, Patricia Medina; Axmann, Walter Slezak; Hamud El Khalid, Douglas Dumbrille; Commandant, Fred Nurney; Abdullah, Wee Willie Davis; Hassam, Leon Belasco; Ali Ami, Jack Raymond; Ibrim, Henry Corden.

CONVICTED—Columbia: Joe Hufford, Glenn Ford; George Knowland, Broderick Crawford; Malloby, Millard Mitchell; Kay Knowland, Dorothy Malone; Captain Douglas, Carl Benton Reid; Ponti, Frank Faylen; Mapes, Will Geer; Bertie Williams, Martha Stewart; Detective Dorn, Henry O'Neill; Detective Bailey, Douglas Kennedy; Vernon Bradley, Roland Winters; Mackay, Ed Begley; Eddie, Frank Cady; Tex, John Doucette; Martha Lorry, Ilka Gruning; Curly, John A. Butler; Luigi, Peter Virgo.

FANCY PANTS—Paramount: Humphrey, Bob Hope; Agatha Floud, Lucille Ball; Cart Belknap, Bruce Cabot; Mike Floud, Jack Kirkwood; Effie Floud, Lea Penman; George Van-Basingwell, Hugh French; Sir Wimbley, Eric Blore; Wampum, Joseph Vitale; Teddy Roosevelt, John Alexander; Lady Maude, Norma Varden.

GLASS MENAGERIE, THE—Warners: Laura, Jane Wyman; Jim, Kirk Douglas; Amanda, Gertrude Lawrence; Tom, Arthur Kennedy; Mendoza, Ralph Sanford; Clerk, Ann Tyrrell; Young Man, John Compton; Woman Instructor, Gertrude Graner; Mrs. Miller, Sara Edwards; Miss Porter, Louise Lorrimer; Eddie, Cris Alcaide.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES—M-G-M: Elizabeth Curtis, Deborah Kerr; Allan Quatermain, Stewart Granger; John Goode, Richard Carlson; Smith, Hugo Haas; Eric Masters, Lowell Gilmore; Khiva, Kimursi; Umbopa, Siriaque.

EYE WITNESS—Coronado-Eagle Lion: Adam Heyward, Robert Montgomery; Col. Summerfield, Leslie Banks; Judge, Felix Aylmer; Alex Summerfield, Patricia Wayne; Sir Adrian Horth, K. C., Andrew Cruickshank; Beamish, Harcourt Williams; Mary Baxter, Jenny Laird; Sam Baxter, Michael Ripper; Ann Summerfield, Ann Stephens; Widgery, Wylie Watson; Martin Foxglove, K. C., Noel Howlett; Prouty, James Hayter; P. C. Hawkins, John Sharp; Ellen Foster, Shelagh Fraser; Jim Foster, Philip Dale; Taxi Driver, Hal Osmond.

KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE—Cagney-Warners: Ralph Cotter, James Cagney; Holiday, Barbara Payton; Margaret Dobson, Helena Carter; Inspector Weber, Ward Bond; Mandon, Luther Adler; Reece, Barton MacLane; Jinx Raynor, Steve Brodie; Vic Mason, Rhys Williams; Ezra Dobson, Herbert Heyes; Tolgate, John Littel; Byers, William Frawley; Det. Gray, Robert Karnes; Det. Fowler, Kenneth Tobey; Dist. Attorney, Dan Riss.

LADY WITHOUT PASSPORT, A—M-G-M: Marianne Loress, Hedy Lamarr; Pete Karczag, John Hodiak; Inspector Westlake, James Craig; Palinov, George Macready; Archer James, Bruce Cowling; Harry Nordell, Nedrick Young; Jose, Carl Millaire; Sestina, Renzo Cesano.

OUTRAGE—Filmakers-RKO: Ann Walton, Mala Powers; Dr. Bruce Ferguson, Tod Andrews; Jim Owens, Robert Clarke; Mr. Walton, Raymond Bond; Mrs. Walton, Lillian Hamilton; Stella Carter, Rita Lupino; Sgt. Hendrix, Hal March; Mr. Harrison, Kenneth Patterson; Frank Marini, Jerry Paris; Mrs. Harrison, Angela Clarke; Sheriff Hanlon, Roy Engel; Scarface, Albert Mellen.

PRETTY BABY—Warners: Sam Morley, Dennis Morgan; Patsy Douglas, Betsy Drake; Barry Holmes, Zachary Scott; Cyrus Baxter, Edmund Gwenn; Corcoran, William Frawley; Sidney, Raymond Roe; Powers, Ransom Sherman; Peggy, Sheila Stephens; Miss Brindel, Eleanor Audley; Henderson, George Chandler; Receptionist, Barbara Billingsley.

STELLA—20th Century-Fox: Stella, Ann Sheridan; Jeff De Marco, Victor Mature; Carl Granger, David Wayne; Claire, Randy Stuart; Mary, Marion Marshall; Don, Frank Fontaine; Fred, Leif Erickson; Flora, Evelyn Varden; Mrs. Calhoun, Lea Penman; Peggy Denny, Joyce MacKenzie; Tim Gross, Hobart Cavanaugh; Mr. Becker, Charles Halton.

SUMMER STOCK—M-G-M: Jane Falbury, Judy Garland; Joe D. Ross, Gene Kelly; Orville Wingait, Eddie Bracken; Abigail Falbury, Gloria De Haven; Esme, Marjorie Main; Herb Blake, Phil Silvers; Mr. Wingait, Ray Collins; Harrison Keath, Hans Conried.

TEA FOR TWO—Warners: Nan, Doris Day; Jimmy, Gordon MacRae; Tommy, Gene Nelson; Pauline, Eve Arden; Larry, Billy De Wolfe; Max, S. Z. Sakall; Early, Bill Goodwin; Beatrice, Patrice Wymore; Mabel, Virginia Gibson; Stevens, Crauford Kent.

THREE HUSBANDS—Gloria-UA: Lucille McCabe, Eve Arden; Jane Evans, Ruth Warrick; Mary Whittaker, Vanessa Brown; Dan McCabe, Howard da Silva; Arthur Evans, Shepperd Strudwick; Kenneth Whittaker, Robert Karnes; Maxwell Bard, Emlyn Williams; Mrs. Whittaker, Billie Burke; Matilda Clegg, Louise Erickson; Mr. Wurdeman, Jonathan Hale; Mrs. Wurdeman, Jane Darwell.

THREE SECRETS—Warners: Susan Chase, Eleanor Parker; Phyllis Horn, Patricia Neal; Ann Lawrence, Ruth Roman; Bob Duffy, Frank Lovejoy; Bill Chase, Leif Erickson; Del Prince, Ted de Corsia; Hardin, Edmon Ryan; Mark Harrison, Larry Keating; Mrs. Connors, Katherine Warren; Paul Radin, Arthur Franz; Johnny, Duncan Richardson.

UNION STATION—Paramount: Lt. William Calhoun, William Holden; Joyce Willembe, Nancy Olson; Insp. Donnelly, Barry Fitzgerald; Joe Beaumont, Lyle Bettger; Marge Wrighter, Jan Sterling; Lorna Murchison, Allene Roberts; Henry Murchison, Herbert Heyes; Gus Hadder, Don Dunning; Vince Marley, Fred Graff; Detective Shattuck, James Seay.

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If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

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☐ A steamy shower
☐ Stay indoors

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- ☐ Have a plan or two
☐ Pick the town's top nitery
☐ Shrug your shoulders

If he leaves the doings up to you—the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant confidently, even on "certain" occasions—with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, for those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.

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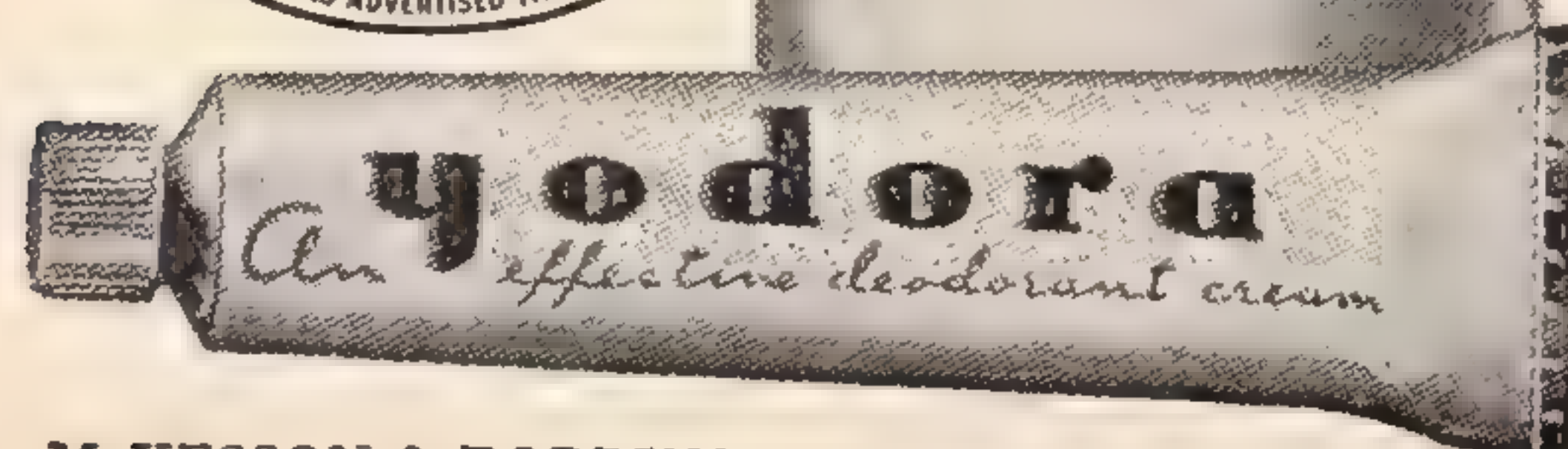
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I Can't Believe It!

(Continued from page 34) But it is utterly impossible to outguess her where her heart is concerned.

Was she really carrying a torch for Ted all these months since their separation when she seemed to be the gayest "bachelor girl" in Hollywood, whirling from one date to another with Bob Sterling or Milton Berle or Milt Pickman?

I don't believe so—and I know Betty well. I think she loved her freedom and enjoyed every bit of it *in the beginning*.

NOT LONG after her second separation from Ted I ran into Betty at a cocktail party. She had just finished "Let's Dance" and was still excited over having been teamed with Fred Astaire. Her eyes aglow, her cheeks tanned to a deep golden color, there was no trace of the moodiness I had seen so many times during the years she and Ted were trying to work out their on-again-off-again marriage.

She was very adamant about *not* returning to Ted. After we had found a quiet corner in which to do a little girl-talk, she told me: "No, Louella, I am not reconciling with Ted. He is living in Chicago where he is much happier and I certainly have more peace and contentment now than I had when I was trying to keep our marriage from breaking up without completely wrecking myself."

She seemed to be speaking on the anger of a fresh hurt as she went on to say, "I may be wrong—your thinking gets twisted when you are angry. But I feel that Ted was actually never in love with me, the girl, Betty. He was in love with a motion picture actress and that was all he wanted. No woman wants to feel it is not her real self a man cares for."

"If I ever marry again, I want a man who does not lean on me, but one independent enough to say, 'Come on, Betty, no more pictures this year. You've worked hard enough.' I want him to love me for myself, not because I am in the limelight."

"I've worked all my life. I would even consider retiring if I married a man who could take care of me. I want most of all a man who will share responsibilities, who is tender and thoughtful and good to my two children, and who will cherish me without hysterical outbursts of jealousy."

"I would be a good wife to such a man. I can cook, keep house, and I wouldn't need a house full of servants to make him or myself comfortable. I want to earn enough money to support my two daughters, little Lindsay and Candace, until they are twenty-one. After that they will be independently rich. Their grandfather has settled a million-dollar trust fund on each of my girls."

"Until I meet the man, and I know he is somewhere in this world, I want the laughter of love, the fun of dating and getting flowers and phone calls and drives in the moonlight and holding hands without getting my heart seriously involved."

If she felt like that just a few short months ago you may well be asking, "Why in the world is she trying marriage again with the same man?"

It would take a psychoanalyst to answer that, and I am not one. But let's go over the case history:

Betty parted from Briskin right after the strain of the greatest professional success she has ever made, "Annie Get Your Gun." She was so eager to make a success in Irving Berlin's great musical that her nerves were frayed.

During the making of the picture, nothing else mattered to her and anything outside only irritated and diverted her. She worked on her songs and dances like a dog—and she would come home exhausted.

Everything was exaggerated out of pro-

portion. What might have been just minor differences between her and her husband became mountains of trouble. They parted just before "Annie" was released.

Even Betty, with all her prayers and hopes, did not dream that the picture would be the whopping success it was. Suddenly she was the girl of the hour in Hollywood. As the brilliant star of the top box office musical, she reached a peak of achievement known to few musical actresses.

The excitement and dizzy success of "Annie" served well to carry her past the first wrench of her rift with Ted. It was impossible for her to be ecstatically happy over one climax in her life and unhappy over another—at the same time.

It was only human that Betty should respond to the flattery and attentions she received, not only as the star of the hour—but as a gay and unattached "bachelor girl." And she loved it.

But even the giddiest pace must subside, and when she had time to catch her breath I think Betty began to think.

She is honest enough to know that it takes two to quarrel. She began to do some tall thinking between the night club dates and summer romances.

To make things even tougher, she had never told the children that she and Ted were parted. They thought their father was just on a long business trip "back in Chicago." It came as a stab in the heart, suddenly, when they would ask her, "When is Daddy coming back?"

For—make no mistake about it—under all that bounce and zing of the Hutton personality is a deep maternal instinct and devotion to family and home.

Knowing Betty as I do—I know she must have begun to think, "Have I done wrong to deprive my children of their father, whom they love very much?"

Yes, as the gay whirl of the merry-go-round began to slow down, I believe Betty began to think very serious things and to question the wisdom of her action in leaving Ted.

LOVE has never been an easy, comfortable emotion in Betty's life. Offhand, I cannot think of any Hollywood girl who has ever been more deeply hurt by love, unless it was the equally blonde and dynamic Jean Harlow. But where Jean's heartaches were exposed to the world to see, many of Betty's hurts have never been known except to the people who love her best.

I remember when Betty first came to Hollywood, a big-eyed, eager kid. She was consumed by ambition. She wanted to do great things, achieve great triumphs. And in a hurry! Her career was the only thing that counted with her. And then, she met a man—a handsome, oh-so-attractive man. But he was not free to marry her, although he sent her orchids with cards saying, "I adore you."

During the two years this romance lasted Betty became depressed and lost weight at an alarming rate.

She was so deeply in love that she would do nothing except sit at home in the apartment she shared with her mother and wait for this man to call her up. A telephone call from him meant more than the most glamorous date with any of the eligible men with whom she could have stepped out.

I was one of the few who knew about this tragedy in Betty's life, and I was amazed at her depth of feeling (she was just out of her teens then). She had my deepest sympathy, because there is no heartache for a woman that's worse than deeply and truly falling in love with a man who is not free.

Eventually this love which had so consumed her wore itself out—as it had to. There is an innate spunk and firmness in Betty that would not permit her to throw her life away in a hopeless love. She, at last, made up her mind that this unhappy chapter was over in her life. But it cost her a lot to close the door on her love.

I've always believed it was just the "rebound" that caused her to announce a brief "engagement" to a good looking writer named Charles Martin. She wanted to fall in love with another man so much that I think she hypnotized herself into believing she cared for Martin.

I think, too, that she wanted to prove to that former man in her life that she was completely free of him when, on a personal appearance tour, she announced her engagement to Martin from a stage in New York, because she had no real, sincere feeling for Martin. It did not even hurt her, I'm sure, when he, ungallantly, told reporters no engagement existed.

After that, she became a little cynical about men. Once, bitterly, she said, "I want a home and children more than anything else in the world. But, darn it, I wish I could have them without a man!"

She met Ted Briskin, the man she married, on a flying trip through Chicago. Betty and her press agent and close friend, Margaret Ettinger, happened to be dining alone there one evening. Across the room was a tall, dark and attractive man—Ted Briskin, son of a wealthy Illinois family.

Ted looked at Betty. Betty looked at Ted. And the first thing she realized after that first electric shock was that he had found a mutual friend and was standing in front of her table being introduced.

The story of their romance and marriage needs no long recounting here. For awhile, with the birth of their two daughters, I believe they were very happy. But Ted, who knows nothing about the picture business, made the fatal error of trying to manage Betty's career.

They had serious quarrels, always ending with Betty's tears and Ted's promises that he would not interfere any more. But he did. With Betty's career soaring higher and higher, his domineering ways—both in their private life and in her work—created an intolerable situation. They made a break six months ago, only to reconcile again because of the children, then part again in bitterness.

Now Betty and Ted will try again with the new "recipe."

Maybe these months they have been apart have washed away all the wrong things between them. I sincerely hope so—particularly for the sake of their beautiful little girls, who love them both so much.

THE END



Ted Briskin and Betty Hutton believe they have found a "recipe" for marriage

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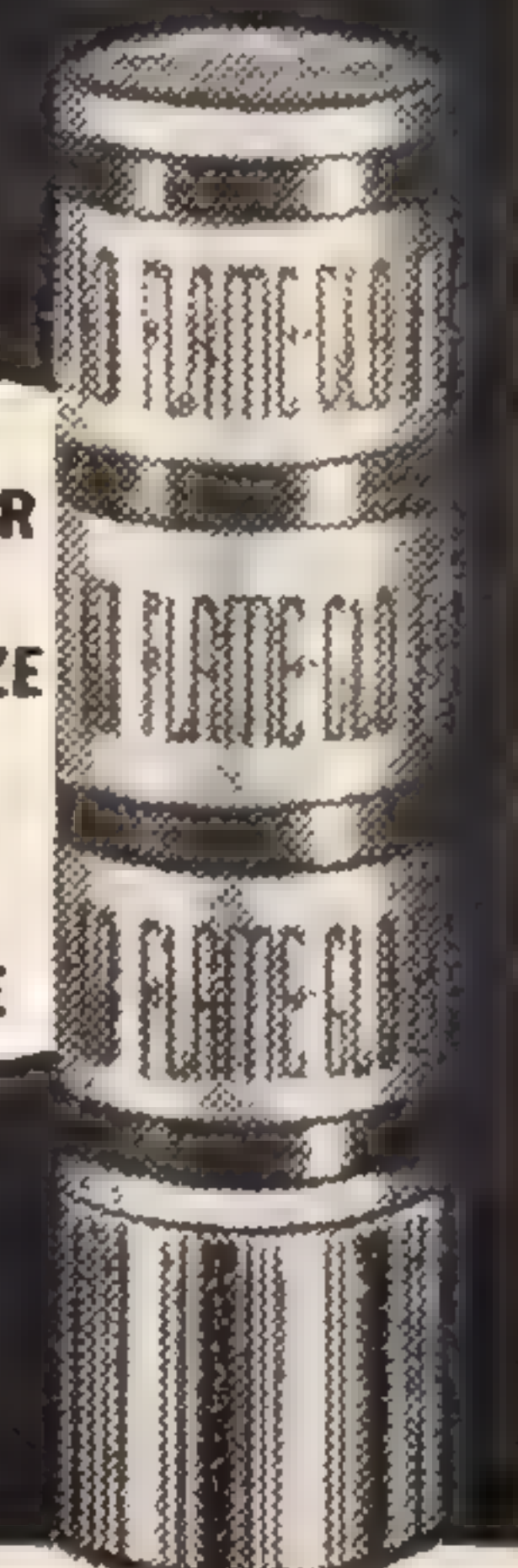
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(Continued from page 55) make that statement! However, Georgia, Gene's combination cook and housekeeper, need have no fear of losing her job. "She's wonderful," Gene sings her praises. "She not only cooks divinely but in an emergency she can become a hairdresser or a chauffeur."

While Gene's husband, distinguished designer Oleg Cassini, was in New York recently, her mother, Mrs. Belle Tierney, was visiting her.

One night Gene and her mother were getting ready to go to a premiere. "You can't drive yourself to a premiere," Georgia said firmly, "and certainly not in that car. It looks like it just left Tobacco Road." So while Gene and her mother dressed, Georgia washed the car, and then drove them there and back in fine style.

"And that's not all," Gene adds with a laugh. "With everybody in town playing Canasta I've been trying to learn to play too. I've tried to play it with Jennifer Jones and Mrs. Joe Cotten. Both of them said, 'Learn to play first, and then we'll have a game.' I can take a hint. So who's teaching me Canasta? Georgia, of course."

Gene has reduced movie-star living to its simplest form. She went through the big glamour house phase several years ago. She also had a big glamour party with a cellophane tent. Today, however, she goes in for small houses, small parties—and small cars.

Gene is one of those people who haunt antique shops, secondhand stores and auctions. Her present house is the eighth house she has decorated—and all from her haunting. Some of her pieces are quite expensive, of course. But she has picked up many a neat bargain in these shops and at auctions, as anyone can who has the time and the patience to acquire the know-how. Gene knows her antiques and rarely gets "taken." But it happens. Once, however, she bought a flower bowl at an auction thinking she just had a nice flower bowl. Imagine her delight when she got home and discovered it was a valuable Sèvres bowl. It now decorates her living room mantel.

Gene has turned the far end of the living room into a dinette. When she has more than four for dinner she puts up a card table. Most of her entertaining, however, is buffet. Followed by charades. She and Oleg like to "act."

The living room and dinette are done, for the most part, in 18th Century French. The four chairs in the dinette were made in France in the 18th Century and are "signed" by a craftsman of that era, which means they were made especially for some celebrity of that period. She bought the chairs at an antique shop in Los Angeles. The dining table she bought in the antique department of Macy's in New York. It's Venetian. ("Don't keep your room completely in period," says Gene. "Venetian furniture goes well with 18th Century French.") There are two inlaid Italian tables in the living room which she also bought at Macy's. Many of the big department stores, Gene advises city homemakers, have wonderful antique shops.

At the end of the living room, opposite the dinette, is an old French bureau which she bought at auction. Above it is an old-fashioned embroidered picture in an antique frame which she found in an antique shop. Gene's theory on pictures is that if you can't afford original Utrillos, Picassos, Renoirs, etc., buy these lovely old embroidered pictures—or pictures painted on glass, so popular in the 18th and 19th Centuries. Gene has one large painting in her living room over the fireplace of herself and eldest daughter Daria, done several

years ago by Elig Kanarek. Family pictures, ranging from the dignified studio portrait to the undignified snapshot, in silver frames, appear all over the house.

Gray is the basic color of the walls in the living room and dinette. The carpet is grass green, and the draperies are beige with a red and green embroidered strawberry motif. In front of the fireplace are two love seats covered in beige with small cushions of the same material as the drapes. In a semi-bay window, across from the fireplace, is a large couch covered in beige satin with cushions of the same material.

"I used to like loud colors," says Gene, "fluffy ruffles and colorful chintz. But today I like muted tones, they are so peaceful, with bright colors used only as an accent." When she entertains she has white flowers in the various vases in the room, but ordinarily she uses flowers from the garden, hibiscus, delphiniums, geraniums, daisies and zinnias.

Before the fireplace, between the love seats, is a coffee table. Gene found a lovely old tray in an antique shop. For \$40 she had a black lacquer base made up for it. In front of the large couch is a modern coffee table with a Chinese motif.

The chandelier in the dinette is an old French one she bought from a dealer in California who specializes in old fixtures. His shop is snowed under with antique fixtures. But he just can't be hurried. One day when Gene had just about despaired of hearing from him he called her and said, "I dug up a chandelier in the garage last night. I think it's what you want." And it was, exactly. Amethysts and white crystals hang from the chandelier.

If you are pressed for space when you entertain, as Gene is, you'll like her suggestion for a space-saver. When she serves buffet luncheon or dinner she brings out a regular suitcase rack, places a tray on it and arranges her silver on the tray. The rack cost \$2.95, and is painted red.

The woodbox in the living room is small and dainty and 18th Century. It came from the flea market in New York. Gene spent a whole afternoon browsing around. "Well, Miss Tierney," said the manager to her as he was just about to close the place, "if you don't want to buy anything, let me give you something." And he gave her the woodbox. Naturally Gene bought something after that.

THE consoles in the dinette are of bleached wood with marble-tops of pink and cocoa. She bought them at an auction. Standing on them are beautiful old vases, and above them gold-leaf mirrors she found in an antique shop in Glendale. The mirrors are no good for seeing yourself but they are very lovely.

To the left of the fireplace are shelves full of books. And to the left and the right of the door leading from the dinette to the kitchen are cabinet shelves filled with Gene's Lowestoft china, her silver tea service, and assorted antiques, including a Limoges clock. The fixture man gave her the clock for Christmas. She had works put in it and now it keeps time beautifully.

Between the doors leading off the living room is a large standing black lacquer lamp, with a shelf for family pictures, and a green pleated shade. There are other attractive lamps in the living room. Two of them were originally very handsome blue and gold candlesticks. She had them made into lamps with blue *tole* shades.

Leading off the living room is the den. A flagstone fireplace and beige-colored wall face a picture window which looks out on a small terrace. In the den are two comfortable moss green leather chairs, a large beige couch, and a fine old French

provincial desk where Gene writes letters and keeps those accounts straight.

The extra size couch Gene calls her "guest room." It sleeps two very comfortably. The coffee table in front of the couch is imitation French provincial. On a built-in cabinet, which serves as a bar when necessary, is a large samovar lamp. The samovar Gene bought at auction for \$30, and the shade is made of beige linen over parchment, with red piping. The room has a cornice of books and old-fashioned knick-knacks picked up all the way from New England to Santa Barbara. There are two 1874 "horsey" prints on the walls, and the usual array of handsome relatives in silver frames on the desk and cabinet. The carpet is beige, and the drapes are made of white chintz with green roses.

Tina's room is ideal for a little girl going on two. The walls are dusty rose gingham, the curtains are dotted Swiss, and the furniture is white with roses, hearts and cupids painted on it in gay colors. Painted on her pretty little bed is her name, "Tina." There's a rocking chair which Gene bought in a secondhand store in Los Angeles, and painted white. There's linoleum on the floor for practicality. On the walls are pictures of Gene and Oleg when they were Tina's age, and on the dresser are pictures of Tina's little friends.

The Cassini bedroom has sloping beamed ceilings, and the walls are covered with a pale green French wallpaper. The clothes closet in the room has sliding doors, so Gene has had them covered with the wallpaper, and they now look like a very attractive screen. Which gives you an idea what to do with those always unattractive closet doors. The room has a Venetian love seat in green taffeta and two matching Venetian chairs. The twin beds were bought at auction. They were painted a violent color. So Gene promptly had them stripped. Gene's dressing table is 18th Century French, and quite a lovely piece. The lamps on her dressing table were formerly very ugly candlesticks. But a little pruning here and there did the job. The drapes are real Irish linen which Gene bought in England last summer for two dollars a yard.

Gene owns a cooperative apartment in New York, and a small house in Westport, Connecticut. These, too are antiques to the hilt. Her business manager has put his foot down. No more antiques, he says. Gene just smiles.

THE END

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- a glamorous
- woman reporter!

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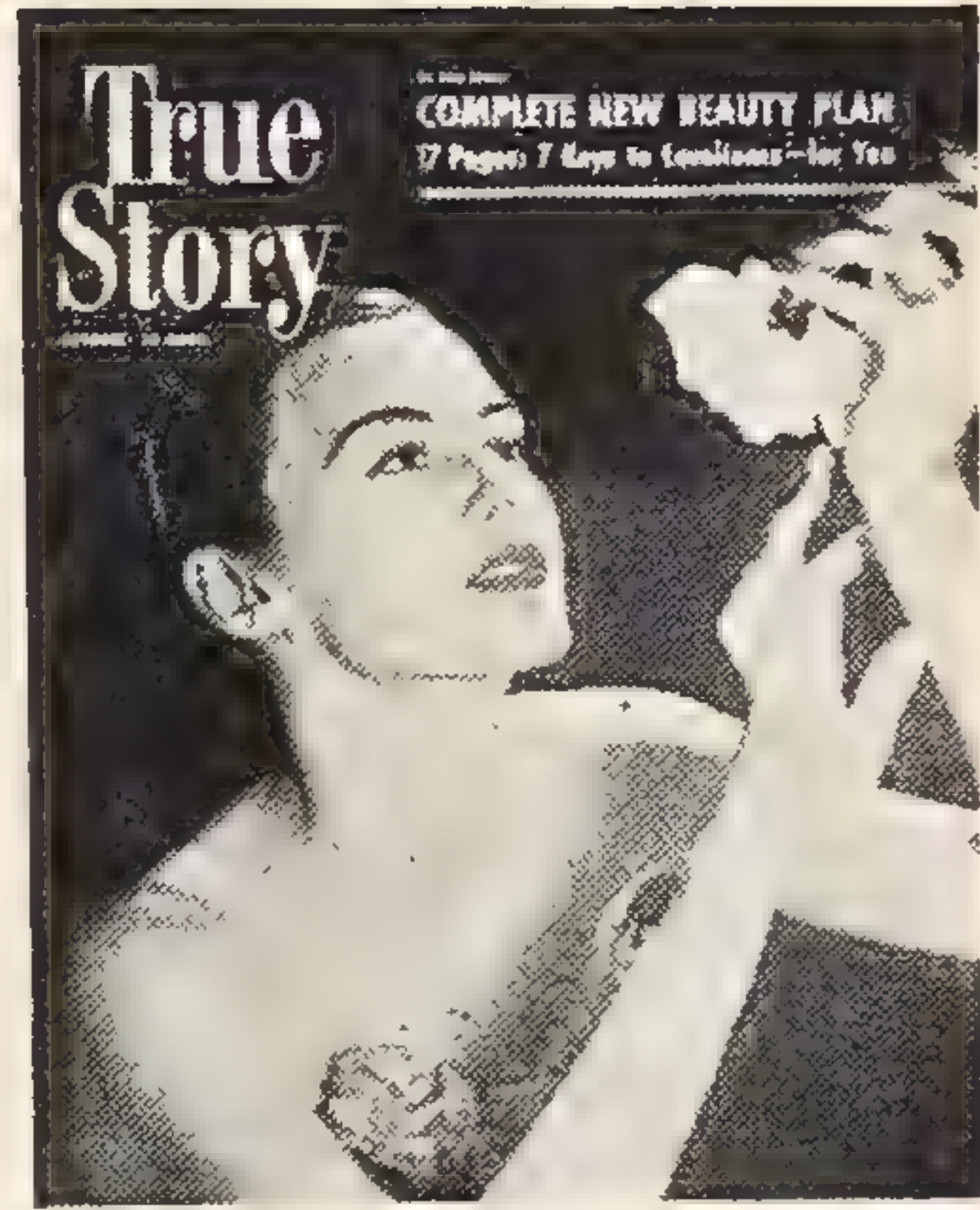
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Put 'Em Up

(Continued from page 56) your face as well as you do.

Joan Evans illustrates the most fundamental type of pin curls this issue. These are not only the easiest to do, but they are most suited to the average face and head of hair. Joan's hair is heavy, healthy and naturally straight. She sets it every single morning, sometimes resets it in the late afternoon if she has a heavy date. Since she uses only plain water, and usually sun-dries it, her hair never looks "set." In fact, a mere male would think it grew in those soft waves.

That is what all mere males should believe of any woman's hair.

If you follow Joan's rules (which were given to Photoplay and Joan by Edith Brown, the famous "Brownie" of the Anne Meredith Shop, Beverly Hills' most expensive beauty parlor) you can't go wrong. Practice here, as anywhere, makes perfect. At the end of the week, you'll be skillful and at the end of a year, you should be perfect.

THE kind of pin curls which Terry Moore likes for her "lifted from the face" hair-do are a bit more difficult to do, because they must be pinned so that they stand up on top of the head, like small, round doughnuts. You'll need a bit more extra practice on these, if you find them becoming.

Terry wears her hair twice as long as Joan does. Her back-of-the-head hair is rolled up over her two fingers exactly the way you'd roll thread on a spool. She fastens these "spools" with hairpins at either end, then nets them.

The net deal is important. Be sure you use a net to hold the basic hair pins in place till your hair is absolutely dry.

For drying, the sun is best. Next, if you can afford it, comes the large professional standing dryer which most Hollywood girls own for their own homes. But the small standing dryers or the small hand dryers are excellent, too. Why not buy a dryer for yourself as a birthday present? It will pay you terrific dividends.

It is all right to take the pins out a little before your hair is thoroughly dry. But don't start unrolling until it feels dry and warm. The least cold feeling means it is still slightly moist.

Never comb out your wave; brush it out until all apparent "set" disappears. Then comb, once through lightly, as it falls in the waves you want. Any little special curls near your face should be brushed up over your fingers.

Now step into your dress. (If it's a dress you have to put on over your head, you will, of course, put it on before you start to brush your hair. All you have to do now is swing into the living room and face that man in your life.

Chances are he'll say, "What I like about you is that you never fuss with your looks, you're just natural."

Next month: To doe eyes or not to doe eyes. Look for the result on saucy Diana Lynn, Geraldine Brooks, Yvonne De Carlo, Arlene Dahl, and Phyllis Kirk.

THE END

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(Continued from page 29)

✓✓ (F) Fancy Pants (Paramount)

Your Reviewer Says: Bob Hope. Is that bad?

✓✓ (F) Tea for Two (Warners)

our Reviewer Says: A nostalgic song spree.

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Program Notes: Doris Day was a bit wary about dancing with talented Gene Nelson when "Tea for Two" went into production. She devoted two weeks to rehearsal, eight hours daily. Gene said of her, "She's a great dancer. And what vitality. Just about wore me out." Doris now leads at Warners in the number of fan letters received weekly... Tall, alluring Patrice Wymore, who plays the catty menace, is one of Broadway's outstanding young singing and dancing stars. However, Kansas-born Patrice got her first real break in the Hollywood Bowl in Hollywood when she took over the leading role in "Up in Central Park" on a few hours' notice... Virginia Gibson was Virginia Gorski in New York where she played in a number of musicals. The studio changed Gorski to Gibson at the start of "Tea for Two" and Virginia expects to keep it that way. She was born in St. Louis and got her early acting experience with the Municipal Opera in that town... Designer Leah Rhodes raided the studio's wardrobe department for costumes for the picture. She found some "period" pieces worn by Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Dorothy Mackaill and Billie Dove, stars of the 'Twenties.

✓✓½ (F) King Solomon's Mines (M-G-M)

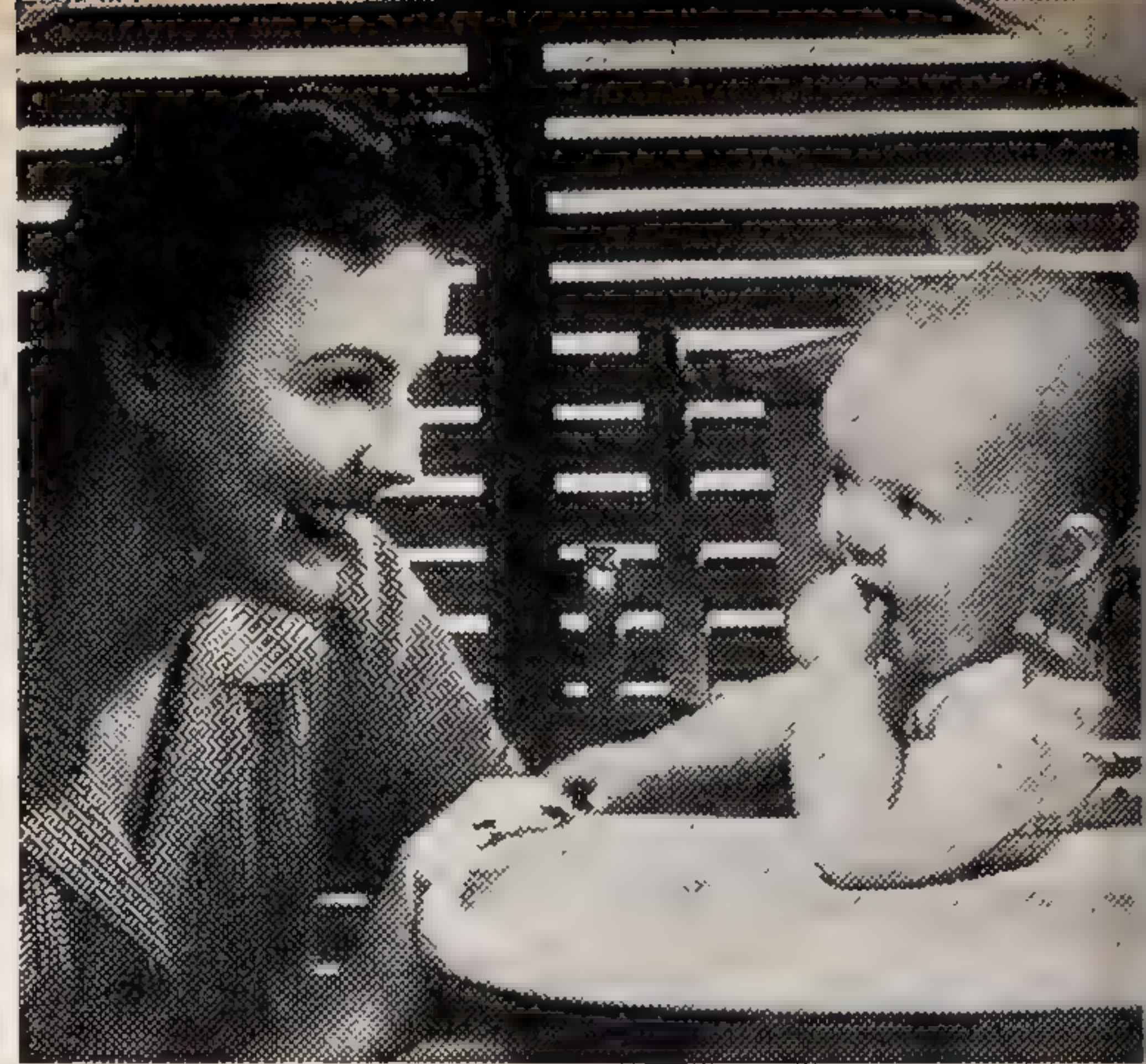
DEBORAH KERR and Stewart Granger are the stars of this elaborate Technicolor version of H. Rider Haggard's famous old classic. Filmed in Africa, the picture is highlighted by wild animals, lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, crocodiles and deadly snakes, in their native domain, and by thrilling encounters with primitive African tribes—including the tall, graceful Watussi. There's a roaring stampede of 6000 wild animals that alone is well worth the price of admission. The action takes place in Darkest Africa, the mysterious and brooding Africa of 1897. Elizabeth Curtis (Deborah) has a guilt complex that forces her to search for her husband who has disappeared into the heart of Africa looking for the legendary King Solomon's Mines. Allan Quatermain (Granger) agrees to be her guide. Richard Carlson, her brother, goes along as chaperon. Naturally the fashionable lady and the guide start out hating and end up in the traditional clinch. The story often creaks with Victorian melodrama. But the scenery, animals and natives are magnificent. And there's dreamboat Stewart Granger, stripped to the waist.

Your Reviewer Says: Different.

Program Notes: London-born Stewart Granger is a foremost screen and stage idol in England. His real name is James Stewart but he changed it when he started his film career for obvious reasons. He's 6' 3", and weighs 190 pounds. He's a great outdoor man, works out regularly in the boxing ring and on the tennis court, but most of all he likes to hunt. His role as the White Hunter was a natural for him. As soon as the picture was finished in Hollywood (interiors) he lit out for Africa to hunt wild lions. But he'll be back in Hollywood soon to play the title role in Metro's production of "Robinson Crusoe"... Richard Carlson wrote a series of articles for a national magazine describing the rugged location. The troupe spent five months in Africa, covering 14,000 miles. Deborah hardly had a chance to kiss her baby back in Hollywood before Metro sent her to Rome for "Quo Vadis."

✓✓ (F) Eye Witness (Coronado-Eagle Lion)

BECAUSE a British sergeant saved his life in the Italian campaign, Robert Montgomery, a former U.S. major and now a successful New York lawyer, flies to England when he learns that his war



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buddy is being tried on a murder charge, Bob turns detective to save his friend, tangles with the local police, and becomes suspicious of an English widow (Patricia Wayne) with whom he falls in love. Filmed in England, the locale of this sly comedy is, of course, authentic and charming. As in most British films the acting honors go to the character actors, among them, Felix Aylmer, Harcourt Williams, Wylie Watson and Leslie Banks. Ann Stephens plays the sheriff's daughter who becomes involved in the scandal.

Your Reviewer Says: Montgomery in England.

Program Notes: Robert Montgomery flew to England last fall to direct and star in this murder mystery with overtones of comedy. The part of the lawyer-sleuth appealed to him. When he finished this film job Bob returned to New York to take over his radio program—that of news commentator. And good he is too . . . The picture was produced by Joan Harrison, an English script-writer who became a Hollywood producer. Joan served her apprenticeship with the master of mystery, Alfred Hitchcock, so she knows a clue when she sees one . . . This is Patricia Wayne's first picture. She somewhat resembles a Lauren Bacall, but with a becoming English robustness.

✓ (F) **Stella** (20th Century-Fox)
THE BEVINSES are about the daffiest family to liven up the screen in many a month. The family includes such wonderful zanies as David Wayne, Evelyn Varden and Frank Fontaine. Ann Sheridan, as *Stella*, is the breadwinner of the family. When *Uncle Joe*, a souse in the habit of going off on long benders, dies accidentally his relatives decide it looks like murder, so they just bury the old boy and pretend he's on another spree. Later it is discovered that *Uncle Joe* carried a double indemnity insurance policy, so the clan hastily starts identifying various bodies as that of *Uncle Joe*. Victor Mature lures Ann away from her stuffy ambitious boss (Leif Erickson), and makes life difficult for the greedy, job-dodging Bevinases. Randy Stuart, Marion Marshall and Lea Penman lend able support. Red-headed Ann and muscle man Vic make a very handsome romantic couple.

Your Reviewer Says: Good imaginative fun.

Program Notes: This picture was a big reunion for Ann Sheridan and director Claude Binyon. It was Mr. Binyon, a dialogue writer at Paramount at the time, who wrote "must rest" across the back of Ann's beauty photograph, thereby making her eligible for Paramount's "Search for Beauty," some fifteen years ago. Texas's Clare Lou Sheridan is the only one who made the grade in that contest. . . Vic Mature has more "lines" in this film than he's had yet, so he hired Herschel Daugherty to coach him. It was Daugherty, he will tell you, who beat the Southern accent out of him when he played Shakespeare with the Pasadena Community Playhouse. "I was the only Laertes in history with Louisville drawl," says Vic . . . David Wayne will next be seen in Betty Grable's "My Blue Heaven."

✓✓ (F) **Convicted** (Columbia)
THIS is a better than usual picture of modern prison life. Broderick Crawford plays, with great heart, a district attorney who sends to prison ex-Marine Glenn Ford, guilty of accidental murder. Later Brod is appointed warden of the prison and he tries to befriend the boy, but by now Glenn is steeped in "the prisoner's code." Acting as the warden's chauffeur Glenn meets his pretty daugh-

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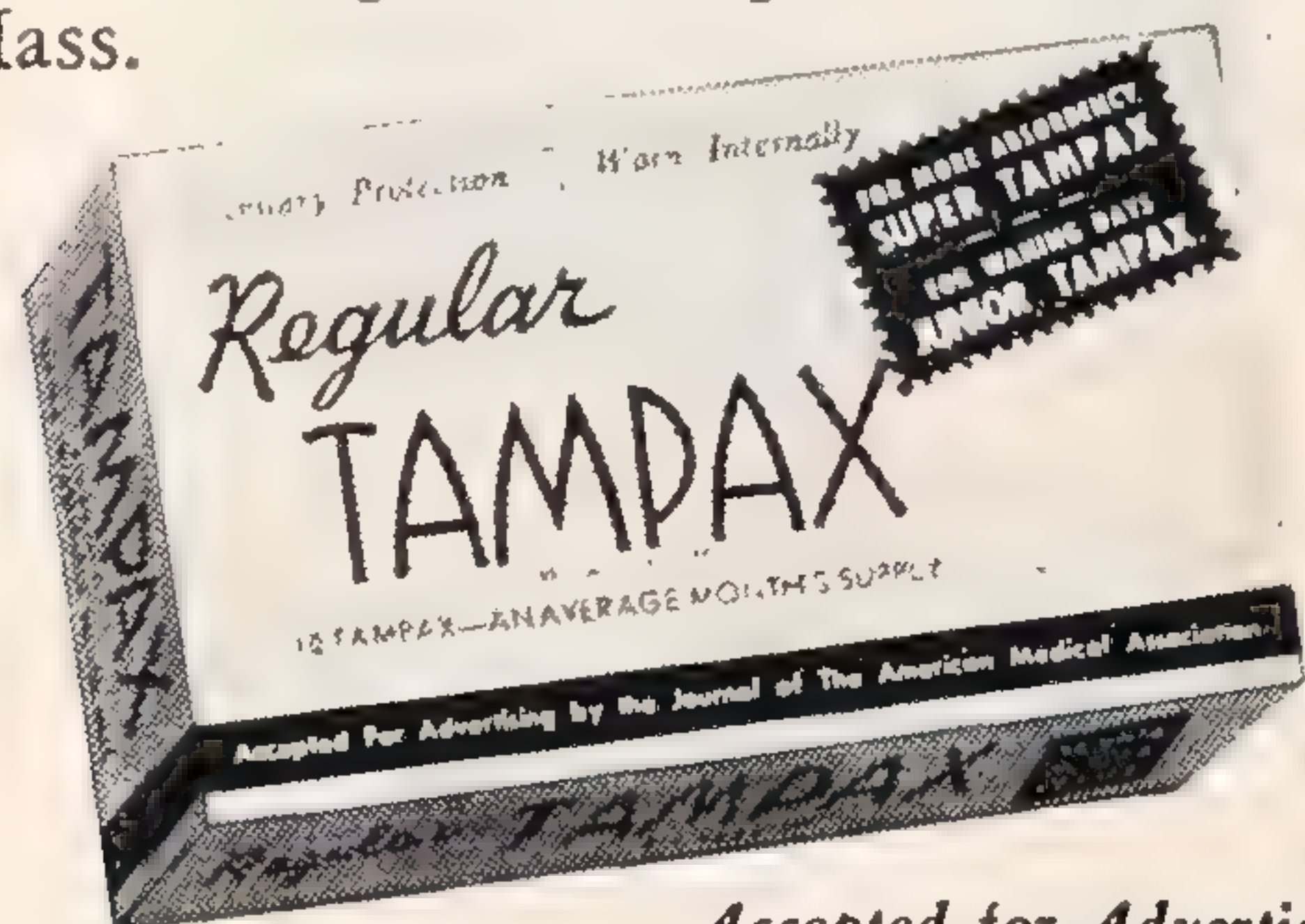
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ter (Dorothy Malone) who promises him that when he is free they can discuss marriage. But Glenn witnesses a prison murder, refuses to squeal, and is on his way to the hot seat when his cellmate (Millard Mitchell) saves him. There are stand-out performances by Carl Reid and Frank Faylen. Cute Martha Stewart is the babe who causes the barroom brawl.

Your Reviewer Says: "Caged" with boys.

Program Notes: In his second picture since his Award-winning "All the King's Men," Brod gives another excellent performance. (Let's be sweet and forget his "Cargo to Capetown.") He is now busy playing the millionaire junk man in "Born Yesterday" with Judy Holliday . . . Glenn Ford left Columbia, his alma mater, over a year ago to free lance. He had a good time in Europe making "The White Tower" for RKO, but he was darned glad to get back on his home lot where he knows everybody . . . Millard Mitchell and Carl Benton Reid are well-seasoned New York stage actors. Just try and steal a scene from them . . . Martha Stewart, once married to comedian Joe E. Lewis, was last seen as the hat-check girl who got murdered in "In a Lonely Place" . . . Background scenes were shot in California's largest prison, San Quentin.

✓✓ (F) A Lady without Passport (M-G-M)

HEDY LAMARR, as easy on the eyes as ever, and John Hodiak take care of the romance in this melodrama which has to do with refugees trying to enter the United States illegally. Inspector James Craig has reason to believe that there is a big time smuggling ring operating in Havana, so he sends John, his bright young assistant, to Cuba. Posing as a Hungarian refugee, John meets George Macready, the leader of the gang—and he also meets Hedy, who is trying to enter the country without an entry visa. Making like a male, he falls hopelessly in love with this beautiful dish. Climax of the picture is an exciting plane chase over the hazardous Florida Everglades.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar.

Program Notes: For the past few years Hedy has been in a picture slump, but since her sensational triumph in "Samson and Delilah" she's hot as a firecracker again with producers. She has put her large home in Beverly Hills up for sale, and told her friends that from now on she will live in the East . . . John Hodiak and his Anne Baxter continue to be one of Hollywood's happiest young couples. Their big problem at present seems to be getting their home finished. It's six months off schedule now . . . George Macready, a former New York stage star, specializes in smooth screen villainy. Remember him in "Gilda"?

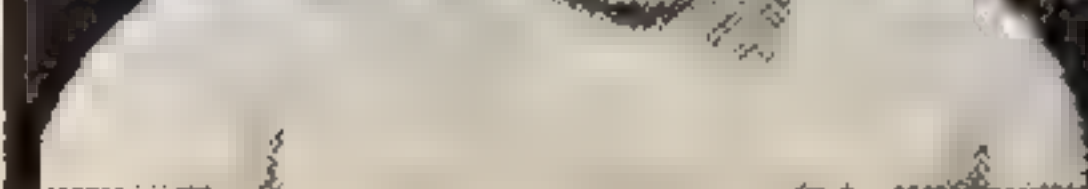
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Best Performances of the Month

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Gertrude Lawrence in
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Emlyn Williams and Eve Arden in
"Three Husbands"
David Wayne in "Stella"
Broderick Crawford in "Convicted"

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Even Keel

(Continued from page 58) where Howard lives in a small pink stucco house with his wife, Helen, and their baby daughter, practically nobody knows he's a motion picture star. He sees to that. For to him the whole celebrity routine is pretty awesome. He likes to walk the streets unrecognized, doing what he wants to do, going where he wants to go. He likes to take long drives on Sundays with his wife and their friends; play a spirited game of pitch for pennies; take kids down to the pike at Ocean Park and ride the roller coaster.

When you first meet him there's a small sense of surprise that he's an actor. He has, rather, the look of an engineer, a geologist or a cattle man—the sensitive hands of the surgeon he once thought he might be. Equally surprising is the fact that as a youth he suffered from a terrible inferiority complex. "I used to be so tall and thin—a silly complex—but you know how kids get them," he says. He never went with a girl until he was a junior in high school. "I was at that long and gawky age then—and I was there for an awful long time."

HE'S become a confirmed fatalist. "I never meant to be in the movies—never even thought about it. A concert singer, maybe, if not a surgeon—that's what I meant to be." For a guy who never took an acting lesson, who "flunked out" on his only two screen tests and who couldn't even make the high school glee club back in Gillespie, Illinois, Howard Keel believes he's the luckiest mortal alive today.

But his background reveals more than luck. He has a single-minded determination. He has always achieved the thing he wanted, whether it involved learning to play golf, painting, shooting (after three lessons he took third prize in the California State Shooting Championship, and was soon hitting 98 out of 100), or working in an aircraft plant (at twenty, he rose to "lead man" in three months' time and had 350 men working under him). His ambition now is to become a good actor.

Howard has an intensity which belies his outwardly relaxed mien. "I'm too serious about whatever I'm doing," he says. "When you ask too much of yourself, you fume and thrash around, get too disappointed if you fail."

His has been a life of lows and highs. But he has sufficient strength of character, purpose and emotion to rise above personal tragedies and emerge stronger. There are unhappy pages in his biography that will remain closed. Concerning matters about which he doesn't wish to elucidate, he gives a simple "yes" or "no" and a steady gaze that defies further questioning.

His story begins in Gillespie, Illinois, a small coal mining community of some 5,000. It isn't always a pretty story. Poverty seldom is. His father, Homer, worked in the coal mines and "he was killed at the beginning of the crash of 1930." Howard's mother, Grace Keel, "a good solid woman—she was sick most of the time we lived there, but she 'toughed' it through, I'll never know how," was a paperhanger by trade and "she took in washing or whatever—on the side."

Kids in Gillespie looked forward to a future as dark as the coal their fathers dug. "When they grew up they'd start out as apprentices working in the slate pits outside the mines, or sometimes be taken straight inside to dig," Howard explains. "Some of them got out of Gillespie. If it hadn't been for something that happened, I might still be there. But I think I would have gotten out anyway. The closest I ever came to working there was



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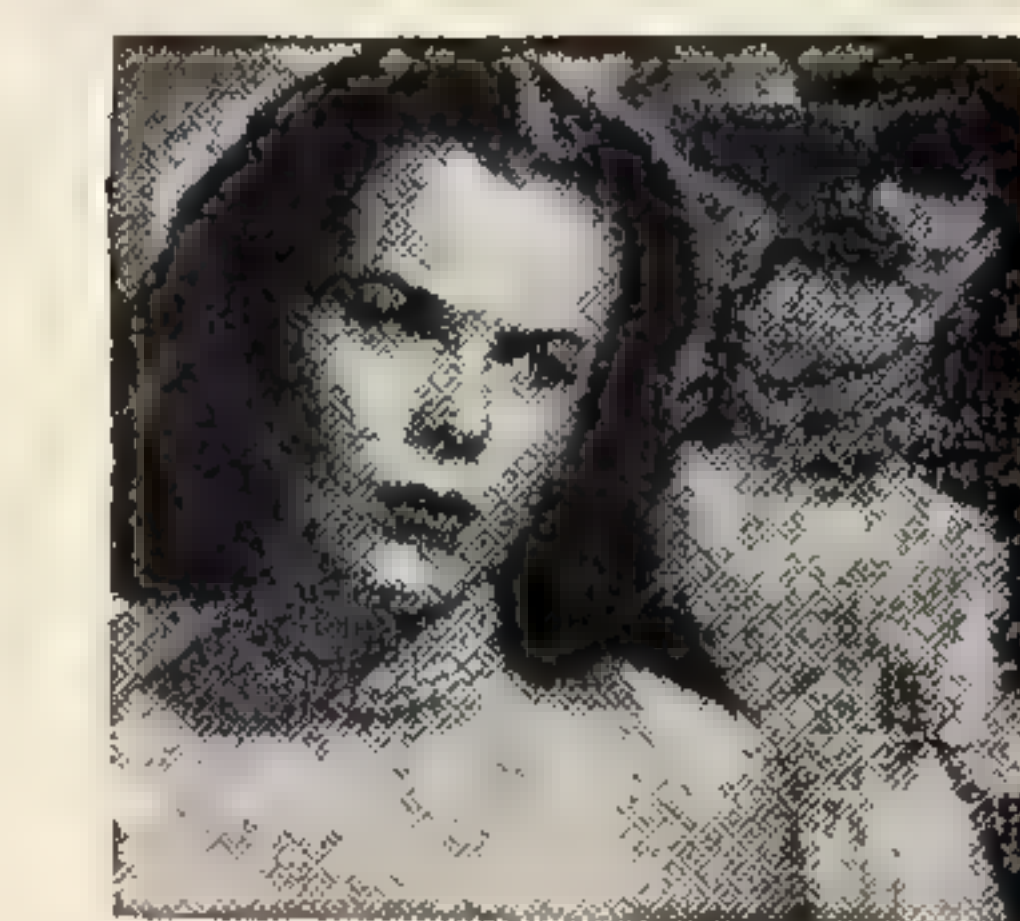
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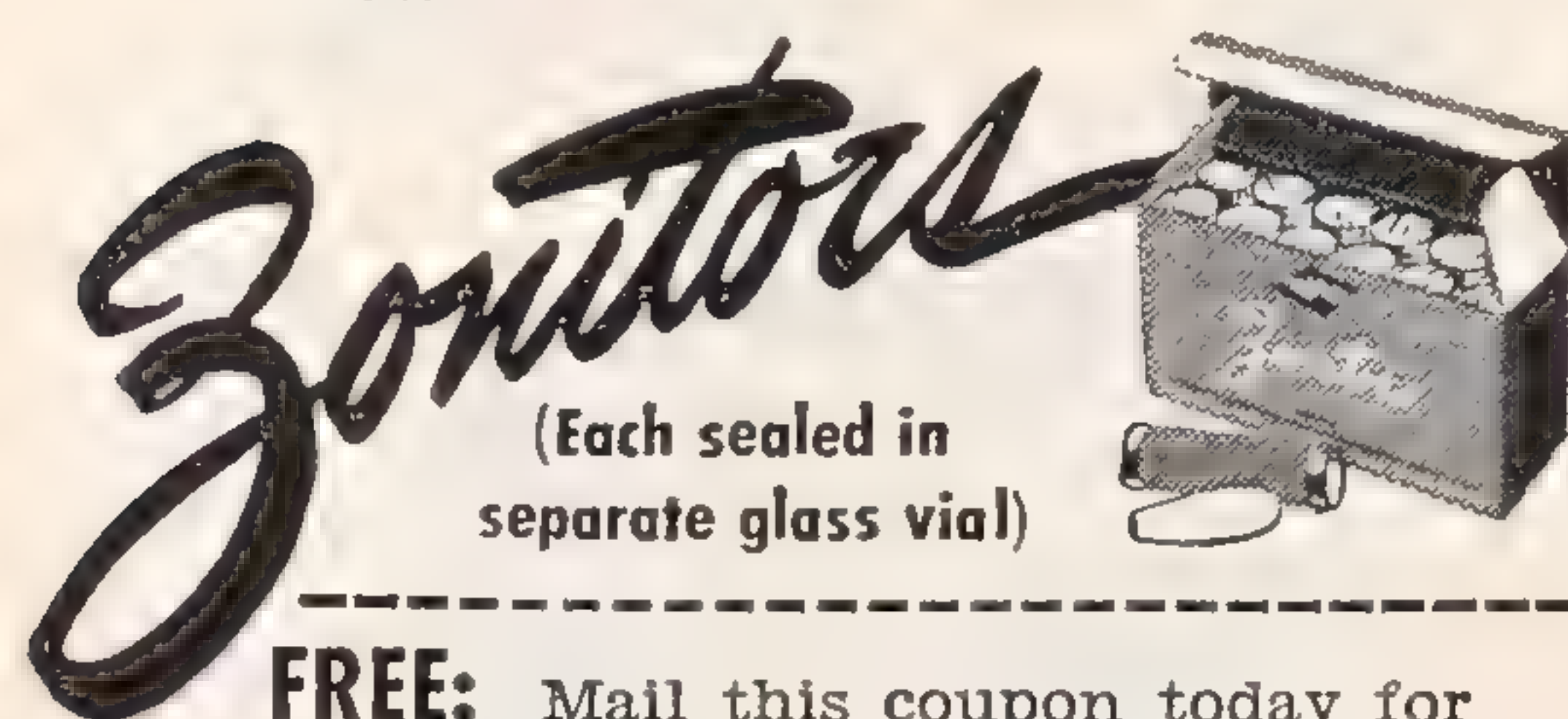
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when we'd go out and shovel off some of the slate piled in the street for fuel—we didn't have money to buy coal."

It was his father, always musically-minded, who encouraged Howard and his older brother to take up the trombone. Their instrument was an old beaten-up brass job. "I played the trombone for seven years but I could never read one note of music," he says. "I'd rehearse with the others in the band until I heard it played, then I'd play by ear."

He had no voice as a kid. "I just had a fair ear. I tried out for the high school glee club once, but I didn't make it." Possibly this was because Howard didn't like the glee club coach. He felt he had little in common with any of his teachers, in fact, and frequently ditched school to take a small side trip across town to see a girl friend "via freight." She lived nine miles south of town.

HOWARD'S chance to get out of Gillespie came when the doctor said that his mother, "who'd had tuberculosis and double pneumonia on top of that," would have a better chance of life out West. Howard, too, was sickly. So they piled their meager belongings into an old Model T Ford and headed for Fall Brook, California, where his brother had a job.

Howard's first position was as dishwasher and fry-cook at a small chain eatery in Hollywood called "The White Log Tavern," in the very shadow of Paramount studios. It terminated abruptly one Saturday when he was home dressing for a date and the boss phoned, saying, "Your day off has been changed—you work tonight." Whereupon Howard, feeling he might have been consulted, informed the boss he was not working. "I nearly starved for two months," he observes. For a brief interval after that he was a singing waiter at the "Paris Inn" in downtown Los Angeles. He grins: "This one I left in the midst of a shower of water and ice cubes—I dropped three pitchers."

The first job for which he showed any enthusiasm was in the tooling department at Douglas Aircraft. "I'm a fair mechanic," he says, "I'm good working with my hands. I'd fluffed away three years then—and I decided I'd better apply myself and get ahead." From "lead man" he was made a special liaison representative for the company in the field. Sometime during this period he married his first wife, Rosemary. The marriage didn't last.

Howard had, meanwhile (at the age of twenty), discovered he could sing. Or rather, the landlady where he was rooming heard him singing in the shower "and decided I should take lessons," he says. "She knew of a voice coach who gave group lessons, ten of us at one time, for a quarter apiece. I took one lesson. All that going up and down scales—and hearing the other nine—left my voice so tired, I could hardly speak going home."

He started studying seriously a little later with the late George Huston, an actor

and singer, whom he credits with having inspired his present career. "He was like a father to me. Straightened me out on a lot of things, gave me self-confidence."

It was while Howard was on the road for the Douglas Aircraft that he took Huston's advice and entered the Mississippi Valley Music Festival in Moline, Illinois, and won. He was on his way.

As it often happens, Hollywood was to discover Howard in London, where he created quite a storm in "Oklahoma." When he returned to New York he was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "Annie Get Your Gun" without even a test.

Prior to this, Howard had proposed via long distance (from London to Florida) to Helen Anderson, a stately blonde with expressive brown eyes, whom he'd dated when she was a dancer with the "Oklahoma" company. They were married in a little chapel at the Mission Inn at Riverside, California, on January 3, 1949. Their beautiful little daughter was born in January this year, and named Kaiya Liane.

For all his naturalness, Howard Keel is an off-beat movie personality. An introvert by nature, he has to be almost provoked into expressing an opinion, but once it's out, he scores a bull's-eye. The people he doesn't like he ignores completely. Those fortunate enough to have his friendship call him "Harry" and love him for many things.

He likes symphony, and Dixieland is fun but he can't see anything in bebop. He doesn't care for sophisticated women. "I like a woman to be a 'woman'—you know." And he doesn't like to see any woman smoke on the street. "But that about does it," he adds, grinning, "there aren't too many things about women I don't like."

Howard is as casual as Crosby in his tastes and attire, with a preference for slacks and open-at-the-throat sports shirts. "I don't go for black ties," he says—an understatement. He doesn't even own one.

He's adamant about drawing a line between his home life and his career. Away from the studio he lives a normal, everyday American life. One evening, he helped his neighbors hang the new wallpaper in their kitchen and observed, while they were working away, "I sure wish Mother were here—she could have this up in nothing flat."

Stardom's biggest bang for Howard is that it enables him to do things for his mother, a wonderful person, touchingly proud. She cried throughout the sneak preview of "Annie Get Your Gun" and when it opened locally she sat through the picture three times.

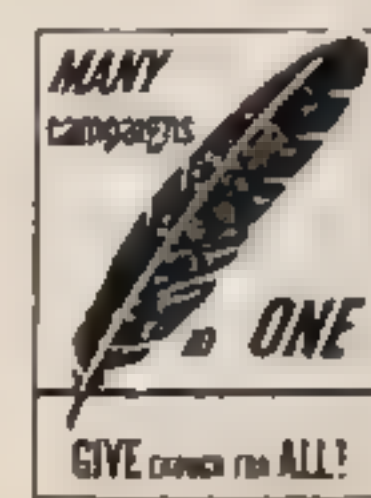
Howard's anonymity in his community, it must be reported, won't last much longer. Already he's on borrowed time—a marked man. As witness the relief postman who was checking a packet of mail the other morning who mused, "Keel—Howard Keel..." Then, "Say-y-y... isn't he the fellow in 'Annie Get Your Gun'?"

He sure is, Mister. He sure is!

THE END

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Can They Take It?

(Continued from page 62) because they lack what it takes to withstand the pitfalls that are the other side of stardom's bright coin.

This became an especially significant question one evening lately when Hollywood's young set was invited to a preview of "Sunset Boulevard" in which Gloria Swanson plays a tragic, old-time movie star—one of her generation who did not survive the pitfalls. The Paramount studios, where this movie was made, wanted the younger set's reaction to a star of yesterday.

When the lights went on after the picture ended, Janet Leigh turned to John Derek who sat beside her. His wife, Pati Benr, was "baby-sitting at home," he explained.

"Do you think," she asked him, "that such things could happen to any one of us today? I don't! We're different!" Her words, however, were belied by the concern in her eyes. And John hesitated perceptibly before he agreed she probably was right.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE came with her new heart quickener, Charles Black. Near by sat John Agar, dateless and down in the dumps. Farley Granger was with Shelley Winters, Jane Powell with husband Geary Steffen, Arlene Dahl with Lex Barker, Gordon MacRae with his wife Sheila, Wanda Hendrix was there, too, and Gail Russell, all of them the *crème de la crème* of Hollywood's young acting aristocracy.

I looked around at them, one by one, and wondered where each would be professionally and personally twenty, ten, five years hence.

The future is sometimes predicated on the past. In which case Janet Leigh should be sitting pretty—career wise. From obscurity to stardom, in three quick years. "It's still like a dream," says Janet dreamily. But her private life is more like a nightmare. Janet never talks about it, but she was married to a sailor (and the marriage annulled) before she married and divorced music man Stanley Reames. That's a lot of marrying and parting for a girl who isn't more than twenty-three.

Some people say Janet dropped Stan because he handicapped her rise to stardom. The actual truth is that Reames was fed up with his position as appendage to a popular movie starlet. Everyone talking to *her*, ignoring him. Demanding *her* autograph, pushing him aside.

"What happened to Arthur Loew?" I asked Janet recently. "We'll always be good friends," said Janet, giving me the old Hollywood bromide. "But I don't see him much now. I'm not ready to marry until I feel more secure in my career." Young Loew, grandson of the founder of the firm—M-G-M—for whom Janet works, inherited a million-dollar trust fund when he was twenty-one years old. And he's nice to boot. When a girl gives a well-heeled guy like Arthur the go-by, she really is serious about her career. So I think Janet will probably have the success she wants so very much—even at the cost of her private life. Which isn't always a good idea. I just hope that when Janet reaches Miss Swanson's age, she'll be able to say, "It was worth it."

It used to be the kiss of career death for an actor to admit that little ones were running around his hearth and home. Nowadays actors, even when very young, boast of their progeny, especially young singing star Gordon MacRae. I first met Gordon and his blonde youngsters at a party given by Judy Garland for her little daughter Liza. He also introduced me to

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his pretty wife, Sheila. "I want Sheila to act in pictures with me," he said. "It's quite possible for her to look after the children and me and still have a career for herself." Any man as sympathetically understanding to his wife and family as Gordon is, certainly deserves to linger long on the Hollywood scene. His voice and personality make it practically a certainty.

It's supposed to be bad for you if success comes too easily when you are young. It doesn't seem to have hurt Farley Granger. Farley was seventeen when I first met him on the Goldwyn lot. He was a nobody then and utterly nice. He is famous now, and still utterly nice.

On Farley's virile, masculine-looking surface, there is apparently no change. But I see a ripple on the water. Farley was recently suspended for refusing a movie. Something new has been added. Farley now feels secure enough in his screen future to say, "No, I won't do that picture, it isn't good for me." Boss Goldwyn has never taken to that kind of talk with a smile. He could break Farley just as easily as he made him a star. Fortunately for Farley's future, he is an excellent actor, and Sam is too good a business man to cut off a star with Farley's potentials. But will Farley's popularity increase as it did when he and Mr. Goldwyn were in complete accord about what Farley should do? Two people pulling two ways produce a stalemate; progress halts.

MR. GRANGER'S love-life remains an uncertain quantity. I've never known a man of any age who was so undecided about which girl he's in love with. When you talk to him about Shelley Winters, he says, "She's swell, but I'm seeing Geraldine Brooks tomorrow." When you ask after Gerry, he says, "I never met a girl I liked more." That same evening, he'll be a coosome twosome with Pat Neal. Well, Farley couldn't be in better hands—especially with Shelley, a gal who has studied the alphabet of *l'amour* from A for Applesauce to X for Exciting. But if they ever marry I wonder. They're both overly ambitious and two of this kind usually don't make a lasting marriage.

Jane Powell wants a baby. I should say "wanted." Now she tells me, "I'm not going to have a baby until Mr. Mayer says I can." Jane was so sure she wanted to join the parade of expectant mothers at Metro, she was on the verge of giving up her one-bedroom apartment for a house with a nursery. That was before fate and Mr. Mayer tapped her to take over for Judy Garland who was doing ditto for June Allyson in "Royal Wedding." If Jane makes good in this—and, according to her co-star Fred Astaire, "She's not the best dancer I've had, but the most capable"—then there will be a new and

very cute Queen on the Metro throne. Will Jane stay as sweet as she is? I bet a week's salary she will. This is a real person. So is her husband. "I never live on Janie's salary," Geary once told me. They each put dollar for dollar into the little, inexpensive apartment, with Jane saving the rest of her four-figure-a-week income. And just to make Jane's future happiness even more of a certainty, Geary is now selling insurance hand over foot, as much because of his own persuasive personality as because his fame as the husband of Jane Powell.

"I don't ever want to marry again," Shirley Temple told me emphatically her doll's house of a home, soon after her shock divorce suit against John Agar. "I won't say 'never,'" continued Shirley, "because everything I plan always turns out just the opposite." A month after the conversation, Shirley was holding hands with Charles Black in Honolulu, San Francisco, Del Monte and Hollywood. She was wise to omit "never" from her statement because it's a cinch for Shirley to marry Charles just as soon as her divorce decree is final.

Love is destined to play a big part in Shirley's future. It's the most important emotion in her present, and past. When she was fifteen years old at Westlake School, one of her schoolmates told me no one else could get to use the telephone—Shirley had it tied up more securely than a reporter on a crime story, "talking to her beaux." Of course my informant could have been jealous. But Shirley has to be in love to breathe right. In the brief month between "off with the old and on with the new," Shirley was listless, restless and utterly bored. And during her year or two of unhappiness with Agar her career definitely did not go well.

What of Shirley's future in films? With a million—some say two million—tucked away in sure-fire securities and government bonds, the problem is not very pressing for *Little Miss Marker* who never had to learn how to act, she was always so cute. I think pictures and Shirley will part in the almost immediate future.

It's different for John Agar. John is ambitious. He can act—still has a lot to learn but adds a notch to his acting belt with every movie he makes. At twenty-nine, Agar can look ahead to an important place on the screen if he learns to control his problems in private life. John is broody, moody and sometimes isn't too careful in picking his companions. Whether he will still be around in 1960 depends I think on his meeting the right girl. She'll have to be less wealthy than John to give him the important-for-him feeling of superiority.

Arlene Dahl is the smartest young actress in Hollywood. How she manages to control the men who chase after her

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baffles me. I have never heard a scan-
dalous whisper about her. Yet Arlene is
nearly all things to nearly all people.

To older men like Sir Charles Mendl,
who launched her in Bel Air society, she
is charmingly considerate. I wish you
could see the way she hangs prettily on
every word spoken by Sir Charles at his
intimate and exclusive parties. To Red
Skelton, her recent movie husband and
lover in three pictures, she is a fun girl
who didn't bat an eyelid no matter how
unexpected or risqué Red's jokes were.

To men like Lew Ayres or Lex Barker,
Arlene is provocative, glamorous, myste-
rious. "I want her to come with me to
Africa," Lex told me when I lunched with
them. Arlene smiled bewitchingly and
laughed softly. And didn't say yes or no.

But here's really why I know Arlene
has a future—she is also very charming
to women—the wives of directors, pro-
ducers and socialite Beau Brummels—
and even to lady columnists. If Arlene
isn't a top star by 1955, it will only be
because she preferred to marry some
lucky millionaire.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR was not present at
the "Sunset Boulevard" special show-
ing for the young stars. She was keeping
a more important engagement at the
time—her honeymoon with Nicky Hilton.
She'll be back in Hollywood as you read
this story—"housekeeping" in the lovely
Bel Air Hotel. Can she fail to be happy?

Well, others have had all and more that
now belongs to Lizzie—without manag-
ing to be happy. Gloria Swanson was just
as young as Elizabeth when the world
showered her with its treasures. Now,
in her fifties, she has to work as hard as
you and I to make a living.

But I believe life will continue to be
kind to Elizabeth. To make sure of it,
all she has to do is remember the words
spoken in the church at her wedding—not
to be just a taker, but to give.

Wanda Hendrix was at the "Sunset
Boulevard" showing with a Scandinavian
newspaperman. More often she is with
Robert Arthur. I met Wanda with Bob
when she was a cute young teenager,
stealing "Confidential Agent" right from
under Charles Boyer and Lauren Bacall.
"Please don't say Bob and I are in love
or anything like that," Wanda begged me.

It was different when she fell for Audie
Murphy. She wanted so much to marry
him. Audie put her off and off, always
saying, "I want to be successful as an
actor in my own right." Directly he was,
Wanda married him after waiting impa-
tiently for two years. And what a failure
that turned out to be.

Wanda's little face haunts me with the
tragic lines scribbled on it by fate. I hope
that someday, she will find a man to make
her happy. That can only happen when
she falls out of love with Audie.

Wanda's future as an actress in Holly-
wood is handicapped by her physical size.
The poor kid tries to eat everything fat-
tening. She exercises all the time to
develop her under-developed body. She
assures me she has gained a few pounds.
She needs to gain something more, how-
ever, to look like a grown-up woman.
Until she does, her movie roles are per-
force limited.

It's so darn hard to get a toe-hold on
the Hollywood success ladder, I'm always
amazed when anyone survives the first
rung. But this younger set is more realis-
tic, I think, than the generations of stars
that went before them. At least they
suspect they have a constant job to do if
they want to stay on top—at least they
know there's also a dark side to star-
dom's bright coin. That helps.

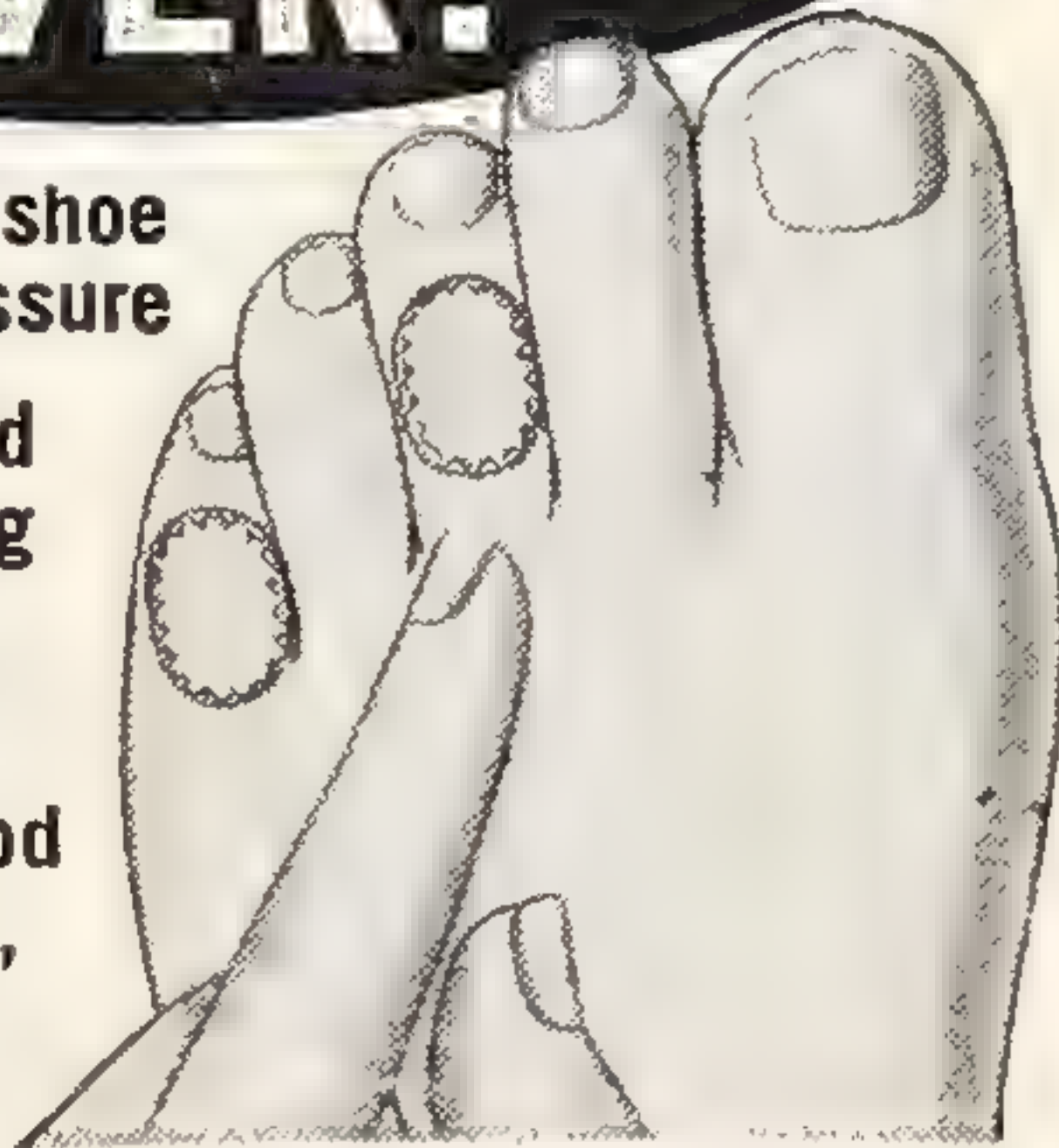
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How A Star Is Born

(Continued from page 51) weddings, funeral services, and similar gatherings.

Once an amateur is given a permanent job, he or she becomes a professional and must join AFRA (American Federation of Radio Artists). Requirements for joining: You must have a job in radio, but you need not join until thirty days have elapsed. The initiation fee is \$75 and dues for the first year are about \$28. Thereafter, your dues are figured according to the size of your earnings.

In almost every small town radio log there is room for a weekly half-hour commentary by a high school student about high school news; such a commentator would be doubly welcomed if he could bring in, not only the planned program and a number of sample scripts for the projected show, but a commercial sponsor as well.

A high school disc jockey and a high school fashion, society, and what's-going-on-around-town commentator might well make places for themselves over the local air. These jobs could also be done by post high school students able both to keep in touch with school news and to bring the beginnings of maturity to the broadcasting task.

What About Radio Schools?

No legitimate radio school will promise to get a would-be student a job when the school course is finished. Like high schools, radio schools give courses of study followed by a diploma, then students are on their own.

One of the most highly regarded radio schools in Los Angeles gives a nine-months course in voice technique, drama and similar work. It consists of twenty-five hours of work each week (5 hours a day, 5 days per week), and the charge for tuition is \$74.50 per month.

Anyone with \$760.50 to invest in a year of schooling (computation: nine months' tuition at \$74.50 per month as listed above) might do well to consider that the tuition at Pasadena Community Playhouse is \$600 per year. The student, in both cases, must pay for his room, board, clothing and incidental living expenses in addition to paying his tuition.

The minimum on which a student can live while attending school full time is \$100 per month. The most reasonable way to live in Pasadena or in Los Angeles is to share a room in a guest home. With two girls or two boys to a room, the tariff usually starts at \$12.50 per week for minimal accommodations and runs as high as \$25 per week. In any case, this price includes two meals per day during the week, breakfast on Sunday.

The budget must also include an allowance for cleaning and laundry, essential toiletries, transportation, a semi-annual dental check-up and other incidentals.

Living in an apartment is slightly more expensive. The rent will be around \$60 in Pasadena, \$80 in Los Angeles, utilities and telephone extra.

Among Hollywood stars today, those who owe their start to radio are too numerous to list completely, but undoubtedly you can think, offhand, of such ex-radio luminaries as Jane Powell, whose early appearances over KOIN in Portland, Oregon, started her career; of June Haver who was writing, directing, and acting in radio dramas over the Rock Island (Ill.) airwaves when she was eleven and was happy to accept two dollars worth of ice cream per week as payment; of Bill Lundigan and Gordon MacRae, whose home town (Syracuse, New York) supplied each of them with a radio break; of Alan Ladd, Paul Douglas, Ronald Reagan, Mercedes

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McCambridge, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche; of Robert Arthur, who sold dog food by ether persuasion when he was an all-night disc jockey over KXRO in Aberdeen, Washington; of Richard Widmark, who has said that he believes radio may be more useful to the movie aspirant than live theatre training; of dozens of others who made friends with a microphone before meeting a camera.

First Big Plunge:

By far the most desirable first experience of being away from home is that gained by going away to school. If your family can afford to provide this boon, lucky you! but if not, consider financing yourself. Coleen Gray, who worked her way to a B.A. degree, mowed lawns, tended babies, worked in the school library, and spent her summers as a waitress in various summer resorts.

General college training offers an answer to at least two of the oldest problems confronting those seeking a theatrical career. The first has to do with *subsistence*. Equity (the union of the stage) reports that only 8 per cent of its members earn a living wage. Skills acquired during college days can be made to supply this well-known need for bread and butter. The provident person will learn a trade as well as a profession.

The second problem is that of *vocation*. No one knows whether he has enough talent to be successful in a theatrical career until that talent has been tested. No one knows definitely that he wants to be an actor until he has been exposed to several other divisions of the theater. Perhaps the person who has always been interested in plays is, at heart, a playwright instead of an actor. Perhaps he is an embryonic interior decorator, a dramatic critic, or even a natural-born coach. College training gives the student an opportunity to find himself and to make a success of his life.

As a final argument in favor of at least

pretty Baby



Daughter Linda Susan is intrigued with Shirley Temple's fabulous doll collection. And you'll be intrigued with Shirley's new life. Ida Zeitlin tells you about it in the November issue of Photoplay, on sale October eleventh

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Personal

To Women With
Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

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two years of general college study it should be pointed out that some of the best dramatic training courses available today are provided by American universities.

If, for any reason, college is completely out of the question, don't despair. The ambitious young person should finally move to the nearest large city and get a job—any job that is honest.

That done, a number of possibilities offer themselves. If a girl or a man has a good singing voice, he or she should seek an interview with the leader of every name band that comes to town. Don't ever forget that Bing Crosby sang with Paul Whiteman, Dorothy Lamour sang with Herbie Kay, Betty Hutton sang with Vincent Lopez, Janet Blair sang with Hal Kemp, Dick Haymes sang with Harry James, and Marilyn Maxwell sang with Buddy Rogers.

If a girl is unusually pretty, she should check all the local photographers to find out what sort of photographic modeling jobs are available. (Nearly every large department store uses a great deal of fashion photography in its advertising.)

The ambitious newcomer also should find out whether there are dramatic courses being given by the city schools in any of the night Adult Educational Training Classes, and he or she should find out whether there are plays produced by local stock companies.

If the neophyte has had hometown radio experience, he or she should seek an interview with the program director of each of the big town radio stations, writing a letter (before phoning for an appointment) describing previous experience.

Some general rules for making a success of your first venture away from home:

How to find a satisfactory room: If you go to college, you will probably be housed in a dormitory; otherwise the office of the Dean of Women will supply you with a list of accredited private homes in which students are quartered.

If you do not go to college, but are planning to get a job, go to the Young Women's Christian Association (YWCA—address and telephone number in the book, of course) or to the Travelers Aid, and ask for advice.

If your family has friends in the city, write to them in advance, asking if you may telephone when you are settled. When you call, tell them where you are living and working and ask if they have any suggestions for bettering your situation.

What Clothing to Take:

This depends entirely upon the locality in which you live and the time of year when you travel, but in general a man is wise to take along one good dark suit, one good light suit and a supply of white shirts, plus whatever work clothing he will need. A top coat is useful, even in the summer, in some parts of the country.

A girl should take one simple dark suit and match it with a non-fussy hat. If possible, shoes, purse and gloves should match. She will *always* wear hat and gloves when job hunting. In addition to the suit, she will need a top coat and two sensible "business" dresses.

Your first purchase in a city new to you should be a street guide and a city and state history. Don't think that, because you grew up only forty miles away, you know all about your new environment; more than likely you know little about the circumstances of its founding, and its colorful beginnings. You may increase your stature as a person if you can be authoritative about the places in which you have lived.

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of college or other training, when, presumably, the student has had enough cultivation to make him employable, or after enough years of working to have acquired job sophistication and at least \$500 in the bank, the dramatic student is ready for the trip to New York or to Hollywood.

If You Go to New York:

(Much of this material was furnished to Photoplay by Rick Jason, a Broadway alumnus who has just been signed by Columbia Studios as a result of his work in Ludwig Bemelman's "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.")

During your first month in New York (or in any city strange to you) it is wise to select lodgings which cost slightly more than you had planned to pay. At the end of the first month you will know the city well enough to secure less expensive housing which is still in a desirable district.

Once you are settled, you should proceed to the celebrated intersection of 43rd Street and Broadway and buy a copy of the "Actor's Cues Show Business." This publication comes out every Tuesday and costs twenty-five cents. It lists every producer and director planning to cast a play, and contains all types of news interesting to theatrical people.

Note: Newcomers will often find that the jobs listed in "Actor's Cues" have already been taken by insiders with a fine grapevine connection. This fact does not lessen the value of Cues; the pamphlet serves a vital purpose by supplying the newcomer with a ready made morale builder and much introductory information. There is no better way to get acquainted with Broadway quickly.

The Broadway newcomer, armed with Actor's Cues and a list of agents, is prepared to "make the rounds," which is Broadwayese for saying he is job hunting.

Rick Jason likes to tell ambitious youngsters, "Never overdress." When you are overdressed, you are actually playing a part yourself, and, unfortunately, the producer may not be casting that part at the time of your visit.

One of the first questions you will encounter, when you are given an application (or registration) blank to fill out, will be: "What experience have you had?"

Caution should be used at this point. Don't mention having played the lead in four plays at Muddy Waters Union High School, or you will be tagged immediately as an amateur. Refrain from making much of your little theater experience.

However, if you worked in summer stock, write "I was with the Dusty Roads Theater in 1949, and with Poison Ivy Playhouse in 1950." Don't explain that you painted scenery, upholstered chairs, ran for a doctor in "Birth of the Blues," and learned five parts as understudy without ever uttering a word before footlights. The fact that you have had two seasons of summer stock means that some of the naivete has disappeared.

While making the rounds of the producers', directors' and agents' offices, getting registered and being interviewed wherever possible, make friends with other round-makers. In this way, you gradually accumulate a circle of acquaintances who share your interests; one never knows how pleasant and long-lived these relationships may be.

Once widely registered, the theatrical careerist should make every effort to become self-sustaining. There are hundreds of ways of doing this.

Modeling as a side-line appeals to some newcomers, but modeling is a full-time job which allows very little leisure during which you can make the rounds. Serving as a commercial photographic model is also a career in itself. (To get such jobs,

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a girl should make a list of modeling agencies and commercial photographers from the yellow section of the Manhattan telephone directory, and then call upon each one. You should carry along a few clear, glossy self-portraits, preferably one showing only head and shoulders, and another, full-length, in simple street clothes.)

A person who has had some previous small-town radio experience should apply for both radio and television work at each of the major New York radio stations. The way to apply is to go to the information desk and ask whether the casting director is now interviewing applicants; if the answer is "yes," ask to make an appointment. If the answer is "no" ask where you may secure an application blank and to whom to mail it when you have filled it in.

Between looking for jobs and earning his keep, the dramatic careerist should continue to add to his professional knowledge. There are many ways to do this in New York. The American Academy of Dramatic Arts (tuition around \$600 per year, not including board and room) has turned out some of the theater's most distinguished people, and its productions are always scouted; so has the Theodora Irvine School of Drama, formerly attended by Anne Baxter, Gene Tierney, and Claudette Colbert, who also attended AADA.

If training of this sort is impossible, the student should associate himself with what are known as "Off Broadway" groups. These consist of hopeful amateurs who get together and produce plays which are often attended by both Broadway and Hollywood scouts. One finds these by inquiring among acquaintances made in producers' waiting lines, and by reading "Actor's Cues."

It should always be borne in mind that Broadway did not send for you. You came because you had equipped yourself to fight for a place in one of the most overcrowded professions on earth. You should regard yourself as a person whose importance is enormous—but only to you, yourself. You should admit in advance that there are going to be rough times, through which you will build character, and some plush times during which you will help someone less fortunate.

You will get accustomed to hearing agents, producers, directors, perhaps even fellow actors say, "Why don't you go back to South Spud and go into business with your dad?" Or, "Why don't you go back home and marry the boy?"

And if, after hundreds of disappointments and no encouragement whatsoever, you decide to go back home, you should

go with the undefeated intention of starting a theater in your town and providing solid dramatic training for the local youngsters who show ability and an interest in a dramatic career.

If You Go to Hollywood:

(This material has been supplied in part by Sally Forrest, the girl who knows that the beginning she has made in "Not Wanted," "The Young Lovers," "Vengeance Valley" and "Mother of a Champion" is that—a beginning. She has not forgotten the period of nearly two years during which she earned her living by giving dancing lessons and by doing occasional bit parts in pictures.)

Anyone planning to assault Hollywood should learn to drive well. Anyone seeking a job is infinitely handicapped *without* a car in Southern California. (However, Sally Forrest has never owned a car, has always traveled by bus, so fame *can* be earned the super-hard way.)

To find lodgings, the newcomer should buy a copy of the Hollywood Citizen-News and consult the fine print; or, one may telephone the YWCA or the Travelers Aid for advice. It might be a good idea to register at one of the Hollywood hotels until one has begun to know something of the far-flung, lackadaisical city.

Warning: Hollywood is the city of the telephone. Be sure that your lodgings afford excellent telephone service so that you will be able to make calls as often as required, and so that your messages will be taken properly and relayed to you. If there is doubt about the efficiency of such service at your quarters, you should subscribe to a Call Club. This costs between \$5 and \$15 per month, depending upon the class of service required, and is worth every penny.

When your suitcases are unpacked and your car is gassed, you are ready to make contacts. First you should telephone each studio and ask to talk to the office of the talent director. When the secretary answers, ask on what day and at what hour the talent executive interviews applicants. Plan to be there.

There isn't one chance in a million that anything will come of these contacts but they are infinitely valuable because they will familiarize you with the different studios and with certain officials in each. Be sure to keep a notebook in which you list the studios, hours of interview, and the name of the secretary to whom you talk, in addition to the name of the talent executive. You will find that studio secretaries are delightful people and make priceless friends.

Once you have made the rounds of studios, you should make the rounds of Hollywood commercial photographers, then the rounds of employment agencies which place models. (All listed in the yellow section.) Next, if you have had any hometown radio experience, you should follow the New York routine at each of the major broadcasting stations: NBC, CBS, KECA, and KHJ, which are all within a few blocks of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street.

Your next step should be to call at the office of each of the Hollywood theatrical agents, whose functions and methods of operation are quite different from their New York counterparts.

There is a wide difference of opinion about individual agents and their ethics. Yet a good agent serves a client as father-confessor, career masterminder, champion, headache absorber, full-time warrior, and ultra-best friend. For this he is paid ten per cent of his client's income.

An agent fosters an early career by formulating a plan for a client; the agent may decide that the newcomer should stick to ingenue or juvenile roles, or that he or she should do comedy or some type of character work. The agent, in his highest capacity, envisions a way of molding a potential into a tradable commodity.

An agent knows what each studio is seeking, and he attempts to maintain the closest possible relationship with producers so that clients get every consideration.

It is not at all unusual for an agent to serve as talent scout; in this capacity he may put a newcomer under personal contract which will pay him or her a living wage while being trained.

Agents form a friendly fraternity among themselves. Many of them attend a number of amateur shows each week; if a promising newcomer is seen, yet the auditioning agent cannot add a client, he may recommend the youngster to an agent friend. Studio talent scouts, knowing that a particular studio can't sign a promising newcomer for some reason, occasionally interest an agent in him.

For all these reasons, it is a good idea to make the rounds of the agents' offices. In most cases, you will be given a polite brush-off, but if you have that indescribable quality for which people will pay money at the box office, one of the secretaries will spot your potential. She is just as interested in finding you and sending you into the main office, as you are anxious to be found, so have faith!

Once you have made the rounds of studios and various agencies, and nothing has happened, you should make the rounds of the many little theaters in Los Angeles. You also should investigate the Geller Workshop, the Ben Bard Theater, Bliss-Hayden, or any of the theaters advertised in *The Hollywood Reporter*.

Usually you will be able to take brush-up dramatic work and earn your living at the same time. Coleen Gray, June Haver, Dana Andrews, Victor Mature, and hundreds of others were spotted by scouts and agents in southern California theaters.

If you will follow the New York plan given in this article, you will win a series of small parts, then a series of better parts, and finally a part which will win a screen test for you.

If you will follow the Hollywood plan, and if you have the potential, you, too, will be asked to take a screen test.

Now we come to the most exciting and critical point—your screen test. Next month learn in detail how departments of make-up, wardrobe and camera and training in dancing and dramatics cooperate to make this test successful.

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